The PRIVATE LIFE of the FIVE and TEN PRINCESS

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Liberty

MAR 16,
1935

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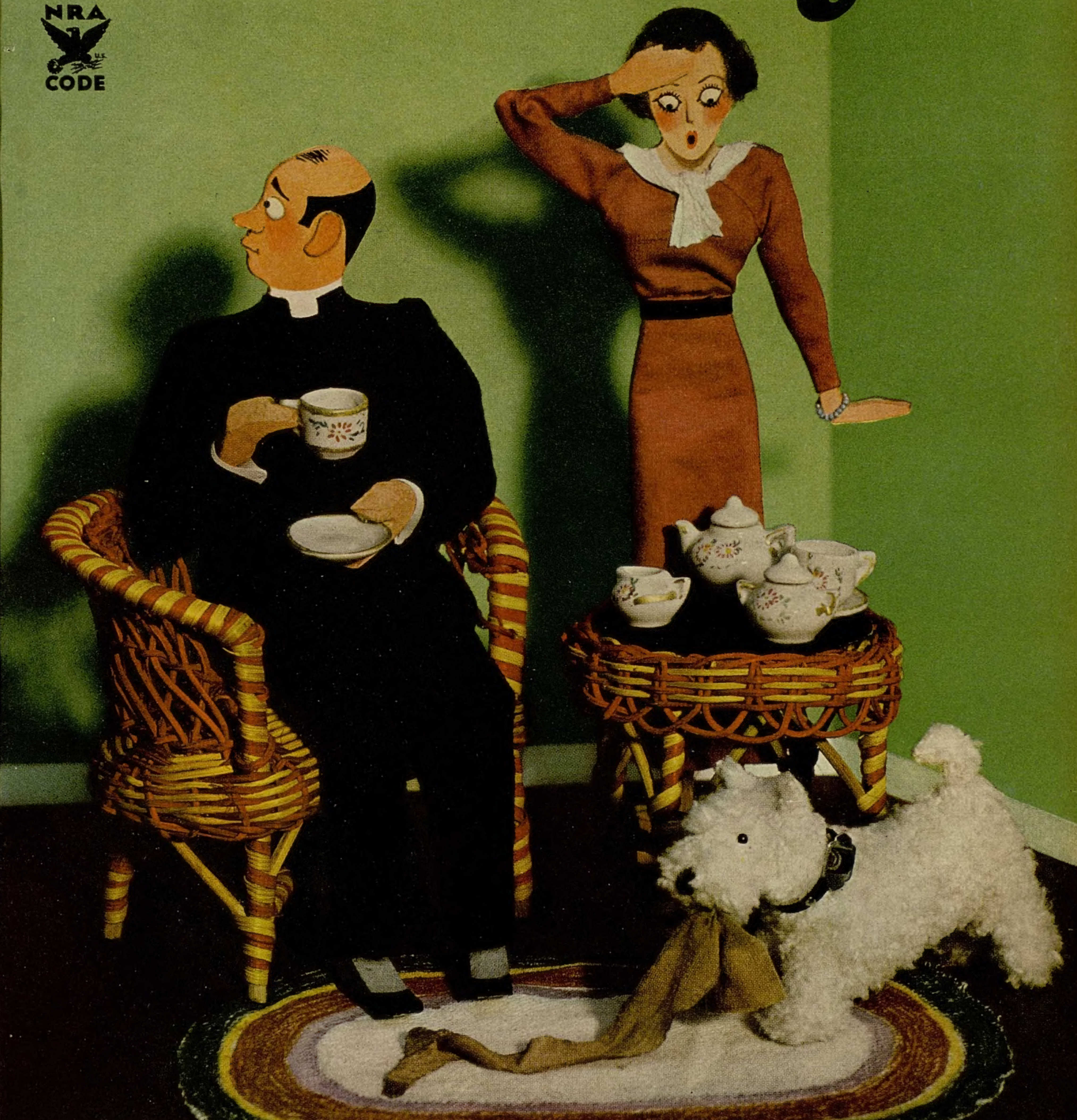
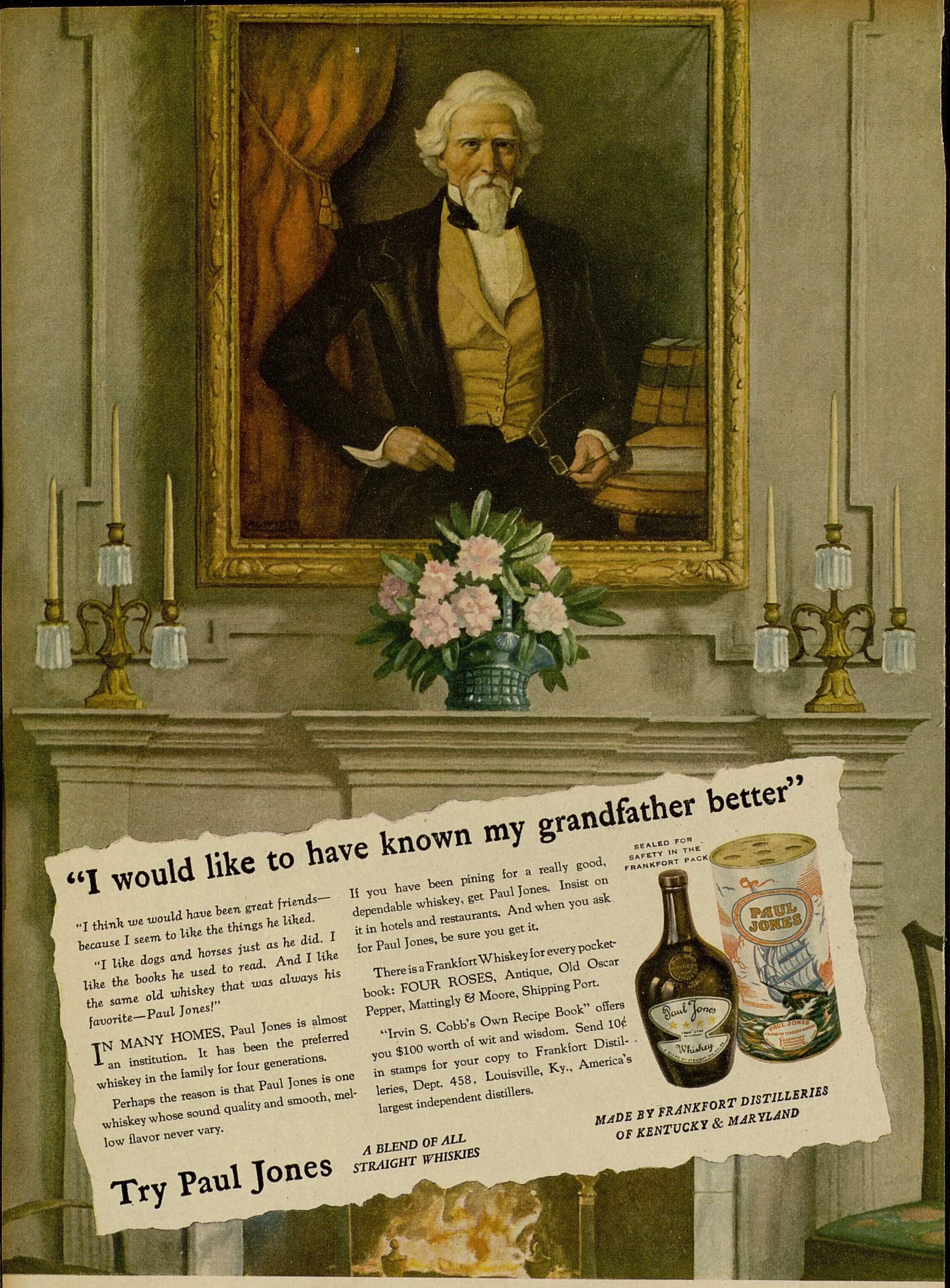


NEW YORK TO MOSCOW IN FIFTY MINUTES



"I would like to have known my grandfather better"

"I think we would have been great friends—because I seem to like the things he liked.

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MARCH 16, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO 11

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER · FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR · WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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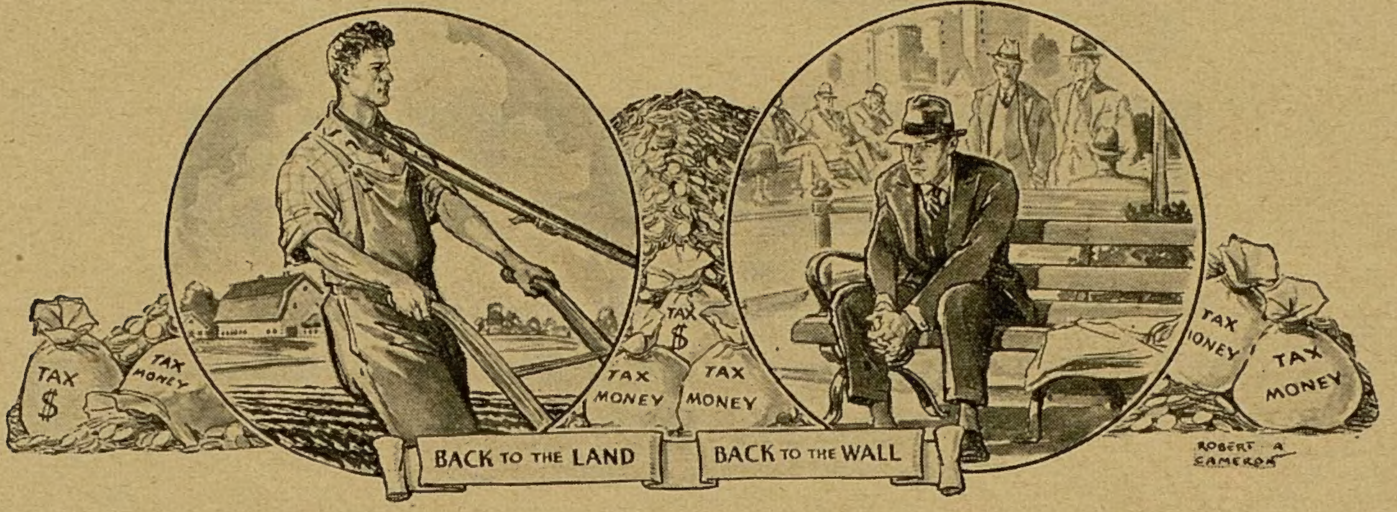
BILLIONS OF ADDITIONAL TAXES DUE TO OFFICIAL INCOMPETENCE



THE appalling ignorance and inefficiency of some of our officials in charge of relief is not only costing our citizens huge sums of money but is destroying the morale of millions of our people, the victims of this needless charity.

Again and again in the columns of this publication, in nation-wide radio addresses, and in various newspapers the writer has stated that the one and only effective remedy for relieving the victims of unemployment is " back to the land." And he has contended that the longer we wait to adopt this remedy the greater will be our difficulties.

That prediction was first made more than four years ago; and notwithstanding the claim that times are getting better and that more people are at work, the increase of the relief rolls in nearly every community indicates the dire necessity of immediately adopting this one dependable method.

Numerous demonstrations have been made that would prove the accuracy of the writer's contention. Thad Holt, who is now in charge of federal relief for the State of Alabama, put more than forty families back on the land from the bread line in Greenville, North Carolina, in 1931, at a cost of but little over $100 a family. They all became self-sustaining in a few months, and he has stated that 85 per cent of the families still support themselves.

In his relief activities in the State of Alabama Mr. Holt has put approximately 6,000 people back on the land, at an expense of approximately $100 per family.

Colonel Lawrence Westbrook, working under Harry L. Hopkins in Washington, has put nearly 150,000 people back on the land, at a cost of about $200 per family. He states that the department could put at least a half million people back on the land in the same way within the next year.

But even a half million people is only a good start. What has been done up to date might be termed but a drop in the bucket. Take the situation in New York City, for example. In that city $19,000,000 was spent for relief in the month of February. There are 220,000 families on charity relief and 115,000 families on work relief, and the probabilities are that a large proportion of the 115,000 on work relief are engaged in occupations that are but little more than a pretense—that are not constructive nor profitable to anybody.

Figuring three or four to each family, there are probably 1,000,000 of our citizens living on the dole in New York City. It is no exaggeration to say that at least half of these people could be sent back to the land at an expense that would be less than it would cost New York City to keep them for one year, and nearly all would be self-supporting at the end of that time.

To be sure, it would improve their chances of success if they were sent to Florida, Georgia, or some other of the Southern States. And in answering the criticism of those who maintain that a city man is incapable of farming, the same procedure adopted by Thad Holt in Alabama, of furnishing a foreman to visit the farmers at frequent intervals and instruct them what crops to plant and how to raise them, would effectively remedy this situation. Though the policy of selecting only those reared on farms would doubtless include at least 50 per cent of those on relief.

Here is the City of New York saddled with an expense of nearly a quarter of a billion dollars yearly, at least half of which could be saved if handled by intelligent officials with authority to send these unemployment victims back to the land.

And practically the same situation exists in nearly all the cities of the country.

" Back to the land! " for these charity victims is the slogan that should resound from the housetops.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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The PRIVATE LIFE of the 5 and 10 PRINCESS

The Story of America's Most Glamorous Playgirl —A Penetrating Revelation of Things Behind Her Crowded and Colorful Career

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—FIFTY MILLION MAGIC DOLLARS

SOME people today would like you to think that Barbara Hutton is the poor little rich girl who would be happier if she didn't have all those millions—who is sad because she isn't sure whether her Prince married her for true love or polo ponies—who suffers beneath the cares and responsibilities of her enormous fortune.

Others will go to some lengths to convince you that she is a heartless spendthrift who grinds shopgirls in the dust and might at any moment say with Marie Antoinette, "They have no bread? Let them eat cake."

Now, unless every move she has made and every word she has spoken for years is to be discounted, you might as well try to make a nun out of Sally Rand as to hang the poor-little-rich-girl legend around Barbara Hutton's blonde head.

Also, though she controls a fortune estimated in January, 1934, at $42,077,328.53, the Woolworth five-and-ten-cent heiress has never been permitted to stick her nose in the vast business from which most of her million-dollar income is derived. She knows exactly nothing about economics, politics, and such weighty matters—and cares less.

Barbara Hutton isn't the poor little rich girl.

She isn't a power in the social or business or political world.

Barbara Hutton is the millionaire playgirl.

In an age gone feministic anyhow, Barbara Hutton, the chain-store princess, has made pikers of the gentlemen spenders and backed the male Lotharios off the front pages.

She is the female counterpart of those millionaire playboys who have created news and sensations and thrills for themselves and millions of readers on Broadway and the Riviera, in Paris, Monte Carlo, and New York.

And she loves it! How she loves it!

There is nothing anywhere in her record or her conversation or her character or her choice of friends and sweethearts to indicate that she gives a hoot where the money comes from, or that she considers it a burden. There is everything to indicate that she enjoys paying her way and has a grand and glorious time buying what she wants.

Mme. Alexis Mdivani, which is now her real name, has a private car called the Curley Hut which cost $120,000 on the court records and upon the upkeep of which she agreed not to spend more than $36,000 a year. The Princess—she prefers to use her husband's extinct title, which is all right with everybody and is accepted in the spirit of good clean fun—gives herself a birthday party which costs anywhere from $10,000 to $30,000. Her husband buys her a jade necklace worth $3,500 for $40,000, and Barbara is a sport—she wears the necklace and keeps the husband. And she lets him play polo, pretty badly, on a string of ponies she gave him which are good enough for Tommy Hitchcock; but if Barbara likes to see Alex play polo she can indulge what is, after all, merely an odd taste.

Except for having to lose thirty pounds, an occasional bad break in the weather, and the amorous difficulties which beset the poorest of us, the Princess has never had a cloud upon her horizon which she couldn't banish if she wrote a check.

"I never like to stay very long in one place," she says gayly.

So naturally she doesn't stay very long in one place. She travels around and around the world, she is nearly always sailing to or landing from somewhere; she hires private decks on giant liners at $12,000 per deck, and cuts a glittering swath through the smart spots of Europe, and grows romantic in the Bali moonlight.

Who wouldn't?

She keeps in circulation, and so, one must admit, do her many glittering dollars.

Nobody can say that Barbara Hutton is a simple girl who would really prefer a little white cottage that was home—because Barbara is about as simple in her tastes as a Follies queen. And if her grandpa hadn't got the idea of chain stores before anybody else did, Barbara at her present weight might have done very well in the Follies—there is a "Follies something" about her. As for a quiet and simple life, it would manifestly drive Barbara mad in a week if she ever tried it, which to date she never has.

The Hutton girl—Frank W. Woolworth's granddaughter—is a product of a certain American idea that you can buy everything in the world with money and that money means happiness. For a long time she has got away with it, and if it hadn't been for her marriage to the slightly shopworn and somewhat discredited Prince Alexis Mdivani she might have become a real American princess and somewhat of an idol to the American people.

At the time she married the Georgian prince she stated that she thought he would be a help to her in spending her money. Most people think she was right. He and his

5 & 10 CENT STORE F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Keystone View photo

IRA L. HILL'S STUDIO

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

two brothers—David and Serge—have evinced considerable talent in that direction.

A man who has known her a long time and who is a relative of one of Barbara's many ex-fiancés, said to me, " Barbara is a swell person, she's regular, she has a lot of fun, she gives away a lot of money, she enjoys herself, and she wouldn't be anybody else for anything in the whole world. To date, she has never happened to want or need anything that money wouldn't buy."

At twelve, Barbara Hutton inherited $26,105,979.49 of the Woolworth five-and-ten-cent-store dough. At sixteen her allowance was a mere $60,000 a year. At eighteen she crashed New York society with a debut such as had never been seen before and probably will not be again.

At twenty-one she is a glittering sensation, the second richest woman in the United States, and an outstanding figure in American news at all times.

Acme photo

Barbara Hutton, now Princess Alexis Mdivani, from a recent photograph —and, at the left, in her early teens.

HER romances have included Jimmy Blakeley, Tony Biddle, and Winston Guest of the Social Register, Count Emmanuel Borromeo-D'Adda, an Italian prince, and—hottest of all—Phil Plant, her male counterpart, Broadway's favorite millionaire playboy.

When she decided to marry Alexis Mdivani, whose reputation was not altogether enviable and to whom her father and family violently objected, and whose title of prince doesn't amount to much, even if his claims to it, often disputed, are O. K.—nothing could stop her.

In the last analysis, her marriage is probably her own business. But there is no question that it cheapened Barbara in the eyes of the American public, that it subjected her to ridicule, and that it probably ended for all time her chance to become a popular favorite.

Yet the truth is that it was a love match as far as Barbara was concerned, that she was so madly in love with the young Georgian that she probably couldn't help herself, and that there is a pretty good chance that she had been in love with him for years, even before he married his first rich American girl, Louise Astor Van Alen; though the usual story is that they met for the first time in Paris in 1932.

Perhaps now that the complete tale of Barbara Hutton's grande passion can be told for the first time, it will reveal one thing. Alexis's title meant nothing to Barbara Hutton, though now she likes to play at being a princess. There were plenty of great and important titles for sale if she had cared to buy, and she knew well enough that the French Foreign Office Diplomatic Annual, the last word in such matters, lists her husband as plain M. Alexis Mdivani.

Barbara Hutton was in love, blindly, utterly, completely. She ran halfway around the world, fleeing from her love—but her love found her and she was as helpless as any one of the penniless girls in her own stores. The trouble with this romance is that Alexis Mdivani, the short thick-lipped young foreigner, is so far from the ideal hero—he isn't understandable when cast as leading man in the marriage of the mistress of millions. To the avid readers of the Hutton story he has neither good looks nor charm nor any achievement to recommend him.

The Mdivani charm for women—two great screen stars of much beauty and fame, a handsome prima donna, and two very rich young American society girls have married Mdivanis to date—has been among the mysteries of the ages to many.

Pola Negri, a woman of the world, a connoisseur of men, and a great artist, once explained it to me. She said, " They understand the art of flattery as do no other men I have ever met. And the art of flattery is almost a lost one in this realistic and humorous age. That, I assure you, is the secret of the Mdivani charm for women. I know."

Barbara Hutton became the Princess Mdivani in a strange and exciting love drama.

Barbara Hutton—the millionaire playgirl.

Where did she come from? Who is she, this society Follies girl, who mingles Broadway and Fifth Avenue and makes the front pages every day? From whence came the golden dollars that rain from her jeweled fingers in golden showers?

Barbara Hutton is the Woolworth heiress.

Fifty-seven years ago in the little town of Watertown, New York, a slim young man of twenty-six, not long off the farm, wrote a huge crude sign above a table draped in red calico and piled with all sorts of odds and ends of cheap merchandise.

The sign read, " Any article 5¢."

That was in the year 1878, and it was the beginning of an idea which in the business world was dramatic and gigantic. The beginning of an idea which made incredible changes in American life and altered the aspect and routine of almost every American city and town.

Frank Woolworth conceived the idea of the five-and-ten-cent store—and he expanded it into the idea of the chain store. You have only to think for a moment to see what that has done.

THE farm boy from New York who borrowed a few hundred dollars to open his first store, whose second store in Utica, New York, for a time staggered along making only $2.50 a week, became a multimillionaire.

His granddaughter became the second richest girl in America and was able, if report is correct, to give her bridegroom a dowry of $50,000.

In the fall of 1880 Frank Woolworth and his brother C. S. Woolworth opened a store in Scranton, Pennsylvania, of which Brother Charles has said, " The space was so large that we had to build a partition about two thirds of the way back in order to make a decent showing for our stock—and we had to spread it out pretty thin in spots, at that! "

And that same Charles S. Woolworth, still chairman of the Woolworth Board, now has a grandniece who buys Arabian horses for $7,000 apiece and ships them half around the world at a cost of thousands of dollars.

In 1886 Frank Woolworth made his first move to New York, where he rented a small office and began his plans to conquer the world with a commercial idea.

Less than fifty years later Barbara Woolworth Hutton made her bow to New York society at the Ritz Hotel in a setting designed by Joseph Urban and at a cost of some $60,000.

Grandpa Woolworth was a rigidly conservative man who never believed in advertising, and he hated the printed word and stayed out of the newspapers. His playgirl granddaughter has occupied more space than any other girl in America except a few movie stars and an occasional murderess.

Perhaps it was the importation of the Hutton blood that changed the heiress of this simple, quiet business man so greatly.

EARLY in his career, Frank Woolworth married Jennie Creighton, a girl of his own station, who made the upward struggle—and it was often a bitter struggle; it was marked by a number of failures that might have daunted another man—from poverty to riches at his side. It was a love match and remained a love match to the day of the man's sudden death.

To his disappointment there was no son to carry on the Woolworth name.

Three daughters came of that marriage. Helena, the conservative and social Mrs. Charles McCann of 4 East Eightieth Street. The attractive Jessie, who became Mrs. James Donahue, wife of that Jim Donahue who showed New York, Newport, and Palm Beach the high spots of entertainment and gambling and killed himself at the age of forty-four. It was Jessie's son Jimmy who went on the Mdivani-Hutton honeymoon—probably for laughs. Even in the midst of passionate romance your modern playgirl must have her laughs, and if the court jester can be found in the family, so much the better—though there are people who do not laugh at Jimmy Donahue.

Edna Woolworth, who was her father's favorite daughter, married Franklyn Laws Hutton in 1907.

In the days shortly following the Gay Nineties, Frank Hutton was a gay young

Princess Alexis Mdivani with her prince, arriving for the grand opera season's opening.

Acme photo

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Hutton with the prince, their son-in-law, on board the Bremen.

Keystone View photo

blade with a great reputation as a dancer, a ladies' man, and a Beau Brummell. There wasn't any one better liked, better company, more popular with men and women alike. Frank Hutton was an addition to any party, whether it was with the beautiful Casino girls at Rector's or with the beautiful débutantes of the Four Hundred.

A gay dog of an evening, he had a shrewd head for business in the daytime, as did his brother Ed. He didn't marry pretty Edna Woolworth for her money. He was making plenty, and in 1907 the Woolworth fortune hadn't assumed the vast proportions that were later to make Edna Woolworth's daughter Barbara such a catch in the matrimonial market. When, after the marriage, Frank Woolworth implored him to take a son's place in the fast growing business of the chain five-and-ten-cent stores, Franklyn Hutton politely declined. He was doing very well as a successful young broker—the firm of E. F. Hutton & Company was to be a power in the land—and the chain-store business, the five-and-ten-cent-store business, didn't suit his taste at all.

Five years after the marriage of Frank Hutton and Edna Woolworth, and five years before the mother's tragic death, Barbara Hutton was born—on November 14, 1912.

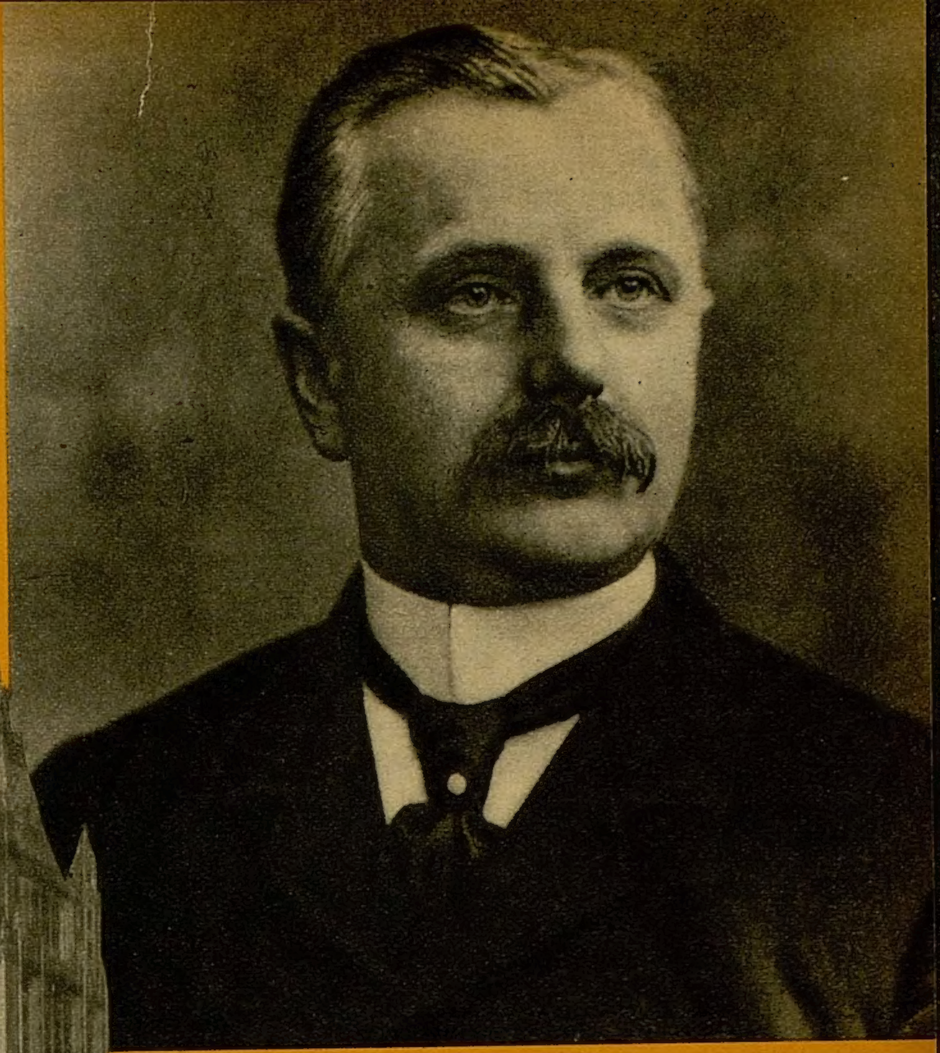
Six months later President Wilson pressed a tiny button in the White House and 80,000 lights flashed upon a startled and admiring New York. Those lights announced the completion and formal opening of the tallest building then existent in the world—the Woolworth Building. It stood, an amazing and stately monument to the genius of little Barbara Hutton's grandfather, and thousands of visitors made their way through it and stood in the streets to stare up at its skyscraping beauty. The executive offices of the F. W. Woolworth Company are still in the building Frank Woolworth built, but no one can be found who knows whether or not Barbara Hutton has ever visited it.

THERE can be no question that the tragic early death of Edna Woolworth Hutton had a terrific effect upon the after life of her only child. Not that it affected her greatly at the time; she was too little to understand it, too small to remember anything about her mother. A chubby, pretty little thing, with short golden curls and very fat pink cheeks. She was almost an exact replica of the French dolls that stood in store windows around Christmas time. A good child, with a sunny disposition, who played in Central Park with the other New York children, not knowing that some day she would be so rich that she could buy anything in the world she wanted.

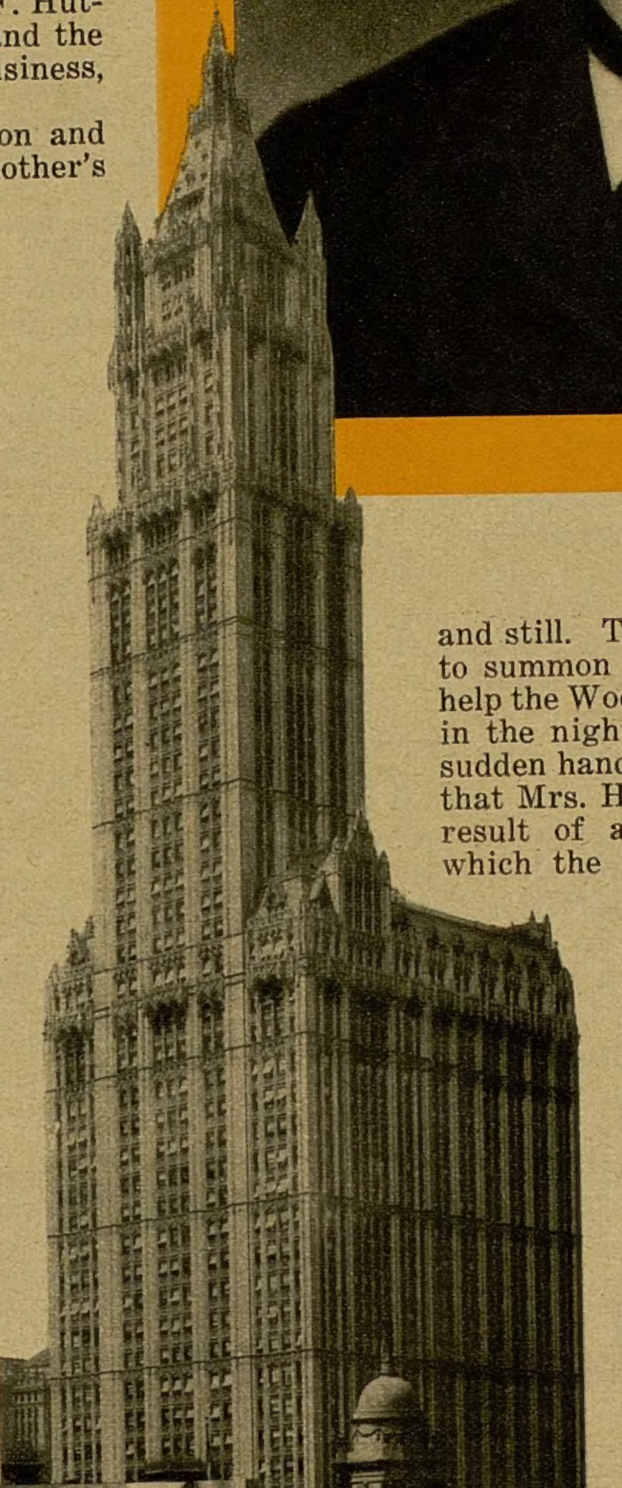
Barbara was five years old when a maid one morning entered the Hutton apartments in the Plaza Hotel to find Mrs. Hutton very white and still. The maid rushed frantically to summon aid, but it was too late to help the Woolworth heiress. Sometime in the night death had reached out a sudden hand. The coroner stated later that Mrs. Hutton had strangled as the result of an ear infection—a thing which the medical records show has happened only a very few times. It was a strange and sudden end of the lovely young woman who had everything in the world to live for, and perhaps it was as well that she went swiftly and without warning, that she had no time to wonder what was to become of her little girl without her mother's care and training.

But if Edna Hutton did not have to face that question, others did. Frank Hutton was a young man, a very busy young man, and he was now a widower. Surely he should not attempt to bring up this little girl alone.

There were a number of



Brown Bros.' photo



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F. W. WOOLWORTH
WOOLWORTH'S
5 and 10c STORE

Brown Bros. photo

Top: Frank W. Woolworth, five-and-ten multimillionaire grandfather of "Babs," in 1895. Below: The Woolworth Building on Broadway. Left: The pioneer Woolworth store in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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family conferences. What was to be done with Barbara?

Of course there was that magnificent estate at Glen Cove, Long Island, where her grandfather and grandmother lived. That would have seemed, perhaps, the most natural place for her. But Jennie Woolworth had lost interest in the things of this world, and the doctors called it presenile decay. Perhaps Jennie didn't really care for the great house and the many millions that had come to her and her husband in so short a time; perhaps the victory wasn't as sweet as the struggle; perhaps she knew nothing of the joys of great wealth.

But her collapse had been complete and it had brought great and tragic sorrow to Frank Woolworth, who loved her so devotedly and cared for her so tenderly.

So the Woolworth mansion was shadowed and Barbara's grandparents were both too sorrowful to be the proper guardians for the laughing little girl.

Perhaps just then she seemed a poor little rich girl, without her mother, without her grandfather and grandmother. But there were others who wanted her very much indeed. Aunt Jessie—always her favorite, who in 1933 made the journey to Paris to see her favorite niece become a Princess. Uncle Ned Hutton and Aunt Marjorie, who had no children, and Uncle Charlie and Aunt Helena, who had several.

Papa Hutton settled the whole matter with a few well chosen words. He intended to keep Barbara with him. He was quite able to care for her and to see to her proper rearing and education.

He was lonely, he was grief-stricken, for he had loved his wife dearly, and he did not intend to be deprived also of his daughter.

So Barbara Hutton began her travels.

The Hutton brothers were beginning the expansion which was to make E. F. Hutton & Company a power in Wall Street for years to come. Frank, with his easy charm and his good-fellowship and his ability to mix with all kinds of people, was just the man to open branches in the Far West—and so to California went Frank and with him went five-year-old Barbara.

THEY spent a year or two in Los Angeles and then moved to San Francisco, where Barbara lived at Burlingame with her father's sister, the gay and charming Mrs. Frank Middleton, who was so popular in the smart set of the peninsula.

There wasn't any difference between the way little Barbara Hutton was brought up and the way the other little girls of Burlingame were reared. They had governesses. They went to Miss Shinn's private school. They had French lessons and learned to play the piano badly and were taken for walks and rides on their ponies.

I have known a number of San Francisco women who went to school with Barbara Hutton in those days, who were her playmates, and the only thing they are able to remember about her is that there was nothing particular to remember.

She was good-natured, ordinary, a nice-looking child, with no particular talents either athletically, socially, or scholastically. Nothing to indicate that she would ever be heard of in the world.

Probably she never would have if that great business genius, Frank W. Woolworth, hadn't forgotten to make a new will after his wife's illness.

When he died suddenly it was found that his original will, made while he was a struggling young business man, left his enormous fortune to "my beloved wife." The will stood. His beloved wife was now a helpless old lady, but the court upheld the will, and the commission which had earlier been appointed to care for the money her husband had set aside for her continued to function.

AND when Jennie Creighton Woolworth died in 1924 it was discovered, after some court opinions, that the entire Woolworth fortune would simply be divided into three parts—one third to Jessie Woolworth Donahue, one third to Helena Woolworth McCann, and one third to Edna Woolworth's only child, Barbara Hutton.

Thus at the age of twelve Barbara became one of the richest girls in the world. Her father was appointed her guardian, with certain court supervision, and Barbara's life changed completely.

When she was fourteen her father married again, a beautiful divorcee from Detroit, Mrs. Irene Bodde.

When she was sixteen Barbara and her father had their first serious quarrel.

There was, of course, the usual gossip concerning Barbara's alleged difficulties with her stepmother. There was no truth of any kind in it. Barbara adored her stepmother and has always been on terms of the closest friendship with the second Mrs. Franklyn L. Hutton, who is a woman of great charm and social distinction.

Some rumors had it that Barbara disapproved of her father's fondness for a gay life. In view of her own later tastes, this seems a little far-fetched. If she did, it was the only time she ever showed any tendency to criticize a gay life, except when she made her valiant stand to rescue Phil Plant.

The probability is that it was a clash between two people very much alike, both strong-willed and both used to having their own way. Barbara wanted more freedom. At sixteen she was already a woman, already conscious of the fact that she was rich enough to do anything, go anywhere, buy whatever she wanted. Any attempt to control her or to subject her to the ordinary parental authority would have been difficult in any case, and in the case of Frank Hutton—easygoing, good-natured, always charming Frank Hutton—such personal domination, such a stand as would have been required was entirely impossible.

He devoted himself to taking care of her fortune and to being her pal, but he ceased to play the role of a directing father in her private life.

Barbara didn't, even then, stay long in one place. She was constantly paying a round of the gayest, liveliest visits—to Aunt Jessie, to the social McCanns, to Ned Hutton and his wife. She wanted freedom and she took it. Who could stop her? At sixteen she became a woman—and was pretty much on her own.

At eighteen she made her spectacular debut.

With all her aunts and her stepmother in attendance, in a silvery bower with dazzling fountains created in the great ballrooms of the Ritz by Joseph Urban, wearing a white bouffant frock and looking very lovely, Miss Barbara Hutton was presented to New York society.

Naturally she was a honeypot. Naturally she was the most popular debutante of the 1930 season. Naturally the young men flocked about the golden heiress.

She was pretty, she was gay—and she would soon have some forty million dollars. There were many aspirants for her fair hand and many speculations as to which one of her suitors the Woolworth heiress was likely to pick.

WAS there already in her heart an image of her Prince Charming? Did she know already that there was one man who could stir her blood as no other could do? Had she somewhere within her secret self, unknown to any one, in her gay and hectic travels from Palm Beach to Newport, already selected her man?

Much was to happen, there were to be many flirtations, a number of romances, a marriage and a divorce before Barbara Hutton and Alexis Mdivani stood before the altar of a Russian Orthodox church and were made man and wife.

But she already knew him—she had met him while he courted the blue-blooded Louise Astor Van Alen, his first wife.

"I have known Alexis since I was fifteen," she said in Paris, shortly before they were married.

When did her love for him begin and when did she make up her mind, this millionaire playgirl who had never been denied anything, that she must have him for her husband?

The youthful "Babs" Hutton's romantic effort to reform the millionaire playboy Phil Plant, divorced husband of Constance Bennett, will be fully disclosed by Miss St. Johns next week. She will also throw new and revealing light on the Georgian Prince Alexis Mdivani, his background, his entrance into exclusive New York social circles, his marriage to Louise Astor Van Alen, their divorce, and his courtship of and eventual engagement to Barbara Hutton.

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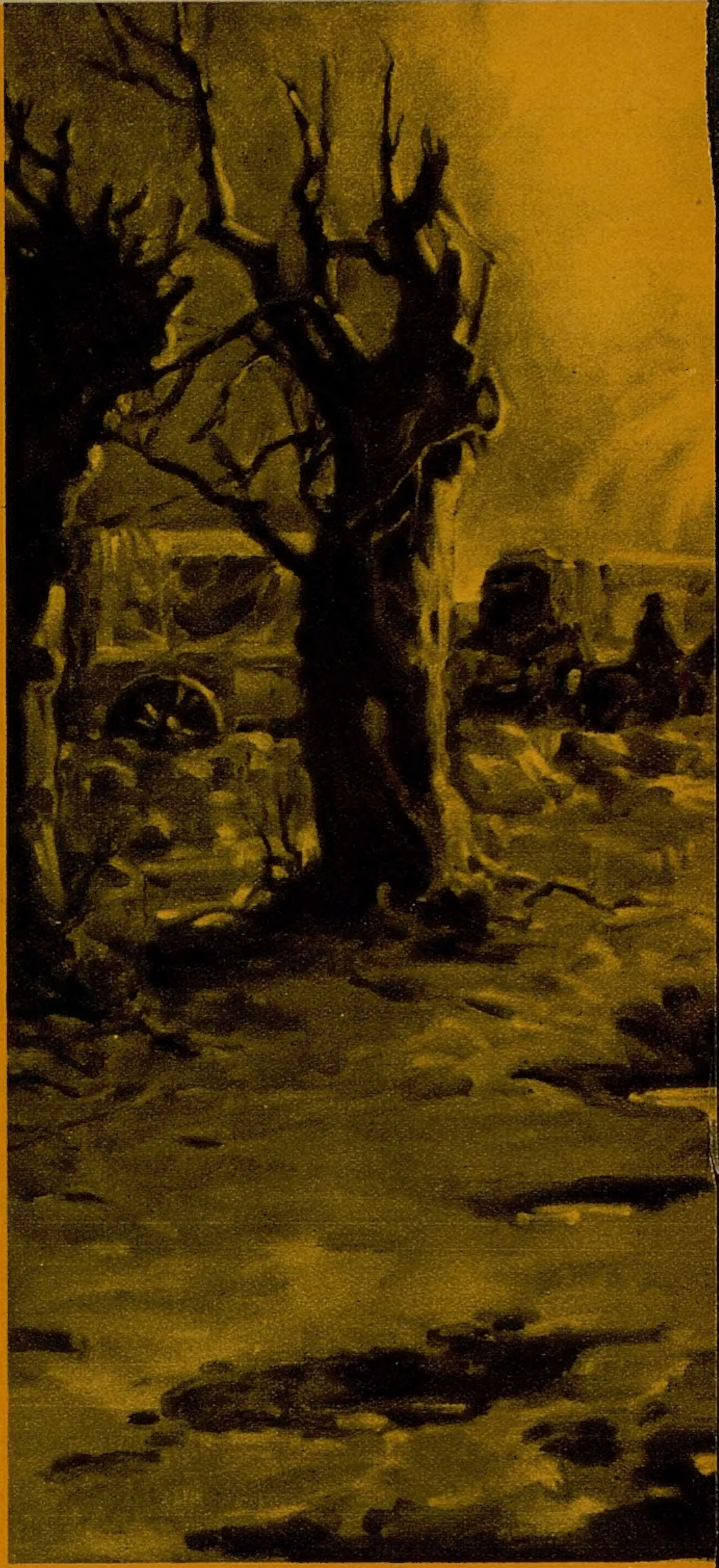
The Kiss

by JAMES HOPPER

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 14 SECONDS



He raised her in his arms.

NOISETTE — little Hazelnut — thus her grandfather called her—sat in a green meadow among daisies, " guarding " the family geese, in a strange world.

To the north, along the horizon a constant boiling was going on. All of the time, night and day, a bubbling like that of the *pot-au-feu* in the black chimney. Except that sometimes it was a flapping like that of the flames on the hearth when a big wind passes by. The sound had been in her head as long as she could remember.

Under Noisette's left arm, held by a strap that passed over the other shoulder, a little flat bag hung, and inside the bag, neatly folded, a rubber mask. At school, nearly every day, Mlle. Moisant suddenly would begin to make a terrible noise with a poker upon a triangle of iron. Noisette then slipped the rubber mask out of the bag and stretched it over her face. From inside the mask, through big goggles, she looked at the other children. They also had put on their masks; they looked like great lizards, and she sniggled, and they sniggled from inside their masks behind the big goggles.

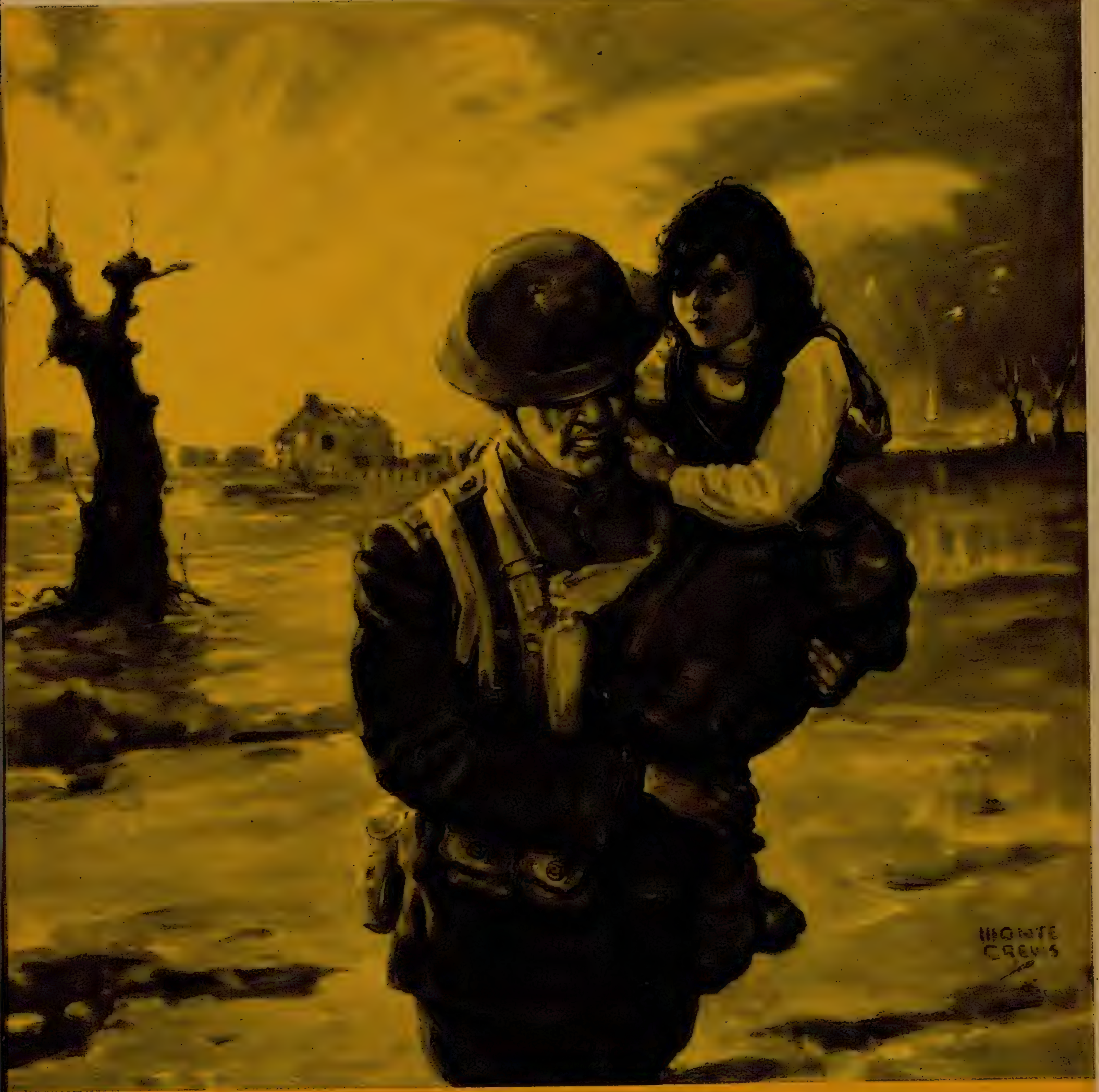
" Always remember," Mlle. Moisant would say, " when I beat the triangle thus—quickly, quickly to put on your masks! "

" Yes, Mlle. Moisant! " they all cried, taking off the masks.

Then there was Noisette's father. She could remember of him only four days. He had come at night, a big sack on his back, a shiny gun on his shoulder, his blue uniform covered with mud. He had come to her bed and kissed her with a prickly face all bearded. The next morning he didn't have his uniform on, but old clothes, and a loose blouse, and soft slippers. He'd sit all loose on the bench in the sun, or walk about the fields a little, his hands behind his back. Then the fourth night he had gone off again in his muddy uniform and shiny gun.

The man of the house now was her grandfather. He

A Story Alive with the Authentic Magic of Romance—of Wartime



Now they were up on the ground, on the level earth. It was very cold.

was very old. He sat on the bench before the house, and out of white wood, with his big pocketknife, carved little wooden shoes for her. As soon as he had finished one, he began another. Because she was always breaking one or the other of her little wooden shoes, and that was because of the great laziness and inattentiveness of her pupils.

Her pupils were the geese she guarded. Every day after school, and nearly all day when it was vacation, it was her duty to guard the geese. With her crooked little stick she herded them from the barnyard, along the road, to the meadow by the stream, and saw that they remained in the meadow and did not get into other people's fields.

Sometimes time dragged. She would then gather them together before her and play school.

She sat on a flat rock before them. "Now, children," she would say, "you must be very still, and stay in line, and answer me very carefully. Carolus [he was the big gander], you first. Who were the first kings of France?"

Yesterdays, a Girl Who Grew Up, and a Soldier Who Didn't Forget

But Carolus, dancing on one spot, sweeping his tail now to the right, now to the left, stretching his neck, evidently had not studied his lesson last night.

And thus it was every day with those scholars of hers! They had nothing in their heads, they would not study their lessons, they didn't know anything. And so it was that now and then, just as Mlle. Moisant sometimes slapped her desk with her ruler, Noisette, taking off one little wooden sabot, beat it on the flat stone which was her seat.

"C-H-A-T, *chat!*" she screamed. "Can't you even repeat this after me? Can't you, can't you, can't you?" And she beat the little sabot upon the stone so hard that sometimes the little sabot split.

In the dusk, to her grandfather she would say, "Oh, *grandpère*, I have again broken one of my sabots. Oh, *Grandpère*, you can't imagine how silly they are, those pupils of mine!"

"But a teacher," her grandfather would say, "a teacher must have patience."

"But, oh, grandfather, if you only knew how silly they are! They never open a book from Sunday to Sunday!"

Today she was having a harder time with her pupils than ever. It was not only that they did not know their lessons: several times she had had to run as hard as she could to catch them and frighten them back with her switch just as they were about to get out of the meadow altogether.

The long hesitation of the spring had finally broken. The earth was swollen, and the buds and the leaves; the stream at the foot of the meadow ran even with the green banks.

And from the south there blew a wind—the most delicious wind! Warm and soft, it left you all soft and swollen inside.

EVERY now and then, as a puff of that wind went by, that soft warm wind to which you swelled so deliciously inside, the geese did something that disturbed her. Stretching their long necks to the sky, they flapped their ridiculous short wings fast, fast. Then they'd run.

Twice it had seemed to her that Carolus, to the flapping of his short wings, had left the ground. And now —why, yes, again! And Blanche! And Pinfeather! Truly they had risen clear and gone through the air! And now they were by the stream at the end of the meadow. She ran, got ahead of them, and herded them back.

Lucky that it was the end of the day. The night was falling upon the earth like a brown rain. In a little while she would start them homeward, and lock them in the stable, and then herself go into the house. And there'd be a fire on the hearth, and a smell of good soup, and her mother cutting bread, and her grandfather there by the fire.

From away down there southward where the clouds were low, a new breath of the delicious wind came with a whoof! And the geese suddenly left the earth. There they were, all flying, feet above the ground, as if that warm soft air had inflated them like balloons. She started running, running. They came down in the middle of the Granjean fallow field. Noisette went balancing across the small bridge over the stream, ran at them, her crooked little stick held high. But before she had got anywhere near them, they were flapping in the air again, this time in a triangle headed by Carolus.

It was getting darker every minute. There was light only in the sky—a baneful yellow light on the underneath of the flying clouds.

Over her head, over her waving helpless little stick they went winging, while tears stung her eyes.

The fields that she was now crossing were leprous and gray; they had not been plowed nor sown for a long time.

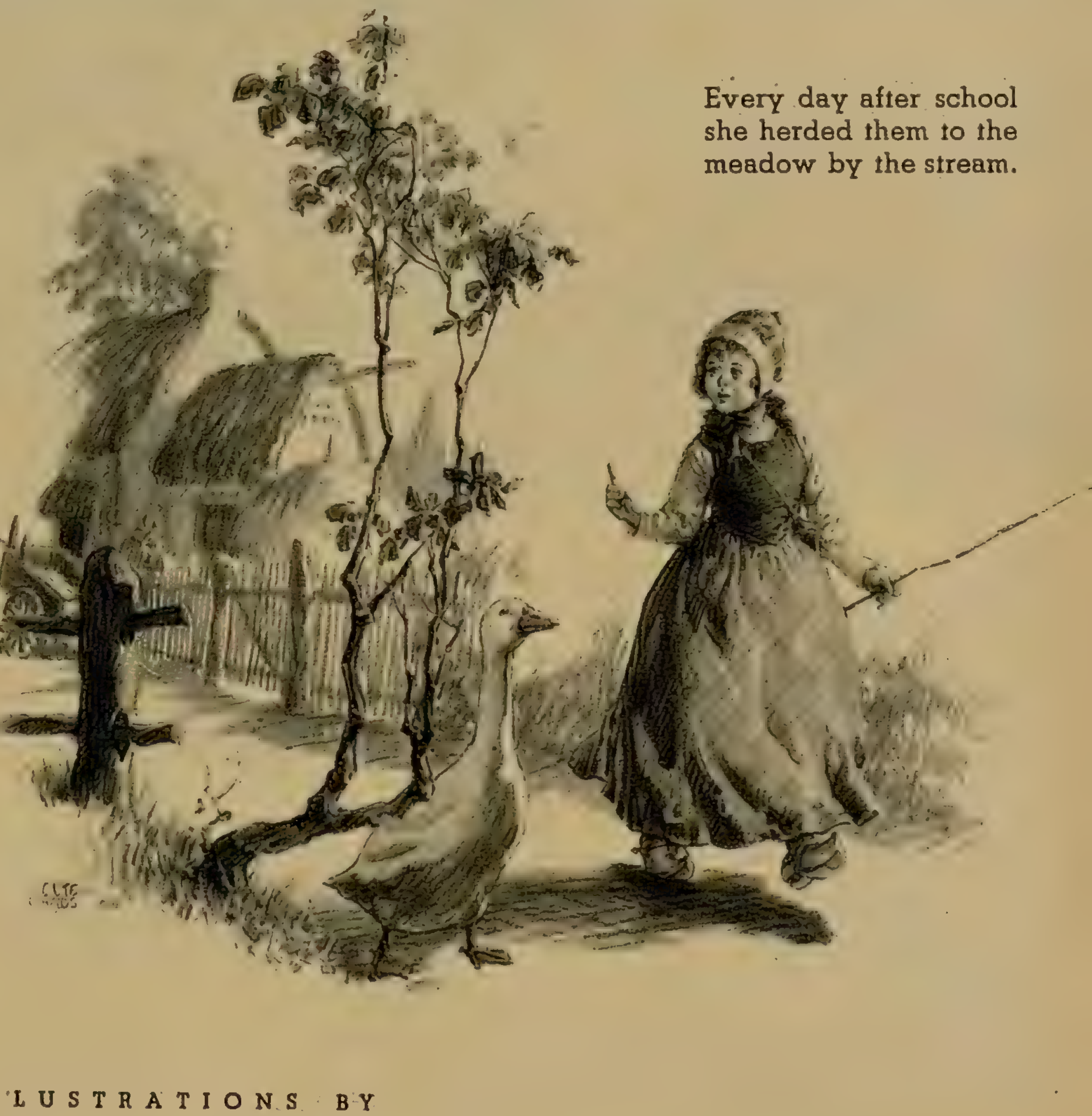
A road ran alongside, empty and white and still. She thought she heard her truants there in the gloom ahead. Her wooden shoe came up against a big stone. She fell, her forehead on another stone—and her worry and everything vanished into a soft gray hole.

When she awoke everything had changed. There was no light but there was in her ears a huge continuous rumbling of iron noises and softer whisperings. After a while her eyes began to pierce the black—and she saw that an endless stream of wagons was pouring along. Great wagons with iron wheels that made a terrible roar. Drawn by horses whose iron hoofs struck big sparks. And on the horses, on the wagons men rode. Lithe men, very straight in seat or saddle, and all wearing flat-brimmed funny hats like the Chinese in the geography.

You could still hear, ahead, the eternal low bubbling. And over there were beautiful stars. They shot up from the ground white as white could be, remained long low in the sky, then trailed out, to be immediately replaced by others. It was beautiful.

NOISETTE hurried across the fields, along the road, keeping pace with that shadowy procession of wagons, horses, mules, and men. She might have given up her geese now if her little head had been clear, but it was all muddled and hot. She ran along in the darkness wildly, falling and getting up again, crying a little now, running again the next moment.

Little by little she was swerving toward the road and its flowing burden. Finally she felt her feet on hard pavement. Great wheels whirled their spokes above her as she trudged on; great iron clangings deafened her ears. She had lost a sabot; her left foot hurt her. Soon her right shoe flew off. She tried to pounce on it, but too late! A great wheel, catching it, ground it to powder before her eyes and almost between her small fingers. She went on, a little parcel unowned of herself now, caught in the great gear of horses, wagons, and


Every day after school she herded them to the meadow by the stream.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

men moving toward the bubbling sound and the strange white stars.

Suddenly there was a most terrifying crash a little way ahead, and the night for a second was split as if by lightning. And now everything had stopped. The horses stood still, the wagon wheels did not turn. Again the night ahead was shattered by lurid light and thundering crash. Then once more, so near that Noisette sank to the ground, her little hands desperately on her small ears, her eyes tight shut.

But one of the men sitting so straight above her was shouting to some of the others. They sprang down from wagon or horse. She was now in a circle of tall young men. She could see now that their Chinese hats were made of iron. Their tight clothes were brown; some had leather jackets without any sleeves. They talked fast in an incomprehensible tongue above her, seemingly in great surprise.

Then another appeared from down the road, walking fast, and that one's breeches were not brown but tan-colored, and he had boots and a shining belt. He looked down at Noisette, frowning, then broke into sharp words to the others. They climbed back to their places on horse or wagon, all except one, and that one, lifting Noisette, started off with her away from the road and across the field, as behind, a new crash rocked the world to a moment's livid light.

THE man carrying Noisette was running now. Oh, he had fallen into a hole! But he hadn't; he was going down steps. Steps leading right down into the earth. The earth was rising to right and left. Noisette felt herself brushed through a hung blanket.

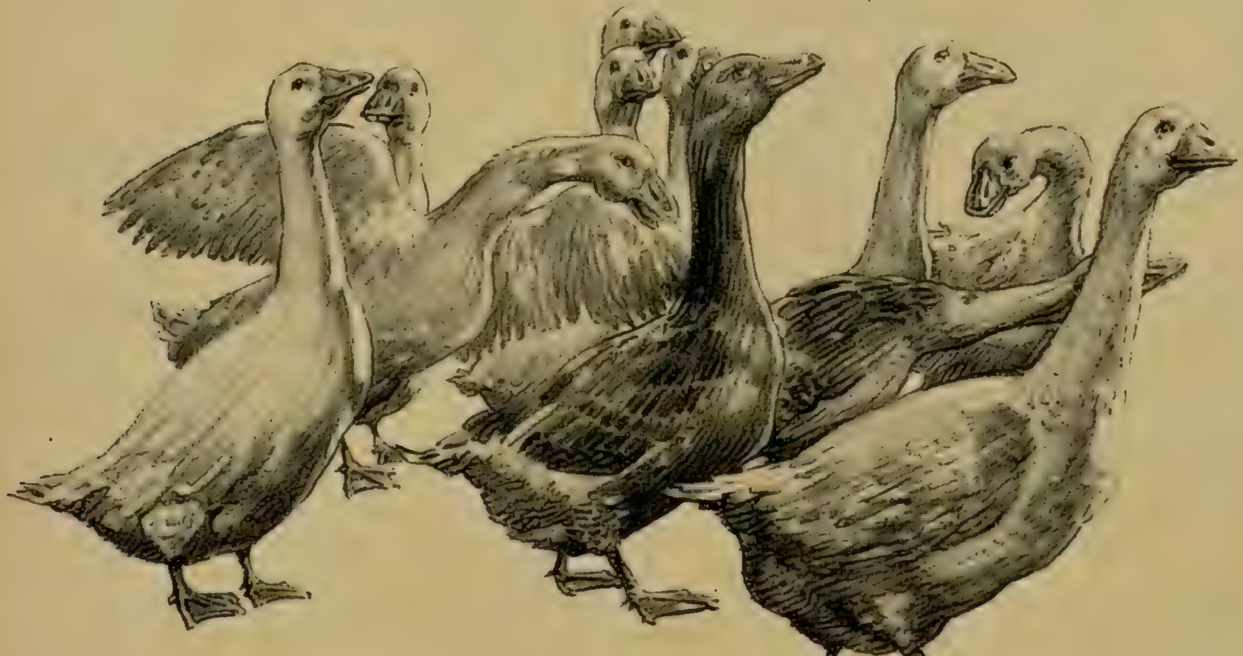
The steps were twisting now. They entered a long narrow low tunnel—and suddenly burst into a room cut out of the earth, away deep down there. Candles stuck in bottles lit it dimly. The man who was carrying her went to a big man in the center of the room, a big man who wore boots and a shining belt and pretty tan-hued breeches. He said something to the big man at which the big man impatiently motioned, and, obeying that one's gesture, took her to an end of the queer damp room and put her on a bed and quickly left, going out again by the tunnel through which they had come.

It was a queer bed, that on which she was now lying. It had been carved right out of the wall, and the wall wasn't any wall but the hard earth itself. Noisette lay on the queer bed, forgotten. She was hungry. She was cold. She buried her head in her arms to cry, but soon curiosity got the better of everything, and with one eye she peered out along her sleeve.

The cellar—it must be a cellar—was quiet and yet busy. From the outside there came in, filtered through the thick earth, a popping that sounded like bursting toy balloons. Over across the way from her a lot of the brown-clad men sat at tables as if at school. They were all scribbling as if at arithmetic, and some worked at maps, as in geography. Over to the right were things that looked like the telephone in the *mairie;* but there were many of them, and men on stools were continuously talking into them or listening. The big man with the belt and the boots paced up and down in the middle of the cellar, and every once in a while one of the other men came to him and spoke, or gave him a slip of paper.

But what interested her most were the men on the bench. The bench was along the wall, near the cellar door—which was just a hole to a tunnel. They sat on that bench very still and straight, their hands on their knees. She discovered something about them. If you looked at their faces without looking at their iron helmets, why, those faces were young! Why, they were just boys!

Every now and then the big man with the shining belt shouted, and one of the boys sprang from the bench and saluted. The big man said something, or gave the boy a paper, and the boy went out. Out from this deep safe place into the cold horrible night.



IT RELIEVED MY MISERY

● I was practically a chronic invalid from dizziness, headaches, bile, and all the things that come with persistent constipation. I'd just as soon have been dead. Finally my husband insisted that I try FEEN-A-MINT—it had fixed him up from gas on his stomach when he was away on a business trip. I was just amazed at the effect it had—right from the first one I began to improve. It was wonderful. It agreeably removes that feeling of flatulence, and the dizzy spells have stopped. It works so thorough—yet doesn't weaken my system or give me the cramps other laxatives did.

For men, women, and children

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FOR EASIER RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Oh, she hoped that the one nearest would not have to go out there! Because she liked him more than all the others. She could see his face against a candlelight, and he had long lashes that curved up.

His eyes kept turning toward her. Now he smiled. She smiled back, over her sleeve. Then he did something funny: He kept one of his eyes open and shut the other quickly and opened it again quickly. This interested her. Raising her left eye, which she had kept behind her sleeve, so that she now had two to work with, she quickly shut it while she kept the other open. All his white teeth showed now, as he smiled.

The young man on the bench rose, went to the big man with the shining belt, stood stiff before him with his hand at his helmet, and said something. The big man nodded. The young man vanished in a tunnel she had not noticed at first.

When he reappeared he came straight to her with a blanket over his arm. He threw the blanket over her, wrapping her carefully. "*Pas de souliers?*" he said when he saw her bare little feet, and she sniggled with joy at the funny way he said the words. He tucked the blanket carefully around the feet. "*Voilà!*" he said, and again vanished into the tunnel.

He came back with a big piece of bread—white bread, such as she had not had for long—and a tin can. Inside the can was warm cream. He dipped a piece of bread into the cream for her. Oo-oo-ooh, it was good!

She liked him. He had large gray eyes. And a smile that crinkled up his nose.

Bit by bit he fed her all the bread and cream. Then he went back to the bench.

The popping sound outside had now broken out again. Two great crashes rocked the cellar. Everything was motion and noise again. The big man with the pretty breeches was once more pacing and speaking sharp, while the telephone men listened and talked and passed him bits of paper.

"De-Viss!" the big man called out, and her boy sprang to his feet and stood with heels together.

She watched in fear. But when the big man had spoken to the boy, the boy did not go out but came to her instead. He sat down on the edge of her queer bed and began to speak to her gently but saying the words in that funny way that made her laugh and like him. He asked her what her name was.

"Ernestine Duchamp," she said, proud to answer so well. "But my grandfather calls me Noisette."

"Where do you live, Noisette?" he asked.

"Right at the corner of the Grande Rue," she said, still proud of herself.

He tilted back his steel hat to get at his hair. It was black and curly. He scratched it. "Which Grande Rue?" he asked after a moment.

"Of my village!" she cried.

She didn't see why he should laugh, but she joined him.

"You don't remember the name of your village, by chance?" he said after he had stopped laughing.

"Mesnil!" she cried.

"Ah!" he said.

HE went back to the big man with the beautiful breeches and said something. The big man stood there, listening. There was no popping of balloons outside and no crashings. He listened a long time, though. Then he looked at the watch on his wrist, and stood there and thought. Then he nodded, and her boy returned to her. He raised her in his arms. "*Allons*, Noisette," he said. "*Nous allons*—vamooser."

Now they were up on the ground, on the level earth. Little stars shone above and it was very cold.

He shifted her. "*Comme ça*," he said, and now she rode pickaback. They were going toward a steady iron roar. After a while she saw it was the road; the road still carrying its torrent of wagons, horses, and men.

Then he put her into a bathtub.

It had no water in it, the tub. It leaned up against a wall that had all been knocked off at the top. There was a saddle right next to it. Astride the saddle, he gave several big kicks at something, there was a fusillade—and the bathtub began to tremble under her. Tub and saddle shot forward, and she saw they were on wheels.

It was thrilling riding, with not the slightest little wink of a light to show the way. There were handle bars like a bicycle's to the bathtub; her soldier, straight in the saddle, steered masterfully in and out, to right and left, through the dark press.

All the time she could see his attentive face above her, and his curly lashes silhouetted against the sky; and every now and then he turned his face down to her and smiled, and her little heart went all warm.

But now he was looking up at the sky all the time.

The road here was packed almost solid; they were chugging up and down almost without going forward. Now she heard "ra-ow, ra-ow, ra-ow"—like that. The sound increased. There was a snarling to it.

He suddenly left the saddle and ran around and was at her side. "*Viens*, Noisette!" he said quick, and he whisked her out and threw her across his shoulder. He took a big hop and jump, and they rolled together into the deep ditch along the road. It was muddy, too. Now, pushing her before him, he was crawling along. Till they came to a low round iron roof that covered the ditch, and crawled under that. Almost at once there was a great terrible noise, a thousand times bigger than the crashes she had heard when in the cellar back there. She threw her arms around his neck and shut her eyes.

The snarling hum up in the sky was loud now. It seemed to be turning and turning and boring, looking for them.

THREE times there sounded that terrible crash, a thousand times louder than anything she had ever heard. She shut her eyes and clung tighter, till it began to faint away and finally died down. Her protector crawled to the end of the low tunnel. He had his head out; he was looking and listening. She heard him softly call, "*Viens*, Noisette!" She joined him and she laughed. He was covered with mud; she was covered with mud.

They went on, the two of them. Soon they had passed the last wagon, the last horse; the road was empty and they streaked along. A light showed ahead, a little yellow light, bobbing. She heard him murmur, scandalized. She herself was surprised. As far back as she could remember, such lights, any light, had been forbidden, except inside the houses, behind the heavy shutters tightly closed. They neared the light fast. They saw two big legs walking behind the light. They stopped beside a dim form holding a lantern.

"*Grandpère!*" she cried.

Monsieur l'Américain (that is what her grandfather was calling him) rode them in the cycle (this is what her grandfather called it) clear to the house door. He explained he must go right away; no, he could not even accept a glass of wine. "*Au revoir*," he said. He stood a moment. "*J'ai une petite sœur*," he said. Then he bent down to kiss Noisette.

Long after, Noisette, remembering, realized that he had meant to kiss her on the forehead.

But rising to the tip of her toes, stretching up as long as she could, flinging her arms upward, it was with her lips she met the kiss in a warm, warm kiss of her own, straight from her ardent little heart.

So warm, that years later she still remembered it.

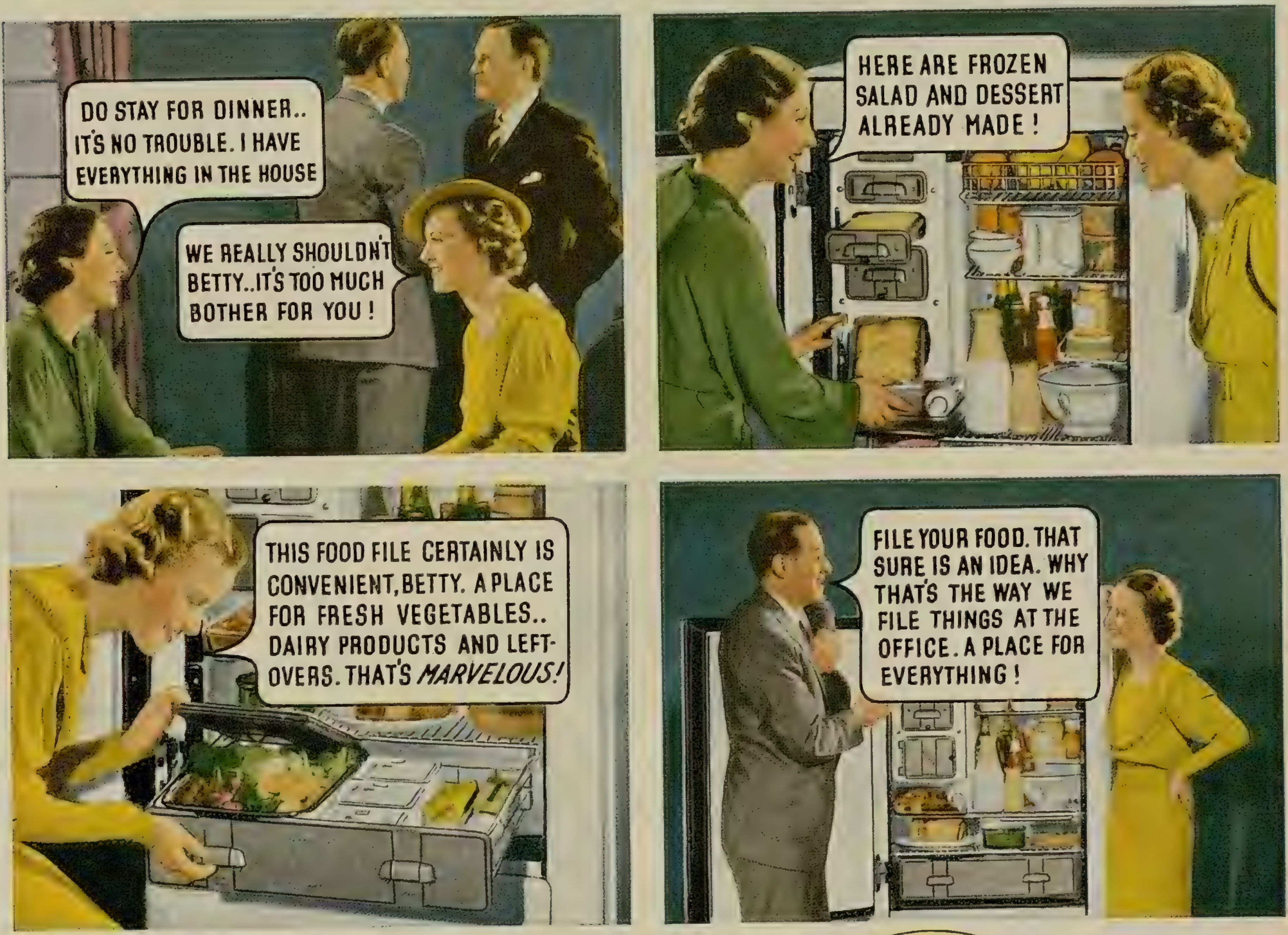
She sat now at a high desk in a class of the Ecole Municipale of Mesnil, institutrice for her second year, presiding over a little flock not of short-winged birds which to the swollen surge of spring flew away, but of little biped angels—or devils—at whom she never rapped a sabot (indeed she wore none, but fetching black kid pumps instead).

She had come to this place through much severe effort and privation. Maybe she never would have if it had not been for that grandfather who now slept in the small cemetery by the church. There had not been much money to do it with; there had been much hard study; there had been untold difficulties. But whenever her determination had flagged, her grandfather had said stubbornly, "It is thy vocation. I tell thee it is thy vocation. I saw that from the first—when you were a little girl. Remember how you used to teach the geese?"

She sat now at a high desk in a discreetly buzzing schoolroom, a young

(*Continued on page seventeen*)

No wonder the Blakes have so many friends


DO STAY FOR DINNER.. IT'S NO TROUBLE. I HAVE EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE
WE REALLY SHOULDN'T BETTY..IT'S TOO MUCH BOTHER FOR YOU!
HERE ARE FROZEN SALAD AND DESSERT ALREADY MADE!
THIS FOOD FILE CERTAINLY IS CONVENIENT, BETTY. A PLACE FOR FRESH VEGETABLES.. DAIRY PRODUCTS AND LEFT-OVERS. THAT'S *MARVELOUS!*
FILE YOUR FOOD. THAT SURE IS AN IDEA. WHY THAT'S THE WAY WE FILE THINGS AT THE OFFICE. A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING!

File your food in the *Food File*

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MODELS

No more hunting around for left-overs. No more broken eggs. No more wilted vegetables. With the Kelvinator Food File, there is a place for everything—a place where you can keep vegetables fresh and tender for weeks—a place for eggs, butter and cheese—and three beautiful china dishes where you can keep usable left-overs indefinitely.

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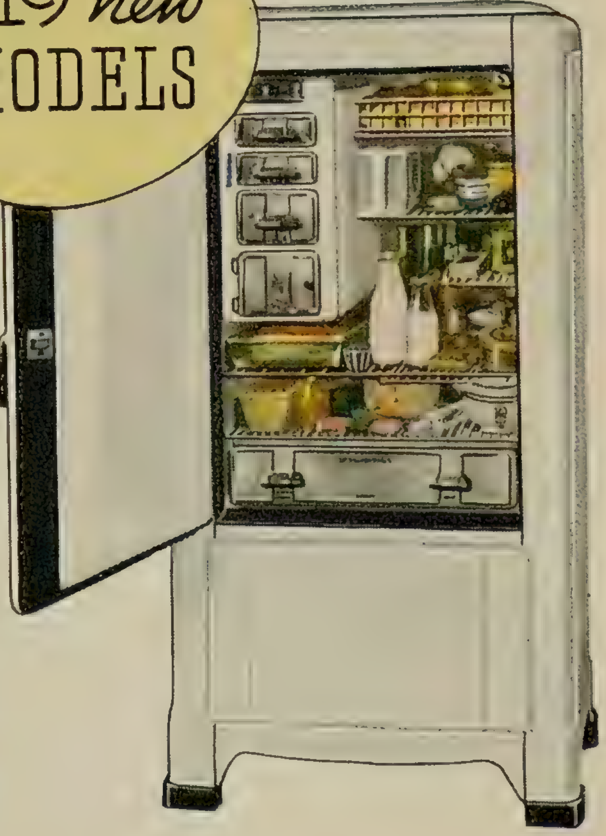

KELVINATOR
4 in 1

Dan Donnelly of the Biltmore tells how to make his *"Clover Club"*

"First, I squeeze the juice of one fresh lime into a regulation mixing glass. On this I put the white of one egg and add two dashes of grenadine. Next, I put in 1½ ounces of gin—preferably American gin—like Fleischmann's. Ice—shake thoroughly—strain into a 4-ounce glass—and there's your Clover Club—with a delicious creamy top. The kind of gin you use makes all the difference in mixing a cocktail. I've found that Fleischmann's Dry Gin blends perfectly and gives a cocktail the mild, smooth flavor that most Americans like so well."

The Smoother the Gin — the Smoother the Cocktail!

Fleischmann's is specially distilled to the American taste . . . it is delightfully mild, and blends perfectly in mixed drinks

FOR over 25 years the "Clover Club" has been one of America's most popular cocktails. To make this delicious drink successfully, smoothly—there's one simple rule to remember . . . *USE AN AMERICAN GIN!*

Fleischmann's is an American gin—distilled from American grain—to satisfy American tastes and drinking customs.

When you mix up a "Clover Club"—or any kind of a cocktail made with gin—you'll find that Fleischmann's blends perfectly. Brings out the subtle, hidden flavors of the fruit juices and other liquors.

Buy a bottle of Fleischmann's Dry Gin. Mix up a Clover Club, a Martini—or a Gin Old Fashioned. As it slips down your throat—so smoothly—so delightfully—and leaves you with a warm, pleasant afterglow, you'll understand why "it takes an American gin to make an American cocktail."

Fleischmann's
Distilled
Dry Gin
ESTABLISHED 1870
Produced from 100% Domestic Grain
Distilled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, New York
90 PROOF
45% ALC.
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NRA CODE

(Continued from page fourteen)

lady upon whose natural vehemence the long effort had laid a mantle of sweet gravity. Her brown eyes, though they lit easily to gayety, were deep and soft; the brown hair fluffed low upon her brow was soft; she wore a severe black one-piece dress of nothing more expensive perhaps than alpaca, but lightened by white cuffs and a large white collar. It closed low in front. It left to view the little pulse in her throat.

Grave and sweet, she was apt to dream. When all the small heads bent down upon a *devoir*, her brown eyes went soft, soft, soft as they looked far. At such times her right hand was apt to be just on the spot of her severe little black dress beneath which her heart must be lurking.

It was troubled, that heart. There was young M. Gaston, the notary clerk with the nicely shaped head and natty manner. There was Pierre Granjean, who had so many fields. There was—there was—

Why did that heart lie so still to these male whisperings? Why so calmly did it beat, steady as a metronome on top of a piano?

While to the vision of her reverie—a little scene at a house door in a street just barely beginning to gray with dawn, years, years back, a good-by, a little girl lifting her arms passionately, diverting a chastely aimed kiss to her lips—why, then that heart grew big, big within its cage and moved restlessly and ached a little—an ache she would not have done without for the world.

Little girls shouldn't kiss like that. Of course not.

But that little girl had. And what to do about it?

Nothing, oh, nothing. Except, when M. Gaston whispered, or big Pierre Granjean hinted, to note that the heart under the alpaca gown went on beating steadily as a metronome. Except, when one dreamed at the high desk in school and remembered that hasty good-by at dawn years ago, to note that then one's heart swelled as must have the geese's that time, the poor maimed geese, to the call of spring—and moved restlessly and ached a little.

Oop! That little rascal Jean Simmon had finished his *devoir*. His hand went up. “Mademoiselle, I have finished my *dèvoir!* ”

“That is well, Jean.”

“And now can I ask a question, mademoiselle?”

“But yes, Jean, if you have finished your *devoir*.”

“Mademoiselle, why is it that American painters, who live so far away, come so much to France to paint?”

This new method of encouraging the asking of questions, that was all very well. But facility to answer questions should have been given with that method.

“I have heard,” said mademoiselle hesitatingly after a while, “that to painters living in a country of very brilliant sunshine and clear atmosphere there is a subtle blue haze to the air of France that enchants them.”

“Ah,” said Jean, “that must be it. I notice that the American painter likes best to paint when there is haze. And early in the morning and late in the afternoon.”

It was now Mlle. Duchamp's turn to ask questions, something which also was rather recommended in the new methods. “The American painter?” she asked. “What do you mean, Jean, by the American painter?”

“Who is stopping at the Inn of the Cochon de Lait, mademoiselle. Have you not noticed him? He has been here a week, painting everywhere. Right now, mademoiselle, if you will look through that window to your left, you will see him in the green meadow, painting there by the stream. You are right; there is haze this afternoon; it is the blue haze they like, these American painters.”

Mademoiselle looked through the window and saw what Jean had seen. Near the stream at the foot of the green meadow there was an easel and a campstool and a painter. But if it was the blue haze that this painter liked, he was not painting it with any considerable industry. Just at the present moment, his back to the school, he was smoking a cigarette.

Mademoiselle found herself looking often through the window as the afternoon flowed to its end. No, certainly, he was not displaying any great industry, that American painter. Now and then, it is true, he looked at his canvas and upon it deposited a little dab of paint. But mostly he rolled and smoked cigarettes. And—yes, undoubtedly that was true—over his shoulder stole quick looks toward the school, and from his whole conduct, somehow, seemed to be in a state of waiting. Strangely enough, although now she was not daydreaming, mademoiselle felt her heart begin to misbehave under its severe black alpaca.

At length it was five o'clock and the children, filing by her desk, laid upon it their finished (more or less) *devoirs*, and said *Bonsoir*, and went home. As for her, she could not go home yet but must correct the *devoirs*.

But she didn't. Because, as she was bending her pensive head toward the first copybook, through what can be discovered with the corner of one eye she became aware of the fact that the painter who was not painting had also ceased to wait. He was coming across the meadow with large steps; he was coming toward the school. He vanished around a corner, there was a noise at the door, the door opened, he stepped in; and her heart now frankly turned over under the alpaca.

Unwittingly she had risen; unwittingly she had taken several steps toward the door. And as he, on his side, had taken several steps away from the door, they were now near. He was tall. He was looking down at her with gray eyes; he had a smile that amusingly crinkled his nose.

“Mademoiselle,” he said, and at the way he said mademoiselle, with that American accent, her amusement at the crinkled nose increased to a bubbling tenderness at the very kernel of her being. “Mademoiselle,” he said, “it has just come to me that you are the very one to help me on a quest of mine. Mademoiselle, when you were a little girl, did you happen to know a little girl of this village by the name of Noisette?”

“Yes!” she said quickly. “Oh, yes!”

“Let me tell you what happened,” he said. “I fought in the war, you see. Around here, at first. I was but a boy; I had lied a little about my age to get in. I was a runner—a carrier of dispatches. And one night in my motorcycle I brought back here a little girl who had strayed into our lines. One night of considerable shelling—”

“Yes?” she breathed through parted lips. “Yes?”

“Let me tell you more,” he said. “When I left that little girl before her door, on this very Grande Rue, in the gray dawn, she kissed me good-by. After a while the war ended, and I went back to my country, and then I began to suffer with a peculiar unhappiness. All about me the young men of my age were falling in love, were finding mates, and I wasn't. Every love affair I began would go wrong. I couldn't find my mate. That was because I remembered the kiss of the little girl. I kept trying to find one just like that. I really tried very hard, mademoiselle. And I couldn't—”

“Yes?” she said quickly with bated breath.

“For a long time,” he went on, “I could not do anything about it. One is not supposed to remember the kiss of a little girl in that fashion. It is considered not quite moral. But a few months ago, as I was painting in a deep valley in California, I suddenly had a great thought—”

“Yes?”

“It was that the little girl Noisette by this time was no longer a little girl. It was no longer immoral to remember the kiss she had given me years ago in a gray street at dawn. So I packed up my portmanteau, my brushes, my easel, and came here. It is my idea, you see, mademoiselle,” he said humbly, “that if I found her, and she deigned to kiss me again, then I could compare that kiss with the one I remember. Which is very necessary, since none other will do—or is any good for me at all!”

She must be bewitched. She had been transported back through the years. She was a little girl again, before her house on the Grande Rue in the grayness of dawn. Seeing herself clearly, yet not able to stop herself at all, she was rising on tiptoes; her arms were going up impetuously; her little face, with pursed lips all ready, was ascending to his descending one. Oh, she was about to give him, as years ago, a warm, warm kiss straight from the heart!

THE END

NEW YORK to MOSCOW

A Realistic Glimpse of the Not-Too-Distant Future Toward Whic
Piccard and His Stratosphere Balloon Have Pioneered the Wa

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN Professor Auguste Piccard in his hermetically sealed balloon explored the stratosphere to collect abstract physical data, he disclosed a new world to science. He and his fellow explorers in America, Germany, Russia, and England have opened paths that will make all men next-door neighbors. Beyond that, they reveal inexhaustible sources of energy which, if tapped, will run with practically no expense and no effort the machinery of civilization.

It may take fifty years or fifty months before the practical results of Piccard's excursion are evident. But in some way they will affect every man, woman, and child on the globe. Life in the immediate future compared to ours will be what the streamline train of the Union Pacific is to the covered wagon.

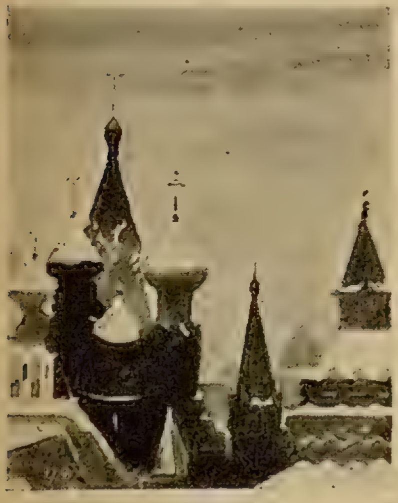
. . . . .

A melodious buzz interrupted the sepulchral stillness of the office of the greatest banker in the United States. The circular room was without windows. It was air-conditioned and soundproof.

The great financier pushed a button, and immediately upon one of the disks facing his desk appeared the image of his partner in Moscow. "Jay," cried his partner, visibly agitated, "can you come over this morning?"

"I can't, Jim," the banker replied, speaking into another disk. "I have a lunch engagement at one thirty with John D."

"Break it! It's of the utmost importance! That Russian professor—whose name I can't pronounce—has discovered a machine for utilizing the energy of the cosmic ray. The news broke only last night, but already emissaries from every country in the world are on their way to acquire a slice of the patent rights."



"Well"—the banker looked at his watch—"it is nine fifteen now. Maybe I can make it."

"O. K. I'll expect you."

Two minutes later the banker was whirring in his own plane from the roof of his banking house to the flying field. Ten minutes later the strat-elevator—a contrivance resembling the now old-fashioned autogiro—had borne him aloft six miles to the floating airdrome supported by four huge balloons. The New York-Moscow rocket was waiting to be shot through the stratosphere.

The banker waved a greeting to the man at the radio station which guided the flight of the rocket.

"I've held the old boat for you two and one half seconds, Mr. Pierpont!" The young officer smiled pleasantly, though his strict schedule had been upset.

The banker entered the cabin. In a split second the door was closed by hydraulic pressure. Before he had comfortably seated himself the rocket was already one hundred miles over the ocean.

Paying no attention to his fellow passengers, the financier turned on his talking newspaper. He had informed himself of only a small portion of the day's news when the outlines of the British islands appeared in the oval-shaped mirror in the floor of the cabin.

The rocket was rendered noiseless by an ingenious device for absorbing sound. The banker inhaled with pleasure the air, artificially produced and purified in the cabin, and watched from the window the always fascinating panorama of atmospheric changes as the rocket sped through the air like a bullet.

There were no clouds. The earth was invisible now, except as dust in the lower atmosphere reflected in the floor mirror of the cabin. The air was a Prussian blue and changed, as the rocket shot higher and higher into the stratosphere, to a deep purple. There was no wind, no sound, no moisture—neither rain nor sleet, neither fog nor snow.

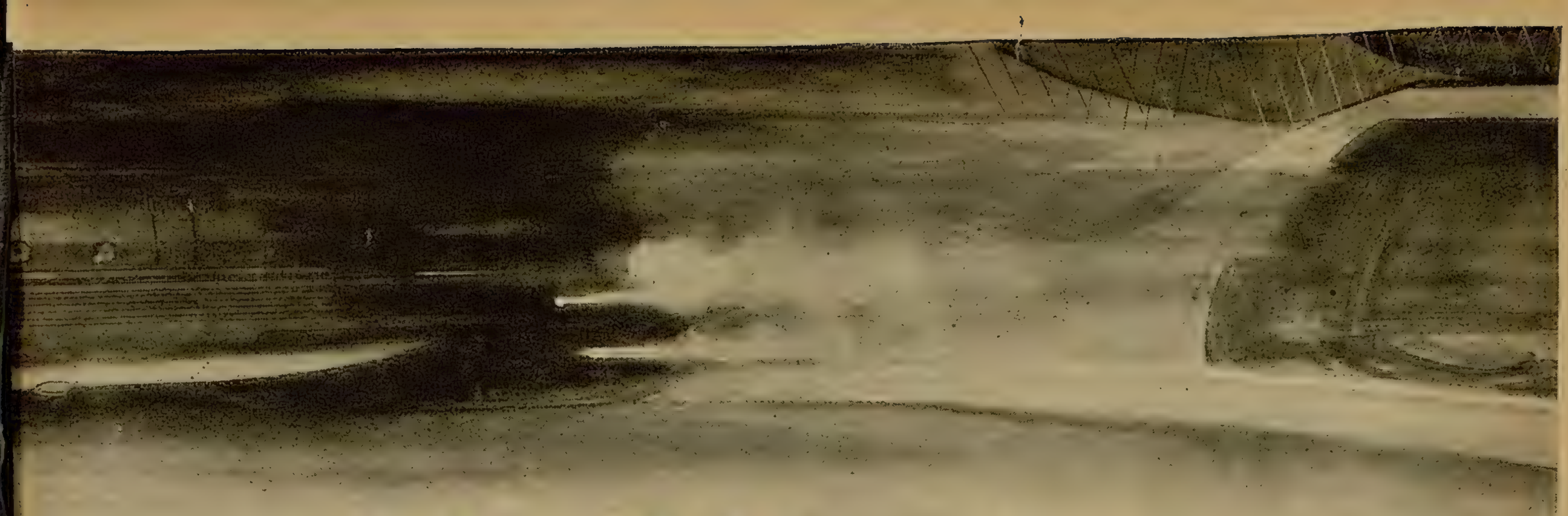
Fifty minutes after Pierpont had entered the rocket it reached the floating airdrome at Moscow. There he was whisked down to the air station where his partner awaited him.

The banker looked at his watch. It was half past ten, New York time.

"Punctual as ever," the partner remarked. "The meeting begins in five minutes."

A flying droshky took them to Stalin Hall in four and three quarter minutes. The assemblage was a cross between a scientific congress and a bankers' convention.

"I need not," said the professor with the unpronounceable name, "rehearse for you gentlemen the history of the cosmic ray. We know that it comes from outer space, that it is not unlike the X ray but infinitely more potent. Dr. Arthur H. Compton of the University of Chicago defines cosmic rays as 'electric particles.' Dr. Robert A. Millikan calls them 'bundles of exceedingly short electromagnetic waves'—or 'bullets of light.' To Millikan they are 'the birth cry of matter being born'; to Sir James Jeans, the 'death rattle produced by the



in Fifty Minutes

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

DRAWINGS BY STEPHEN GROUT

disintegration of the atoms.' Both hold that they come from gaseous clouds in interplanetary space, while others maintain that they originate from the stars themselves. Visitants from incredible distances, they travel millions of years before they reach the earth.

" The energy of a cosmic ray is a million times greater than that produced by any other atomic explosion. The value of the billions of volts with which each ray is charged makes the treasures of great nations seem paltry.

" In 1933 Auguste Piccard declared that the disintegration of the atoms of a few drops of ordinary water by means of the cosmic ray would liberate enough energy to illuminate the entire city of Washington. Piccard also foresaw that when the now existing deposits of iron, and of coal, oil, and other fuels are exhausted, the human race can save itself by exploiting the cosmic ray. Eventually the cosmic ray will supply mankind with the energy to emigrate to another planet.

" Meanwhile, we have at last found the means of harnessing the cosmic ray in such a way that it will not endanger the earth itself."

HE took a few crumbs of a chemical, placed them upon a metal plate, and pointed toward them the muzzle of an instrument somewhat like a gun. There was a slight flash and a crackle. Then on the wall of Stalin Hall appeared the image of a huge powerhouse, the largest in existence.

" The energy of these crumbs," the scientist continued, " will keep this gigantic machinery in motion for forty-eight hours. It will propel every train, light every street, and turn every wheel in the U. S. S. R. In order to extinguish our debt from the first and the second World Wars, we shall parcel out the right to this invention to the highest bidder in every country.

" Gentlemen, what do you bid? "

Without a moment's hesitation Pierpont bid ten billion dollars for the American rights of the cosmic ray converter. Approximately one hour later—exactly at 1.29 P.M.—he entered his club on the roof of the old Empire State Building to discuss the invention with his friend John D. Within forty-eight hours the SEC approved a stock issue of one hundred billion dollars for the Cosmic Ray Corporation of America.

. . . . .

All this may seem utterly fantastic, yet it is only the logical development of the secrets wrested by man from the stratosphere.

Our globe is surrounded by three layers of air: (1) the troposphere or lower stratum, the air we breathe; (2) the tropopause, which Waldemar Kaempffert calls the " no man's land of the air "; (3) the stratosphere, the highest layer. The stratosphere begins six miles above the poles and nine miles above the equator.

The stratosphere knows neither wind nor warmth. Its temperature is 60 degrees to 80 degrees below zero. The air is too thin for men to live in unless they are enclosed in a sealed gondola.

But for some reason the cosmic ray is one hundred times more powerful in the upper regions of the air than it is below. If we want to learn more about the cosmic ray, we must ascend to the upper strata.

Mankind can never attain the highest possible speed until we learn to travel at least six miles above the level of the sea. Before we can do so, we must devise a number of new inventions.

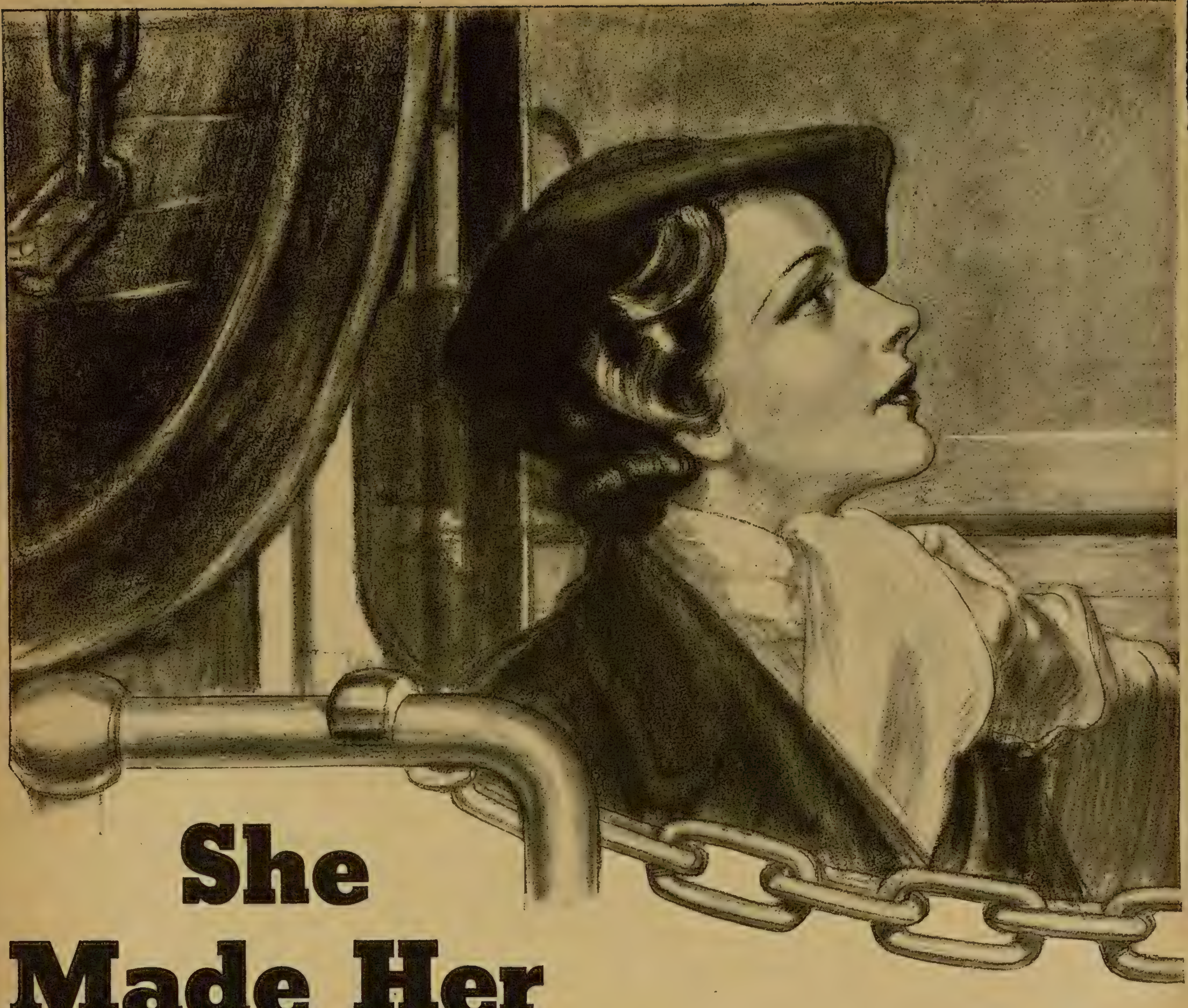
In the stratosphere a specially equipped airplane could easily exceed 800 miles an hour. The air-express plane of the future will make the trip from New York to London in three or four hours. A rocket plane could fly over the Atlantic in less than an hour. A speed of fifty minutes from New York to Moscow does not surpass the bounds of probability.

A rocket shot from the proving grounds of the American Rocket Society in Staten Island reached a speed of 600 miles an hour in the troposphere. The speed would be many times as great if the rocket traveled through high atmospheric strata. Rocketry, as a writer in the Scientific American remarks, is in the same position as aviation was at the time of the Wright flights at Kitty Hawk. Soon, he prophesies, there will be such spectacular demonstrations that rocketry will become as " respectable " as aviation.

Long before passengers are able to travel around the globe through the stratosphere, Uncle Sam will avail himself of the rocket to carry his letters. Mail from Manhattan will reach Chicago in less time than it now takes for a letter to reach Brooklyn. Rocket-delivery letters will reach recipients in San Francisco within an hour after they are mailed in New York.

For the present the balloon remains man's chief instrument for exploring the upper regions of the air.

THE END



She Made Her Bed

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FRIEDA LESLIE is spending the remaining days of her world trip on the beach at Waikiki. She has almost convinced herself that her spontaneous cruise romance with rich, irresponsible Kirk Bailey has been just a pleasant interlude —although her mother is strongly in favor of a happy climax—when she meets Ned Pierson, famous San Francisco architect and widowed father of pert Doris, who had envied Frieda's holiday claims on Kirk.

Ned, to Frieda, is the sublime opposite of the reckless Kirk and in a short time she is completely captivated by him. He tells her his ambitions and heartbreaks; about fickle Doris and a younger son at home; about his designs for a gigantic edifice in memory of his wife Sylvia, the memorial to be constructed in San Francisco by his rich father-in-law. He also tells her of the many rich commissions which will keep him in Honolulu for months.

In true feminine tenderness Frieda tries to console, sympathize, and encourage, but inwardly realizes she is falling in love with him. Ned gently repels her mild advances, but shows his jealousy when he scolds her for her fickleness one night.

Smarting under her injured pride, Frieda rejoins Kirk and his rowdy gang on a party the eve of sailing. She decides to forget Ned and marry Kirk. But while on deck the following morning at sailing time, she hears Doris loudly chiding her father for leaving.

Ned had dropped all of his plans and is following her back to San Francisco.

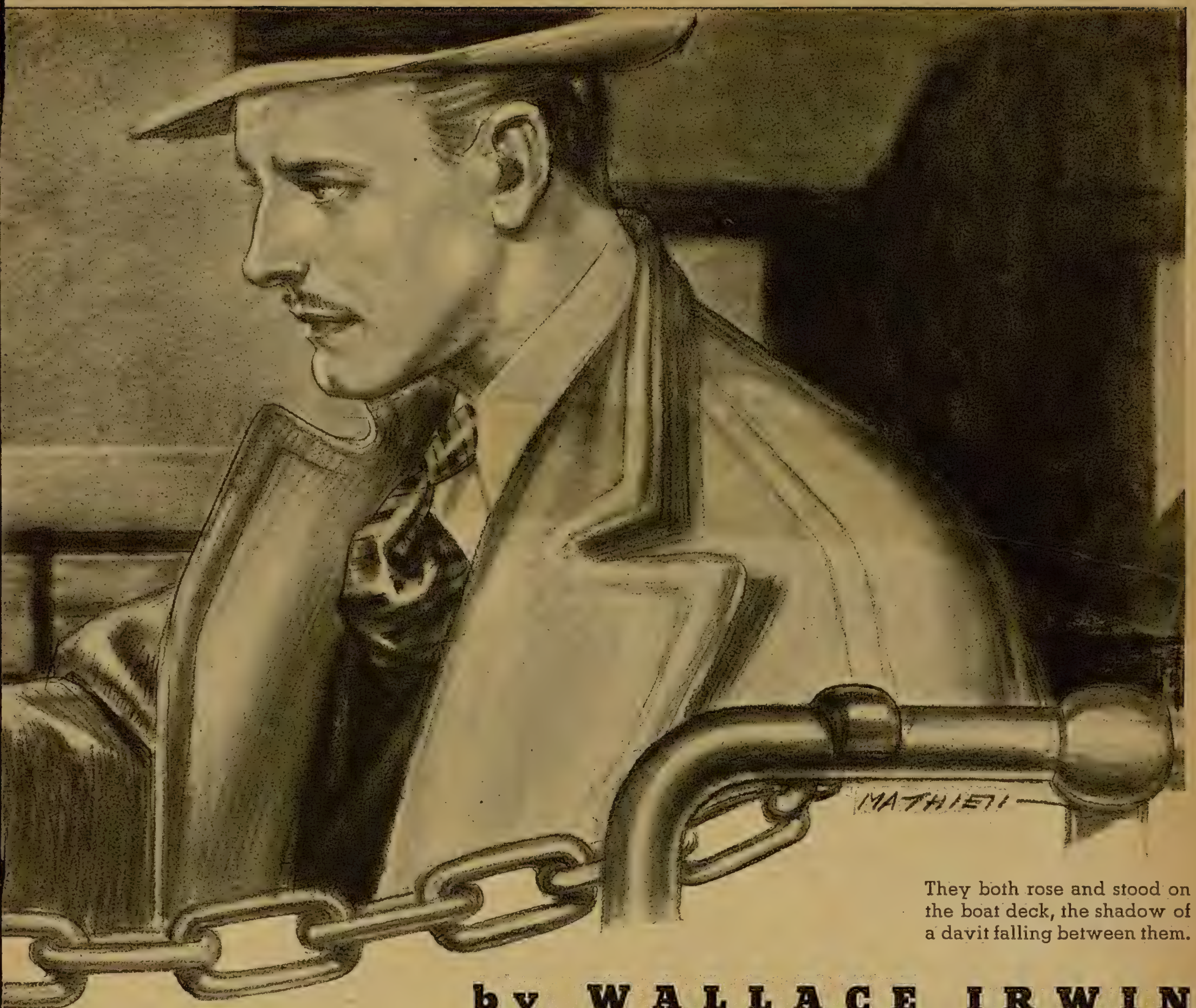
PART TWO—"YOU'D BETTER MARRY KIRK"

A PALE night over a sea which all day long, hour by hour, had been losing its purple and taking on the faint aquamarine of the northerly Pacific. Yesterday the Lurline's officers and stewards had changed from white to half white; today they were in blue. They changed with the sea from latitude to latitude.

All the way from Honolulu great albatross birds had been following the ship, their strong curved wings so fast that they had to fly in circles to keep their speed down to the speed of the Lurline's twin propellers. In the night their wings were white sickles under the moon; their cries were overhead, the piercing scream of Valkyrs signaling.

"And tomorrow," said Ned Pierson, "they'll meet the gulls at the Golden Gate."

"And there'll be a fight," guessed Frieda dreamily.



They both rose and stood on the boat deck, the shadow of a davit falling between them.

by WALLACE IRWIN

A Noteworthy Novel of Marriage in 1935—Don't Fail to Follow This Searching Story of a Bride and Her Dangerous Destiny

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU

"No, there won't. They'll wait outside for another ship, and fly back to Honolulu."

Frieda Leslie and Ned Pierson lay in close chairs on the boat deck. The stars were diamond dust, dimmed by a big round lamp. Under them the gentle motion of the crack liner, smoothly sailing. Frieda was thinking, He wants me. He doesn't say a thing, but he wants me. I've given him every chance in the world. And here we are, talking about birds.

"You decided to build Sylvia?" she asked suddenly. "Is that why you're coming home?"

"No. You know why I'm here." His voice was deep as the sea. Their hands were so near that with hardly a movement he let his close over hers. "But it oughtn't to be this way," he said.

"Why not?" She could hardly speak, her heart was jumping so. "It's all right, Ned."

"It's all wrong."

"Why?"

There was hidden ferocity in his pleasant voice: "I've told you to marry Kirk, or somebody like him. He wants it; your mother wants it. They're right."

"I'm not trying to suit—them—"

He let her hand go, swiftly like his changing mood.

"Then think about my children," he said. "I'm not complaining. It's more my fault than theirs."

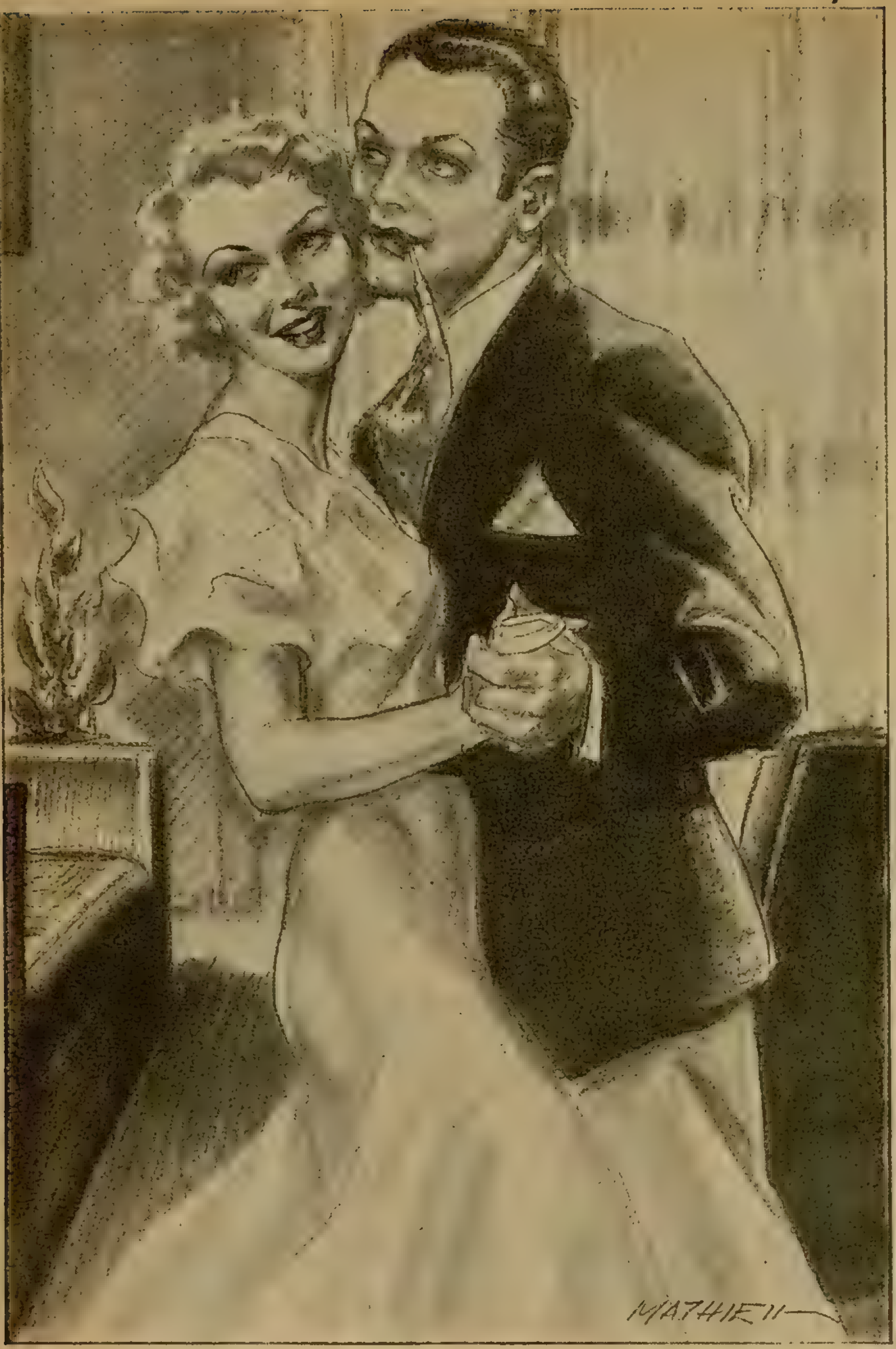
"Your fault, Ned?"—incredulously.

"I've given too much to my work, and not enough to them. When my wife died Doris was fourteen. She didn't like the school she was in. She ran away, and we were weeks finding her. She was in New York, taking music lessons. I got a music teacher for her, and that was all right for a year or two. Then I began seeing things. There was quite a scene getting rid of the music teacher."

"Poor Ned," said Frieda gently.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. It's just part of bringing them up, I suppose. But she didn't seem to stick in any of the schools I sent her to. When she was about seventeen I found her in Hollywood. She was one of those people—what do you call them?—extras. A fellow who used 'Cyril Elwood' to cover up a funny name— Anyhow, there didn't seem to be any way out of it but to get them married. Frieda, I hope this doesn't shock you. I hope—"

"Tell me."



In the living room two people were dancing—Doris and somebody who bit an ivory cigarette holder.

"Well, the rest of it's routine. Elwood managed to involve me in a studio proposition, and it cost me a quarter of a million to keep it out of the courts—in these times! Then Doris decided—a little late, I'm afraid—that she didn't like Elwood. It's just routine, Frieda; Reno and routine."

"But your boy," said Frieda. Ned's story of Doris had shocked her; shocked her and moved her closer to him.

"Artie's not so much of a problem. He's no great scholar, but that doesn't mean anything." Ned's voice lightened, speaking of Artie. "I want him to take up engineering, then architecture. He's not much at figures, but he'll get the hang of it. He's a freshman at Stanford."

"That's fine." Frieda forced her cheerfulness because Ned's voice was drooping. "Artie's on his way and you needn't worry about him. Want to know what I think about Doris?"

"Tell me."

"She's gone through the—poison. Some people have to do that. It inoculates them, sort of."

PIERSON looked at her for a long time.

"I see," he said slowly. "You take the poison and you set up a resistance. What sort of people are immune? Cold people?"

She looked over the star-sprayed water. "Am I?"

Then he gathered her up and kissed her. A kiss, being a point of light, can tell so many hundred things. His, quick and subtly comforting, said plainly, "I have told you why a young dear thing like you should not be saddled with my burdens. This is an accident. Time has played a trick on us. Go your way, my darling. And if you have your own sorrows—they'll be yours."

Suddenly they both rose and stood on the boat deck, the shadow of a davit falling between them.

"You'd better marry Kirk." He buttoned up his overcoat and walked away briskly without another look at her. He's too wise, too decent to be willing to trap me, she was thinking. Yet he's thrown over everything to follow me.

Her mother said he was ahead of her in experience by half a lifetime. His experience—that was what Frieda loved in him.

After a while she went down to her stateroom. She met Kirk on the way, looking for her. He wanted to dance.

NEXT morning, as Ned had promised, the great birds with sickle wings met the gulls at quarantine, circled over the screaming tribe, then faded into the west. The passengers, their mood gray as the morning, had marched in a scowling bathrobed chorus past a persecuting health officer: Mrs. Leslie, scolding the government for getting her up for nothing; Frieda, hoping she didn't look the way she felt; Kirk in bright blue pajamas, his nose high, pretending not to see her.

Ned Pierson was nowhere to be seen; and that was lucky, thought Frieda. Probably he had been the first in line, fully dressed, ready for the day. She didn't feel up to seeing him, after her night of broken sleep. He had told her plainly enough last night that he wanted to be let alone.

She didn't see him until the ship was docked and uniformed men, under the customs shed, were snooping suspiciously into a pile of luggage in the place marked "L." Mrs. Leslie was defying the Treasury Department, as she always did at customs.

"Can't I help you, Mrs. Leslie?" It was Ned, very offhand, very citified in a blue box coat and gray fedora.

"They're making me pay duty on all my antiques," complained Mrs. Leslie, for the moment forgetting her objections to him.

"Wait a minute. I'll get Curry."

The rowing around Mrs. Leslie changed to deference as Ned brought back Curry. Mr. Pierson was somebody in San Francisco; that was plain enough. Appraiser Curry's hands went swiftly over rugs and silks and brassy doodads, setting this and that aside. "No duty," he grinned at Ned, pointing to a pile.

"My mistake, Curry!" Ned grinned back.

"Thank you, Mr. Pierson," said Mrs. Leslie.

"I got a radio from my boy this morning." Ned's smile looked pinched as he led Frieda toward the gate. "He ought to be outside somewhere. Want to take a look at him?"

"Why, yes." That wasn't what she had planned to do, but she followed him to the wicket. "She's with me," said Ned to the man who tried to stop her. Obligingly the man scribbled a pass.

Ned stood outside and looked anxiously across the gathering crowd. A fair-haired young man, his milk-and-roses complexion deepening with excitement, was presenting Doris with an orchid-colored flower box.

This must be Artie, Frieda thought, but Ned sang out, "Hello, Joe! Mighty glad to see you." And he presented Mr. Wirth to Miss Leslie. Ned likes him, was her snap judgment; but Ned was anxiously looking through the crowd.

Just then, out of the huddle, a tall, loose-jointed, rather untidy boy catapulted himself into Ned's arms. This was certainly Artie. He was marked by Ned as Doris was, but his eyes were light blue, his mouth adolescent. He was bareheaded, and under one of those disfiguring haircuts which college boys call a "fuzz" he showed a smile like Ned's, brilliant and disarming.

"Well, kid, you got here!" Ned's arm went around the angular shoulders.

"Almost missed it," said the boy breathlessly. "Have a good time? Do everything? How'd you come to get back so soon?"

"Oh, I'm a nachel-born traveler," Ned laughed and pinched Artie's ears. "This is the heir apparent, Miss Leslie."

Artie shook hands in the clumsy eager way he seemed to have about every- *(Continued on page twenty-four)*

New-Value Dodge Sedan (4-door) $735†—Touring Sedan with built-in trunk, as illustrated, $760†

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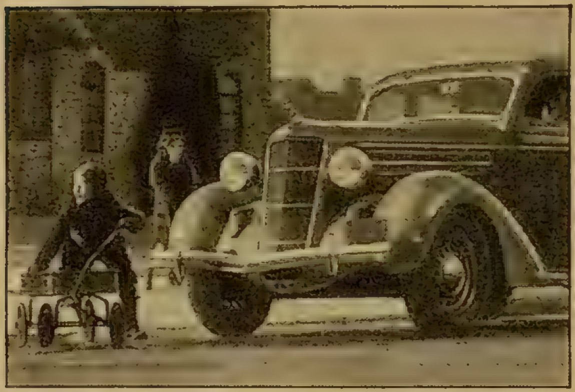
Gives 3 to 5 more miles per gallon than lower-priced cars
Saves 30¢ to 40¢ on every dollar's worth of oil!*



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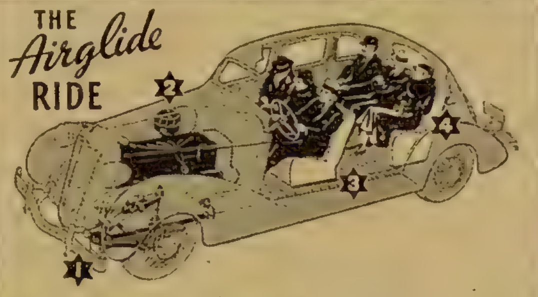

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3 Floor lowered 3½ inches to give seats the height of a comfortable living-room chair.

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DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

(Continued from page twenty-two)

thing. But his eyes—Ned's, turned blue—did not leave her. "Where do you get off?" they seemed to ask.

"Son, it's grand of you to come up and meet the boat," said the father, anxiety again shading his voice. "But aren't you cutting a lot of classes?"

"Oh, I'm not worrying about classes." Artie's hands went into his pockets.

"Not worrying?" Lines appeared in Ned's dark forehead.

Artie cast a quick plaintive look at Frieda.

"Dad, I've been up here for a week. You can't stay on the campus when—well—the faculty hands you a surprise. I'm flunked."

Pretending not to hear, trying to get out, Frieda couldn't help seeing the look on Ned's face: a man bleeding inside, working hard to conceal it.

Suddenly Ned turned to her, trying to smooth out the stricken lines.

"Good-by." She held out her hand. "It's been so nice—" That was silly. "I ought to help mother."

"Good-by." He let her hand go.

That afternoon, as soon as mother was out of the way, Frieda looked up his number in a telephone book.

"Ned?" when she heard his voice. "This is Frieda—Frieda Leslie."

"Oh. How are you?"—crisply, the way busy men speak from their offices.

"We're going home tomorrow, and I thought I'd give you a chance to show me your house." She was being what mother would have called a hussy. She didn't care! She had made up her mind about Ned Pierson.

"That's fine." Still crisply. "I'm going home early to look things over. Suppose I send my car for you. You couldn't find it alone, I'm afraid."

Ned Pierson's smooth-lined open car whirled her westward, past the bulking shaggy hills beyond. She could smell the sea, she could taste it in the wind. Could almost hear it beating against rocks. They came to a dimly wine-colored stuccoed wall; even before the chauffeur stopped his car Frieda knew that this was where Ned Pierson lived.

A Japanese manservant opened the gate and the glory of Ned's garden burst upon her. High fuchsias against the walls, and in the oval beds between the walks low forests of white hyacinths, purple violas, and brilliant dots of vermilion from some little starry flowers. Everything sheltered from the wind, she thought. Ned would do that. He had built this house for his children to live in.

She didn't see much after that. Inside the foyer her eyes were on an apple-green Korean portrait when a shadow came up from the living room three steps below, and Ned Pierson took both her hands.

"I'm glad you came," he said simply, and she answered just as simply, "I had to."

HE seemed to have buried the look he showed at the customs shed. His air was almost gay as he touched her arm and led her across the big restful paneled room. One end was all wide small-paned windows. They stood together looking down on the riffled gray-blue.

"Ned." She turned abruptly. "You've got to let me talk to you."

His look was grave. His light had sifted away.

"Frieda, I'd have given anything if you hadn't seen—what you saw this morning."

"I was glad I saw it."

He thought a moment. "Maybe it was better. It showed you."

"That's why I've come, Ned."

"My dear, you should have stayed away."

"Ned"—her eyes were like stars, looking up into his—"don't you care enough about me to—"

"You're the sweetest woman I've ever known." His voice was so low she could hardly hear him. "And I'll not twist you—twist you out of shape—"

"Ned, it would straighten me out. Straighten us both out."

"No. Maybe we both think so now. Darling—whatever we've felt is like something"—he paused to think—"something in a book." Her very thought of him! "We can open it sometimes, when we're away from each other, and read. But this"—he gestured around him as though his problem were there, closing about his shoulders—"this is awfully real."

"Real? Aren't you and I—" She couldn't say it. She was choking up, standing there foolishly, humiliated by his refusal to see as she did. Shame turned her from him, moved her away. I've given him his chance, Frieda thought. I can't go any farther than I have.

Standing behind her, he drew her shoulders back against his breast. She turned her face up and gave him her lips.

"My darling, it must be right," he said. "My brave darling! I'm selfish. I can't let you leave me."

"I love you so!" she said. "To give you everything—that's all I want. Let me help—just let me, Ned. I'm sure I can, dear—sure of it."

"Ah, yes, you can." He held her tightly. Suddenly he released her and stood back.

Artie, a cigarette under his nose, a newspaper under his arm, came noisily down the three steps from the foyer.

"'Lo, everybody!" he shouted, understanding in his eyes. "Say, isn't this an excuse for a cocktail?"

"YOU'RE such a kid, Ned." They were on the porch of their Lake Tahoe cabin, their breakfast still littering the table. She loved the look of him standing there in a plaid shirt, open at the throat, rolled up at the sleeves.

"Oh, say that again!" He struck a comic pose.

"But you are."

"Really, honey," he went right on with the argument, "if I could only *feel* that building—Sylvia Center—then nothing on earth could stop me. I can draw plans till my head aches. That isn't it. Those things have to grow inside you—eat you alive. The woods are full of dull hacks itching to pile up another forty-story chicken coop and call it Sylvia. And I've got to let them, Frieda. I mean, if I can't feel the click here—" His hand went up to his breast.

"What makes you so Irish, darling?" she asked.

"You know my mother was an O'Brien. They were never Swedes."

And that was Ned Pierson, the Irish side of him and the English tugging both ways. A steady ship carrying mercury.

"Love me?" he asked again.

"Oh, gosh!" Languid and happy in his arms.

In following her, she felt, he had burned his bridge to Hawaii. Impulsively he had snubbed a commission there which would have contributed a little more to his expensive family. Here in San Francisco the gigantic splendid Sylvia awaited his consent. The vision wouldn't open to him; it lay beyond his sight, dim, unformed. He would have to be in love with Sylvia to make her live—and to Frieda he had given all the rapture of his days and nights.

They were loafing on the porch; and they might have loafed there another week or more had it not been for the thought that somehow flew from her mind to his.

"Dearest," she said, "everything you touch is beautiful, or you wouldn't touch it." He put his hands on her shoulders, and she was proud of her beauty. "And remember this, Ned. Those rich men, when they came all the way to Honolulu to see you, they knew what they were doing."

Was he listening to her? His eyes were spellbound, far away.

"Ned!" She reached up and shook him. "They know—everybody knows—that there isn't an architect in the country that can touch you. You know it too." Shaking him again. "Let small things alone. You've passed that time. You've got to see big now—build big—"

Suddenly he cast her aside, not harshly but with a sweeping gesture. His head, his hands were raised. He was like a man in a trance. "Frieda," he whispered, "I can see it now. Darling, I can see it!" She seemed to see it too, thin as mist yet heavy as the earth; it was small, it was enormous. His outstretched hands were holding it like a precious vase. "I've got it!" he said. "It's wonderful."

"Sylvia!" Her whisper was like his.

"I'll build it now." Quite decisively. "So big—my God, I'll be a little ant standing under it, breaking my back to look up and see what I've done."

Even in the splendid joy that rushed through her, she felt the urge of haste. "Let's go back right now," she said. "Don't let them change their minds."

"You're the love that I shall build. Your beauty will be in it all. My adored—now let my genius climb to heaven." Never before was Frieda so proud to be lovely, to be erect and ivory, held as he had held his vision, between his hands.

Finally she said, "And I want to go back too, darling. To put your house in order."

HE stood a minute—thinking of his children, she knew, and how they might jumble his design of life. "It's disorderly enough," he said slowly; then with sudden earnestness, "I've told you everything there is to tell, haven't I? It's the thing for us to do. Never hide things from each other."

"We'll never do that—not ever, Ned." With all her heart she meant it, promising him that. She who had nothing to hide.

She was feverish now to go back with him. There was charm in Ned's house, but there was dust too.

Frieda had noticed this on the day before their quiet wedding; a simple ceremony in the big window of the living room. Nobody but the family circle—and Kirk. Stubbornly cheerful, a penitent walking over hot coals, Kirk had invited himself. Indifferent to him now, Ned had given him the ring to hold—a dog sometimes carries the whip that beats him. Mother, Doris, relatives from Sacramento, a clergyman with a book. Artie hadn't arrived until champagne was being poured.

Mother had wanted a church wedding; dear Ned would have got Frieda a cathedral. But she couldn't see a pompous show, white spats and fluffy bridesmaids. This unpretentious home ritual, Ned's house, Ned's beautiful things, everything that she was to share with him—yes, and the secrets she was to share with him, never withholding.

That night Mrs. Leslie had gone back to Detroit. Kirk had kissed the bride briefly and wished, rather throatily, that she'd be happy. He stayed long enough to help Artie get very tight, then started moodily back to Pasadena. . . .

She returned alone to the North Beach house, for Ned was a busy man again in San Francisco. The first time the gate closed on her, she felt she had stepped into another world. Now the flowers in the crevices made fragrance for her; the surf below pounded on the rocks with the lion

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voice of power. All hers. The garden that she was to keep for Ned, the house that was to shut them both away from ugly things.

But something unformed and foolish seemed to stand between her and the house. Impatiently she shook it aside and went in.

The radio was shrieking. In the living room two people were dancing—Doris and somebody who bit an ivory cigarette holder.

"Hello, mama!" cried Doris, pausing in the young man's arms. He had hair like patent leather and small sideburns. "Welcome home, mama, even if it's only eleven A. M. We're staging this in your honor. You ought to dance with Hippy—he's perfectly marv. This is Hippy Silva in person, Frieda. That's not all his name, though. What is it, Hippy?"

"Hippolito," he said, devouring Frieda with agate eyes.

"I knew it wasn't Hippopotamus, but it might have been Hippodrome," chirped Doris. "Frieda, Hippy and I are going to make our fortune. And you'll have a cut in it if you'll pull for us. Imagine a new kind of night club, out by the Cliff House. Not one of those cheap and dirties, I mean, but a place for nice people to get over being nice. Hippy's famous from coast to coast. Aren't you, Hip?"

"You tell 'em," grinned Hip, taking the ivory wand from his teeth.

"But for gaw sake," insisted Doris, "don't tell pop. He'll irrigate it, the way he does everything I start."

This but a sketchy view, one of many like it. A cigarette was eating into a Korean chest. Upstairs in the billiard room another cigarette ate into the veneer of an inlaid console. Frieda caught herself cringing from the smoky stub when she put it out. For a moment she felt that the door of Ned's house, closing on her, had shut out the clean high hills and the sweet breath of ocean which had brought her passion to life. Then, as suddenly, she remembered that this was the work that love had given her to do; and she was glad that she could spend her new energy putting Ned's house in order.

There was the click of ivory balls. Artie, burning the side of the table with yet another cigarette, was playing Kelly pool with somebody sleek and terrible. Artie glanced up rather sheepishly. "Looking around, Frieda?" Then he went on with the game. The sleek person, balanced on his cue, took in every inch of her figure and didn't remove the cigar he had plugged into a corner of his mouth.

It was lucky, she thought, that she had seen these two examples of Ned's problem acted out in life—Doris and Artie at their picaresque worst. It's better to see once than to be told a thousand times.

NOW perfectly cool, Frieda went over the house like an expert called in to do a job of sanitation. Because of its cliffside construction there were four flights of stairs from the kitchen, down by the tumbled water, to the servants' quarters and storerooms up aloft. On one end of the top story, overlooking the bay, Ned had built himself an observation tower; glass on four sides, a few shelves of finely kept technical books, a bowl full of pipes, a pair of binoculars. Over the shelves were some charmingly sketched architectural details. And there was a sepia drawing of a frail pretty woman in a costume of about 1914. Frieda gazed at the picture for a long time. Ned's first wife, delicate and small, with a puzzled look in her eyes, as though she couldn't quite cope with the things that life had given her to do. Her lips were parted; she might have been trying to speak.

Artie's room on the floor below wasn't hard to identify. Cigarette burns on shelves and floors and rugs were like a repeated signature. Trunks vomited soiled clothes. Then there was Doris's room, a daintier chaos with lace and silk and gilded shoes running amuck across a mulberry carpet. The suite at the other end, remote from the rest of the house, was to be Frieda's and Ned's. In the room adjoining his a Japanese was busy opening her bags.

She gazed around almost timidly, as though this were her first night with Ned and she must begin all over again.

Her first luncheon as mistress of the house was alone with Doris. Hippy had vanished unaccountably, as Doris's men usually did.

"I saw you reaching for the insect gun the minute you set eyes on Hippy," said Doris. "He does buzz a lot, doesn't he? But, mama, you'd be surprised—"

"Stop calling me that," laughed Frieda.

"It does seem kind of unnatural," admitted Doris. "You're only five years older than I am. But people can do a lot in five years. Frieda, it's nice to have you in the house."

"Thank you, dear." Frieda felt the talk moving in the direction she wanted. "We've always had fun together, haven't we? And we'll have a lot more."

"Gee, wouldn't it have been a curse if dad had married one of those female hatchets about his own age? Then I'd known what hell really is. Listen, Frieda—give me the dirt. What does dad really think about my love life?"

Now was the chance, offered generously.

"WELL, I've only seen Joe Wirth two or three times," said Frieda. "He's sweet—and he's straight."

"Oh, gosh, here comes the bride! If dad told you the moon was square you'd agree with him."

"What's the matter with Joe?"

"He's pure gold. He's a dumb cluck. His father manufactures pop bottles. I know I ought to be shot, the way I've treated Joe. But if he doesn't marry me he'll never know pain."

"Then why don't you let him alone?"

"You're asking me? After the way you treated Kirk?" Doris must have sensed her own impertinence, for she went on rapidly: "It's just that. When love comes into your life you go haywire and let the other fellow carry the hay." Her look was friendly, rather penitent.

"Doris, you don't mean to say that Hippy—"

"Oh, Hippy!" She snapped a blood-red nail against her thumb. "I'm just keeping him in line to hold a place for a he. But, Frieda, you aren't going to lecture me, are you?" A flutter in her voice.

"No, darling. But you're so nice—"

"I'm not nice. That's the trouble. If I were nice I'd have listened to dad and not married that stooge. But if you only knew how I hate good advice."

"I know," said Frieda. "It bores me stiff, too." She remembered how her mother had advised her not to marry Ned.

"But just the same," persisted the contrary little Doris, "you think I ought to take Joe and end it all."

"Your father's worried," said Frieda.

"He was born that way—he's Irish. But I'll give Hippy the works, if that'll soothe dad any."

"He'll love it if you do."

"It's going to be great, having you around." Doris's hand touched Frieda's in brusque sisterly affection.

For a moment the young stepmother wished herself twenty years older. Yet, she felt, they could work it out this way, because they were both young.

"About Artie," Frieda said, taking advantage of the friendly pause.

Doris shrugged. She had no great liking for her brother.

"What about him? Leave him be. He'll run away and join a circus, maybe, and that's that."

"But your father wants him to keep on with college."

"O. K. The asylum's full of tutors that Artie's sent ga-ga. But there's always another daredevil willing to try." Doris thought a moment, poising her salad fork. "Look here—why not try blackmail?"

"Blackmail?"

"Sort of. Artie's been playing the poolrooms. He's twenty-seven hundred dollars behind the collectors. Any minute they'll be coming round to dad with a mean look. Then you'll see the fur fly. It's the last ton that breaks the camel's back. Poor pop will stand just so much, d'you see?"

"Yes," murmured Frieda. "And he's stood a lot."

"Artie's scared like a rabbit. Got any loose change?"

"A little." Frieda had five thousand dollars, her share of Jack Leslie's vanishing estate.

"Tell Artie you'll settle with the bookies and nothing said, *unless*"—Doris's small forefinger went up—"*unless* the tutor begins to kick about the way he's slacking again. Then, says you, you'll bawl him out to pop—"

"You mean—" Frieda hesitated. "You mean, and not let your father know?"

"Why advertise, darling? Pop would blow up like a toy balloon. He thinks he knows everything about raising us. And look at the results."

"I don't think I could do that," said Frieda, laughing.

"Well, try something else." Doris was philosophical. Then her dimples broke out again. "Ask me who I'm going shopping with this afternoon."

"Who?"

"Joe Wirth, by hickory! He's a swell bundle carrier."

Impulsively Frieda kissed her.

JOE, wearing an expensive plaid raglan and the deprecating air of a young man who didn't want to be admired just because his father had a lot of money, called at half past two. His people were plain, but Joe had a lot of sense; he knew his work; he looked like a schoolboy but he had plenty of character. Today, because Doris kept him waiting—she hadn't thought of changing her gown until Joe showed up—Frieda had a few minutes with him. Talking with the boy, liking him, she wondered if it were not a cruel injustice, wishing him on Doris.

"I'm on my vacation now," he explained. "But maybe my father'll transfer me to the San Francisco office."

"You'd like that?" she asked, as if she didn't know.

"I sure would. I mean if—" The big if, of course, was Doris. Frieda wanted to shake the girl, shake her into sense. Then she remembered in time—it isn't sense that makes girls marry.

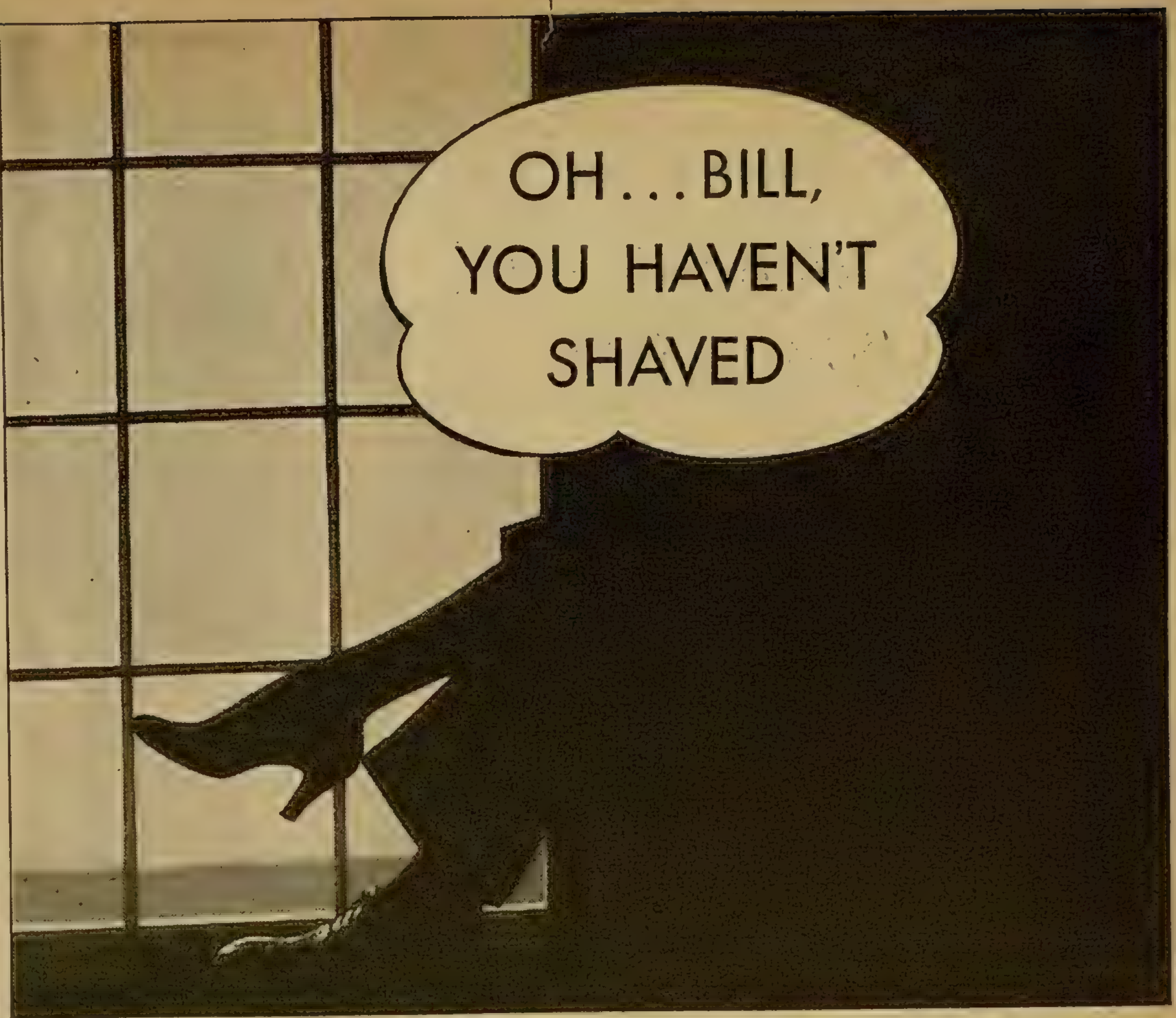
Joe talked along about his business, very much interested in the places it took him and the people he saw. It kept him traveling up and down the Coast; dad wanted him to get the experience. Joe had been graduated from the U. S. C. three years ago, and he'd been in the Wirth organization ever since.

It took pumping to get these things out of Joe; he wasn't the kind that talked a lot about himself. There was a simplicity and goodness about the boy that went to Frieda's heart. After a while he smiled, showing a dimple, and said:

"I hope you don't think I'm fresh, but—but, Mrs. Pierson, it's grand, your marrying Mr. Pierson."

"I think it's grand, too." She blushed for the first time since she had been a bride.

"Mr. Pierson's swell." He stopped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A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

and thought a minute, then said, "I mean about Doris. She's crazy about you, Mrs. Pierson, she really is. It's going to be a fine thing for Doris, your being here."

"I hope so," said Frieda, and she was thinking, "Poor lamb, how he watches out for her and plans for her."

"A house needs a boss, just like any other business," said Joe. "That's what mother tells dad. It makes him sore, but she's boss all right."

Then Doris blew in, sleek and smart and richly perfumed. "Oh, *angel!*" she shrieked when Joe presented more flowers. Pinning on a spray of orchids, she kissed Joe. But that, of course, didn't mean anything. Doris kissed a great many people. It saved trouble, she said. She kissed Frieda too. "My favorite stepmother," she chimed with the click of bracelets, "I'll be seeing you."

ALONE in the house, not giving herself time to cringe away from a disagreeable job, Frieda went up to the billiard room, and found Artie asleep on one of the long window seats. He looked like a young Ned lying there in repose—but a wayward naughty young Ned. There was a smell of stale gin. That was why he hadn't come down to lunch. He was sleeping off a bad week in town. She opened a window, and the rattle of it brought him, blinking, up to his haunches.

"Hello, Frieda"—smiling like a wakened seraph. "What time is it?"

"Three o'clock."

"Oh, gosh! I must have dropped off." He stretched.

"Look here, boy," said Frieda, setting her mouth, deciding to be severe with this amiable problem. "I want you to come clean."

"Come clean? What's the idea?" Eyes blue and innocent as a young puppy's.

"You know, Artie. Stop your stalling."

"Aw, Frieda!" His grin was a bit too wide; there was nervousness at its corners. "Aren't you beginning a little early—badgering me, I mean? Gee, I've got enough sorrows—"

"That's what I want to straighten out." She had to smile, he looked so funny, his hair standing up. "You've got to go to work, Artie. Your father wants to get you back in college."

"I wasn't so hot at Stanford," he confessed, drooping, his hands on his knees. "Too much night work, I guess. I don't seem to keep my mind on math. It burns me down."

Seeing her slight advantage, she said, "Your father wants you to have a tutor. Will you work?" When Artie shook his fuzz slowly she persisted, "Why not?"

"I've got too damn many sorrows of my own, that's why." He shifted his gaze from hers to the rug.

His hesitance was her chance. "You mean you're worried about that money you owe?" He straightened like a jumping jack; his mouth flew open.

"Hey! So Dor's squealed on me, has she?" His lips began to tremble. "Please don't tell dad. Please!"

"Why not?" She hoped that she wasn't looking prim and holy, like a stepmother, but she insisted, "You're on the spot, Artie. You can't laugh that off. Probably those poolroom people have robbed you. I'm not going to rub it in, how silly you've been—"

"Oh, please, please—Frieda—don't tell—"

"Your father can straighten this out for you if he knows what it's about. If you're afraid to tell him, let me do it."

"Thanks, lady, thanks." But he was clutching his hair, moaning. "You haven't known him as long as I have. The other time I got in Dutch—about money—oh, he was fierce! He warned me. It doesn't make any difference who tells him—he'll kick me out. He'll—"

FRIEDA sat very still, studying the boy's passion of remorse. His broken words carried conviction. She was thinking of Ned, too. She, Frieda, had given him the vision, and she felt the responsibility. Pecking worries like these shouldn't turn him from his work. He would take it hard, this Artie business. A quick sophistry, born of a desire to spare Ned, flashed into her mind. Keep the peace—that was her job. All this came too swiftly for her to feel the wrench of conscience that troubled her later. Doris was right. Frieda had a toe hold on Artie—a mean hold, but terribly effective.

"How soon do you need the money?" she asked quietly.

"Right away, Frieda." He was rubbing his knuckles; tears were in his eyes. "This afternoon. They're going to tell dad. I'm worried sick! I can't stand it if—"

"Then here's my side of it. You're going to another college in the fall. That'll mean a lot of boning, regular hours, staying home, no more parties."

"Oh, I'll do that. Honest to God, Frieda! Only—"

"All right, Artie." She firmed her mouth again, pointed to a cluttered desk. "There's a fountain pen, and some paper."

It was a queer document that Frieda scrawled so rapidly that the i's went undotted, the t's uncrossed. It might have caused merriment in a court of law, but it covered definitely the contractual obligations of Arthur E. Pierson to Frieda L. Pierson for a consideration of $2,700, same to apply to certain gambling debts. Shakily Artie signed his name; flourishingly Frieda put her own below it. "Gee," said Artie, turning away. He wiped his eyes with a green-silk handkerchief.

"Don't worry," she said coldly. "I won't do it again."

He bounded downstairs, and was back so soon with his poolroom collector that Frieda suspected the man of having waited around the corner. Quite likely, for he was the same person who had been playing Kelly with Artie this morning. He had cards to identify himself. Briskly he showed a number of I O Us with Artie's signatures. Anyhow, thought Frieda, signing a check, even if the man's a fake I've got plenty to hold over Artie's head. But how I hate this, not telling Ned a thing!

Apparently Frieda has completely forgotten her faithful promise to Ned that she would never hide anything from him. And while her intentions in this simple blackmail plot are purely for the best, are those of the designing little Doris and the lazy Artie the same? Watch for bigger developments in next week's installment.

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READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ½ DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Margaret Lindsay, Frank McHugh, John Arledge, Helen Lowell, Robert Barrat, Russell Hicks. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. By Malcolm Stuart Boylan and Earl Baldwin, from the story by John Monk Saunders.

HAVING praised the manly virtues of the army in Flirtation Walk, and having bowed deeply to the benefits derived from ship life in Here Comes the Navy, the militaristic Warner Brothers discover the marines in Devil Dogs of the Air. Embellished with a dedicatory foreword to the iron men of Uncle Sam's army of the sea, this latest red apple to America's warriors is hardly the special production it pretends to be; but for all its carbon-copy story it remains a lively energetic film which is aided considerably by some thrilling air scenes and the pleasant performances of Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

With complete loyalty to every twist of the old plot, Devil Dogs of the Air retells the story of a wise guy who comes to the service to scoff and stays to respect his officers and the discipline of the life, and to win the girl. Jimmy Cagney is seen as the expert stunt flyer and braggart who enlists in the marines because of his boyhood hero, Pat O'Brien, now an officer in the corps. Having as much knowledge of flying as any of the teachers, Cagney climbs quickly to the head of the class; but his overbearing conceit causes the hatred of all other students and his flirtation with the local waitress brings out a bitter rivalry with O'Brien.

This standard setup is developed and concluded in the manner which has come to be the accepted form in pictures of this type. In spite of its story, the film gains a certain interest due to the faultless authenticity of its background, its flying sequences—one of which has Cagney piloting a burning ship—and its understanding of customs and habits of military life and people.

Frank McHugh and John Arledge supply brief comic interludes as the frustrated ambulance drivers, while Margaret Lindsay manages to force a few romantic scenes into a predominantly masculine tale.

VITAL STATISTICS: Malcolm Stuart (Mike) Boylan, movie veteran (seven years head cutter at Fox, etc.), and Earl Baldwin, ace writer for Warner Brothers, between them, drag down about $1,750 a writing week, which is a lot of pencils, Baldwinning his $900 or so. Earl's family was named Ellenberg back in Earl's Newark exposure, and Earl ran away to the circus to be trunk man, cage cleaner-upper, crap-game lookout. Later was chorus man for Ned Wayburn, burlesque-show writer, reader for MGM, until rescued for Literature. Has written or worked on fifty-nine consecutive Hollywood pictures—quite a few up on the great Shakespeare himself. Has a sad, melancholic, hypochondriac look which belies his tremendous movie capability; can always be depended on for doing his bit to save the One-Armed Mothers of Indigent Grips from Hollywood poorhouses. . . . Picture cost around $350,000, took eight weeks to concoct, and was done as a profit crowder on Here Comes the Navy, which, with St. Louis Kid, saved Jimmy Cagney from the skids. Costs might have been greater, does not the navy refuse to take money for co-operating with films, being content with the publicity. The navy threw its entire Marine Flight Service into the picture, air stuff being done at San Diego and on Long Island. It's a director's picture, meaning the story is of secondary importance to what happens in the air. There were three airplane accidents during filming, none serious. . . . Director Lloyd Bacon is son of Lightnin' Frank Bacon and a Suthin Cal. product. He directed The Singing Fool, which drew Warner Brothers out of the red, and 42nd Street, which put them up in the blue. Recently President Jack Warner, out of deference to the hard lot the Jew has on earth, changed the names of his ace cutters, Bert Levy and Douglas Goldberg, to Bert Leonard and Douglas Gould respectively. Each gent has struggled for years to establish these names—now they will have to start all over again! . . . Tough James Cagney off screen has to watch his diet; never drinks; plays Debussy; reads the Russian classics; wants to be a doctor or a politician; fights all concerned in his picture making. Learned to talk tough in his father's saloons. Can outyiddle Benny Rubin at Yiddish, claiming he talks it well because he's an Irish boy with an ear for music. Learned the Yiddish on the vaudeville stage when he hoofed it with his wife: they were Cagney & Vernon. Gets $4,000 a week. More or less directs himself. Once was bellboy at the Friars. Ran the Cagné School of the Dance—strictly for hoofers. Is a swell guy who can do one thing marvelously. . . . Pat O'Brien, another tough mug, was, like Cagney, a chorus boy.

James Cagney and Frank McHugh in a scene from the latest aviation thriller, Devil Dogs of the Air.

Virginia Bruce, Constance Collier, and Ricardo Cortez in the tense mystery film, Shadow of Doubt.

★ ★ ½ SHADOW OF DOUBT

THE PLAYERS: Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Constance Collier, Isabel Jewell, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness, Regis Toomey. Directed by George B. Seitz. Story by the late Arthur Somers Roche.

SHADOW OF DOUBT is a well dressed mystery film which moves swiftly and contains both humor and excitement. Its rather complicated story concerns two quarreling lovers, each standing a good chance of being convicted of the murder of a drunken playboy. The lovely Virginia Bruce is seen as the girl who was in the man's apartment at the time of the killing, and the sleek Ricardo Cortez, in love with Miss Bruce, is suspected because he openly punched the victim on the night of the murder.

With this dramatic introduction, the film rapidly builds suspense as it climbs to the tense scene wherein the trap is laid for the killer. At that point, however, it falls apart somewhat because, in an effort to have the murderer's identity come as a surprise—which it certainly does—the story oversteps the bounds of logic in giving the killer a motivation which would hardly cause a mild spat.

Still, this is not disclosed until the last scene. So, for the most part, Shadow of Doubt emerges as a well written and competently played film. High-lighted by a delightful performance from Constance Collier as the jazz-playing dowager, the rest of the cast—Betty Furness, Regis Toomey, Isabel Jewell, and Arthur Byron—are uniformly capable in making this as bright and interesting as it is implausible.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture is an MGM quickie, which rates as some companies' road show. MGM, at Culver City, is the most prolific, spendthrifty, and goofy of studios. It goes in for writers at lavish sums per week. It is big-name crazy. It is supposed to figure on $50,000 in story costs before going into actual production. This may have inspired William Conselman, Ella Cinders's daddy and a Hollywood writer himself, to make the sage observation: "They make you a writer; they put you in a cell; they give you a supervisor who can neither read nor write; you work all night; you sleep all day; and what do you get out of it? A fortune!" . . . Constance Collier steals this picture. She loves to shop for the newest kitchen aids when in the East; she's a confirmed hardware-shoppe household gadgeteer. . . . Director George Seitz wanted to go to the headwaters of the Amazon and make a picture about the river wild men, but Fate (and Mr. Thalberg) cast him to megaphone in Mr. Roche's very best of literary penthouses. He's just thought up the zoom camera effect (in which you play baseball with the camera, as 'twere). Pretty good to think of something new after twenty-five years in pictures! . . . Arthur Byron vanished so successfully in The President Vanishes, he's now bobbing up in all sorts of strange places! It keeps him dizzy wondering who he is today—the Hollywood whirl for the actor being pretty reely these days, what with the industry going more and more Broadway in its casting methods, seeking the actor to fit the part rather than vice versa. A good sign, too! It ought to mean less and less stereotyped parts in stereotyped pictures.

★ ★ ½ AFTER OFFICE HOURS

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Constance Bennett, Stuart Erwin, Billie Burke, Hale Hamilton, Henry Armetta, Katherine Alexander, Harvey Stephens. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Story by Laurence Stallings and Dale Van Every.

IN After Office Hours Clark Gable is seen as one of those shouting newspaper editors who stop at nothing to get a story. Playing effectively and handling the smooth dialogue with casual charm, the virile Mr. Gable completely overshadows the rest of the splendid cast, which is headed by the svelte Constance Bennett, who a few seasons ago was Hollywood's highest-priced actress.

Acting as a combination editor and detective, Gable hires Miss Bennett, a socialite with literary ambitions, and after using her as a means of finding out low-down doings among the higher-ups, falls in love with her, which is about all even Mr. Gable should expect out of one woman.

With Katherine Alexander and Henry Armetta giving striking performances, and Stu Erwin contrasting his drawl against Gable's crisp utterances, After Office Hours has many good moments. It is richly mounted, splendidly photographed, and tells its story in a convincing manner. However, there is nothing really outstanding in the film, just as there is never anything awkward in its construction. It's a capable though distinctly minor effort.

VITAL STATISTICS: Constance Bennett has the quickest tongue in Hollywood. Is tough to get along with on the set, which may be living up to Mad, Mad Bennettism, or just her idea of how to handle Hollywood. Will go to the mat—even so far as to sue—for honest true publicity, personally writing pert letters to fan mags that overstep the bounds of what she considers decency. Has a handsome Ethiopian chauffeur who affects

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NRA CODE

Clark Gable, Billie Burke, and Constance Bennett in After Office Hours.

white livery against black backgrounds. Miss Bennett is still coupled in the public haunts with Gilbert Roland (a neo-John Gilbert of yesteryear) while husband, le Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, a swell guy, is just returned from Indo-China, where he made a movie of tiger hunting, said movie being financed by his loyal little woman, the richest gal in Hollywood today. Said loyal little woman has just signed a new five-year lease of services with MGM for what may come to about fifty thousand per film. This must be mere five-and-ten money to the Bennett, whom you remember as recipient of Hollywood all-time salary tops: that famous $30,000 per week for Warner Brothers some time back. Not strictly a box-office wowee, the Bennett is considered regal tops with the studios, probably because she has the only social graces in celluloidoodledum. She looks born with the Social Register in her mouth. She is still toothpick-thin, despite non-dieting; plays tennis and table tennis; lives quietly; and puts out the largest dog in Hollywood when she steps out. . . . If you tell me again Clark Gable is always dragging his latest bagged deer on the set or polishing his guns, I'll scream. Howbethatmay, he's just got himself a race horse named—get this!—Beverly Hills. Bev won its first start out, but hasn't repeated since despite constant trying. Probably spends too much time criticizing the other nags in the races.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **DON SEGUNDO SOMBRA** by Ricardo Guiraldes. Farrar & Rinehart. Translated by Harriet De Onis. Introduction by Waldo Frank.
An *I Promessi Sposi* of the Argentine.

★ ★ ★ **IN THE SHADOW OF LIBERTY** by Edward Corsi. The Macmillan Company.
Here is a new look at the people coming through Ellis Island gateway, by a man who not only has official authority but also human understanding. He, himself, came to Ellis Island as an immigrant.

★ ★ ★ **MODERN LADY** by Grace Perkins. Farrar & Rinehart.
Jane McAm found that sand on the beach had great value, and so began the career, in business and in love, of as dynamic—and as lovely—a heroine as you will meet in this year's fiction. A success by another Liberty author.

★ ★ ★ **HOW LIKE AN ANGEL** by A. G. MacDonell. The Macmillan Company.
Hilarious satire of the English and their hero worship of an American movie star and her " husband " on a good-will tour.

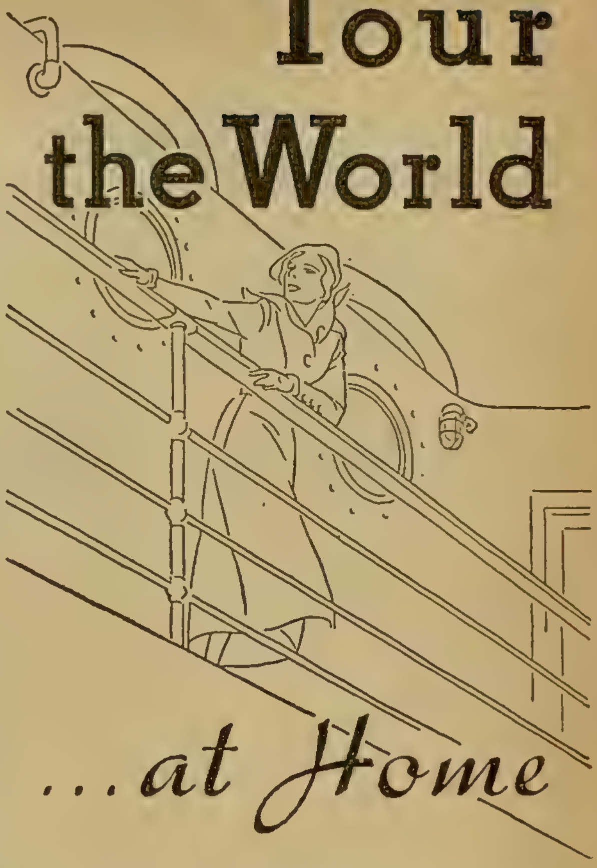
★ ★ ★ **ANOTHER CAESAR** by Alfred Neumann. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Alfred A. Knopf.
A stirring and powerful historical novel based on the life of that strutting and ineffectual puppet who became Napoleon III.

★ ★ ½ **HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION** by Thornton Wilder. Harper & Brothers.
The misadventures of a " good " man in a carnal world.

★ ★ **DESTINY'S MAN** by T. F. Tweed. Farrar & Rinehart.
At last we know who wrote Gabriel Over the White House, but Mr. Tweed's second book, while interesting, is not up to the first in novelty or in execution.

★ ★ **THE VENGEANCE OF MONSIEUR BLACKSHIRT** by David Graeme. J. B. Lippincott Company.
Another adventure in the career of a character who is becoming popular with the lovers of historical romances.

★ ★ **THE PINNACLE OF GLORY** by Wilson Wright. The Macmillan Company.
Here is a fascinating adventure in which one has the intimate sensation of living with Napoleon from St. Helena to his death. An excellent historical novel.



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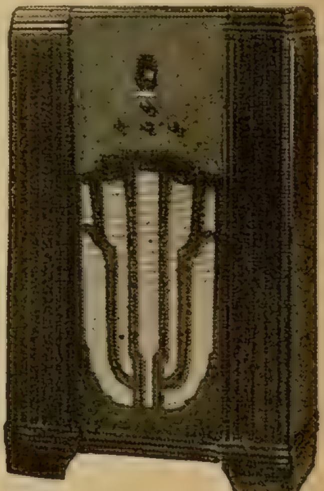

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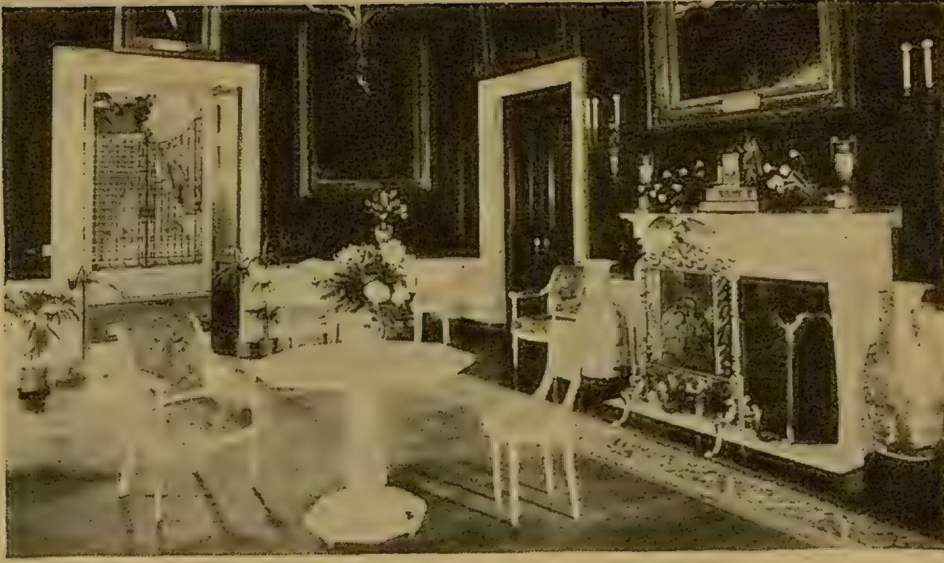
Treasure-Hunting in the White House



Empress Elizabeth of Austria made the Berlin woolwork fire screen shown in this photograph of the Green Room.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

NEVER until I started to gather material for this article did I realize that I had been living with so many pieces of furniture with such glamorous pasts! Antiquing in the White House has the same romance of the unexpected that this avocation has anywhere else. It is rather astounding, I think, that no official inventory of White House belongings was made before 1900, when Congress passed a law making an annual inventory obligatory. Consequently all the information available concerning White House "relics" before this date has been collected by tradition, occasional and sketchy private inventories, memoirs, and other indirect methods.

One of my first discoveries was a small, columned, square mirror which has the reputation of being the oldest inanimate occupant of the White House. There is no record of where it originally came from; but when the British burned the White House in 1814, an aggressive souvenir collector, a young British officer conveniently clad in a greatcoat, simply slipped it out of sight and marched off. In 1909 some of his descendants sent it back to its former home. It now hangs on the wall of the famous Lincoln study where the Emancipation Proclamation was signed. At the present time this room is used as a guest bedroom.

In this same room are four small, rather delicate straight chairs. Imagine my surprise and, I must admit, chagrin at my own ignorance, when I discovered that they are the "Lincoln Cabinet chairs." When Lincoln was in office, an artist was commissioned to paint a picture of the entire Cabinet meeting with the President. The artist lived in the White House for six months while he worked. I have not been able to find out what happened to this picture, but the story goes that years later some one who was looking at it identified the Cabinet chairs with one then in the White House. Four of these now famous Lincoln chairs have been collected and restored. The fate of the others is unknown.

The little mirror's nearest rival for antiquity is the portrait of George Washington now hung in the spacious East Room. Dolly Madison was the White House mistress when the famous 1814 fire took place. With her energetic presence of mind, she calmly planned to flee from Washington, taking with her a few personal possessions and the Washington portrait, which she cut from its huge gilt frame. In cutting it out she must have destroyed the artist's signature. While this work is accredited to Gilbert Stuart, no absolute proof exists that he painted it. When the Madisons returned to the rebuilt White House, there was no grand refurnishing of the national home. We learn from periodicals and newspapers that Dolly Madison just went out and picked up secondhand furniture here and there—even as you and I!

President and Mrs. Monroe were the first tenants who really had a chance to "do" the White House. Congress appropriated $50,000 for furnishings. According to gossip of the time, the White House, or President's Palace, as it was then called, was in a very sorry state indeed, and this appropriation was needed not only for major pieces of furniture and draperies but for all the humdrum items of brooms, dusters, and dishpans. The President, as ambassador, and Mrs. Monroe had spent much time in France and were definitely enthusiastic about the prevailing French styles in furniture. Mrs. Monroe, with interested and minute help from her husband, set about the delightful task of "buying."

An order for furniture was placed with a firm of distinguished French cabinetmakers, with the strict stipulation from the President that the total cost not exceed $12,000. Mahogany was specified for some pieces. All were to be individually made. The firm replied, perhaps with some condescension to the provinciality of America, that such furniture could not be purchased for that paltry sum! Also, they informed the President that they were substituting gilt for mahogany, as mahogany was not suitable, to use their own words, "even for a private gentleman's salon." President Monroe stood corrected, and the furniture was the elegant gilt then in vogue. Also, the bill totaled $18,000.

There are several of the Monroe pieces in the White House today. The gold settees and chairs now placed in the East Room were part of this furniture made in France. A round settee belonging to the same set stands in the circular room on the basement floor. When President and Mrs. Cleveland were married in the White House, they stood by this settee during the wedding ceremony.

There is a fascinating Monroe legend which I have run across in this antique hunting. I don't vouch for its veracity, but I pass it on! When Monroe was in Paris, negotiating the Louisiana Purchase, he is supposed to have met an impoverished Russian nobleman, the Baron de Tuyll. This gentleman's gambling debts were supposed to have reached such embarrassing proportions that he was forced to sell some of his family plate. It is said that Monroe came to the rescue, buying a chest containing over three hundred pieces of silver. One chest, very similar to the one described, is now in the White House. Mrs. Hoover, who was deeply interested in the history of White House furniture, had this chest, I believe, brought out of storage.

I found a mention of the chest in an article published in 1903, which states that the chest had a brass engraved label with the name "M. le Baron de Tuyll."

I examined the chest, which certainly is an old silver chest, and could not find this label. I did see, however, an old label with "James Monroe" etched on it. There is one silver teapot in the family dining room today which has a crest as a marking, and this crest, it is claimed, belonged to the de Tuyll family. As I looked at the chest, how fervently I wished that for a few minutes it might have the miraculous gift of speech!

When Angelica Singleton Van Buren was mistress of the White House during the late 1830s, she had many "out-of-date" pieces of furniture carted out and sold in auction rooms, and she replaced these perhaps fine

Harris & Ewing photo

The Lincoln bed is a widely known White House relic, though there is no record that Lincoln ever slept in it.

antiques with other pieces fashionable at the time. When President Garfield came into office, twenty wagonloads of furniture were removed and sold, and new furnishings came to take their place. Mrs. Rutherford Hayes was the first White House lady who might be termed a real "antiquer." She personally ransacked musty lumber rooms where discarded White House furniture had been put out of sight. When she made a find, she had it restored and returned to use. Perhaps Queen Victoria had learned of this interest, because she presented President Hayes with a beautifully carved desk made from the wood of the Resolute, the famous Arctic Rescue Ship. This desk now stands in the second-floor oval room which my father uses as his study.

There is a chair which at present sits very modestly on the third floor. President Jackson was very proud of this chair, as it was given to him as a token of affection by the people of Mexico. Lincoln, too, had a real affection for it. It became his custom, before retiring for the night, to sit in this chair and chat and joke informally with his secretaries. During President Coolidge's term it stood in his study.

The human, democratic habits of Andrew Jackson, I am told, took their toll of White House furniture. He firmly believed that the White House belonged to the people of the United States and all who wished should have a chance to throng through its rooms. Great crowds of them came, and the story is that some of them wanted the thrill of either sitting or standing on some article of White House furniture. Needless to say, the furniture repairers of Washington worked overtime.

There is one article in the White House today which is guarded with meticulous care. It is a Berlin woolwork fire screen worked by the Empress Elizabeth Amélie Eugénie of Austria, the consort of Emperor Franz Josef. It is embroidered with wool and beads and the knowledge of its particular handicraft has been lost. So it never can be repaired unless the technique is rediscovered. It was presented first by the Emperor to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, with the specification that it was to go to the White House when the Exposition closed.

This screen was not the sole material gain the White House enjoyed through the Centennial. The Onondaga tribe of Indians, of which Hiawatha had been an historic member, sent a lovely silver flower boat to be shown and then presented to the White House. It now has an honored place on the sideboard in the family dining room.

The last major "top-to-bottom" redecoration of the White House took place in 1903, during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. The old gas chandeliers in the East Room, which had been temporarily rewired for electricity, were taken out and replaced with beautiful, dignified, electric chandeliers. These, I understand, professional decorators have criticized as being too large for the room. They do loom up when the room is empty, but at a reception or musicale they seem to balance and harmonize with the brilliant assemblage of guests.

In Which an Explorer of Things at Home Makes Some Exciting Discoveries

by ANNA ROOSEVELT

President Roosevelt's study. Queen Victoria presented President Hayes with the commemorative desk (at right).

One change, delightfully characteristic of President Theodore Roosevelt, was made at this time in the State Dining Room. Two ferocious lion heads, sentinels of the massive mantel of the fireplace, were replaced by 100-percent American buffalo heads. Also, President Theodore Roosevelt arranged to have placed around the walls of the State Dining Room the magnificent heads of moose, deer, antelope, and bear which were trophies of the Rough Rider days. Apparently President Harding preferred his wild animals in the zoo or museum, for, without explanation, he ordered the collection removed.

I suppose the most widely known piece of furniture is the giant Lincoln bed. Actually, although this mammoth carved bedstead is known to have been in the White House during Lincoln's administration, there is no record which shows that he occupied it.

BECAUSE of individual markings, identification of White House china is much simpler than that of its furniture. It was Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt's idea to make a collection and exhibition of White House china. The pieces remaining in the White House were assembled and a cry for help went out. A number of people who had been given pieces of Presidential china and their descendants rallied, and today scores of interesting cups, saucers, plates, and tureens are on view in cabinets in the basement floor of the White House.

Since the turn of the century the trend of furniture bought for the White House has been strongly in favor of early American design, in harmony with the architecture of the White House. Mrs. Coolidge, who made a number of excellent selections, was enthusiastic about Colonial furniture. A short time before she left, she refurnished the Green Reception Room with Colonial furniture in the Hepplewhite and Sheraton traditions.

Antiquing in the White House in the future generations will lack the mystery it now has, for every piece of furniture added since McKinley's administration is tagged with the date of its acquisition. So, when the furniture of our time graduates to the class of antiques, those who write articles about it will have many more facts but perhaps not nearly so much fun.

THE END

Hollywood Hate

A Story of Murder at Sixty Miles an Hour . . . . Here Is Another of Those Fascinating Brain-Teasers in Which the Reader Is Invited to Solve the Mystery for Himself

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

THE author of this story, an eminent psychologist and former member of the faculties of Columbia University and several other institutions, is widely known in police circles as the discoverer of the systolic blood-pressure deception test (popularly known as the "lie detector"), which is used in more than twenty-five police departments throughout the United States. He has created a fictional amateur detective who solves a mystery by keeping his eyes and ears open and then using his observations and his knowledge of psychology. Read carefully what follows, and when you have finished page 36 see how well you would have done in the same situation.

"OH, I despise him so!"

The not yet famous Lida Lantry snapped her pretty white teeth together viciously, her small bitter voice pitched so low that it barely reached the ears of the big man beside her. The two were fellow passengers who had met casually on the observation platform of The Chief, tearing across the continent from Hollywood to Chicago—Lida, diminutive blonde picture actress from the Cosmic studios, and Clyde Rawlins, distinguished artist whose uncanny insight into the human mind had won him international fame as the "painter of personality."

Rawlins said: "Dear girl, it's dangerous to entertain a suppressed hate like that. Why don't you have it out with Jack Golding, and wipe the slate clean?"

"Clean!" The girl laughed unpleasantly, kicking a chair viciously with her green high-heeled sandal. "Clean! Golding is with me on the train—you know that?"

"No. I heard some talk in Hollywood—"

"Of course! Everybody has heard it. Jack boasts about me as though I were a—a slave he'd just bought on the auction block. My God! I'll get even with that devil, if it's the last thing I ever do on earth—"

"How are you, Mr. Rawlins?"

A tall dark man had come out of the car behind them. His singularly intense brown eyes burned hungrily upon Lida Lantry as she leaned over the brass railing.

"I'm Lewton Donelly, the playwright. We met in New York two years ago, I believe."

The huge blond artist straightened up and extended a big right hand cordially.

"Glad to see you, Donelly! Have you been in Hollywood? I didn't know you'd gone motion picture—"

"Sh! No one knows it!" Donelly held up a long, slender hand in mock caution. "I have been out there for one whole year—twelve months of innocuous desuetude—and nobody has seen my name on the screen. They never will."

The playwright's expressive eyes grew hard and sharp.

"The chief production executive of Cosmic Pictures buried me away in a little dark hole in the scenario building and insulted me painfully every time I emerged from my enforced seclusion. I got up half a dozen picture ideas that have made hundreds of thousands of dollars for the company—the dirty rat stole them all and put some cheap office boy's name to them on the screen."

"He would! Jack Golding is nothing but a vulture!"

The words seemed to be wrung from Lida Lantry's throat without volition. She turned abruptly, jerked open the door of the car, and vanished quickly inside. Her smart traveling suit of old rose and her daring beret of pale green made vivid splashes of color under the bright electric lights which had now been switched on inside the train.

"Well!" grinned Lewton Donelly. "The blonde child seems to sympathize. Wasn't that Miss Lantry?"

"Yes. If I were Jack Golding I wouldn't take too many chances. Blondes may look like angels but—Golding would do well to remember Ruth Snyder and Winnie Judd."

The playwright whistled softly.

"Serious as that, eh?" He seemed to be thinking deeply. "Good theme for a play. Stark realism and all that sort of rot. I might get some of my own back, as the dear old English put it, for what happened to me in Hollywood."

Twilight descended like a soft shroud, only the dull red taillights of the train gleaming without radiance above the observation platform.

Rawlins and Donelly were still chatting together idly when the clatter of iron wheels began to diminish.

"Hello!" exclaimed the artist. "We're stopping. What's up, I wonder? No station in sight."

"Probably a hotbox or something of the sort. Look out this side, Rawlins. See the brakeman with the lantern—he's testing the wheels, isn't he, or whatever they do with those little sledge hammers?"

Soon the trainman came scuttling back toward them as the train began to move once more. He climbed grinning over the low rail at the side of the observation platform, extinguished his light, and set the lantern and hammer at the rear of the platform.

"Everything's kayo," he remarked briefly. "Can't take chances with a train going over sixty on the downgrades."

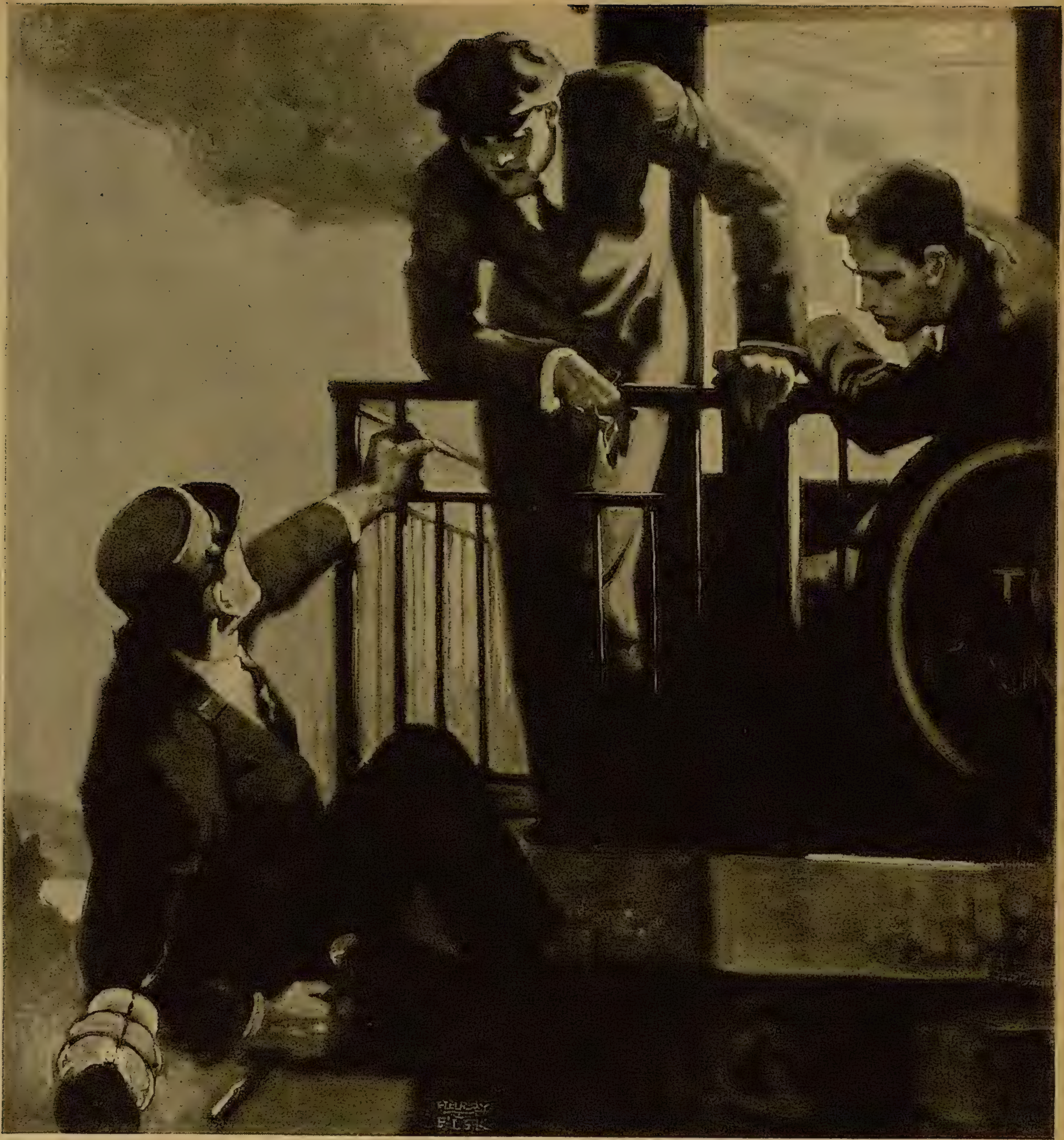
He pulled the signal cord, the long heavy train began to pick up speed again, and Rawlins turned to follow the brakeman inside.

"I'll come too, I think," remarked Donelly.

Rawlins, who wished to be alone, quickened his step, and observed with satisfaction when he reached his own dressing room that the talkative playwright was nowhere in view. But before the big artist could get his door shut, a thickset paunchy man of medium height, with muddy brown eyes and black hair fringing a huge partially bald head, came pushing down the corridor. He wore plus fours and a baggy pleated jacket of greenish homespun, a green-striped tie, and black-and-white sport shoes with golf stockings to match. In his hand he carried a big flat yellow traveling cap, and he addressed the artist in a suave oily voice:

"My dear Rawlins, what a pleasure to find you on

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK



The trainman climbed over the low rail of the observation platform.

board!" The speaker was John C. Golding himself, his heavy beaked face creased in a smile that was intended to convey the acme of social grace and conviviality. "But listen! We must have a little drink together—what you say? I was just going back to get some air—ha-ha!" He nudged Rawlins in the ribs. "These gals, they raise a man's temperature, you know, my dear fellow! Come along; we will have a taste together of my fine Scotch."

"No, thanks," said the artist curtly. "I've had all the stimulant I want for one day."

Rawlins slammed the door with scant courtesy and threw himself down in the one big chair the room afforded. He sat there without turning on a light, staring out the window and thinking about Lida Lantry. Subconsciously he noted a small way station as the train flashed by, one red lantern hung low on the western end of the dimly outlined structure, a yellowish light high up on a post at the other end, and no light at all inside the station itself. A split second beyond the yellow light there loomed a high cylindrical mass set on a stiltlike framework—a water tank, Rawlins's mind mechanically registered. . . .

It was two days later and the train was nearing Chicago before Clyde Rawlins saw Lida Lantry again. She came to the door of his drawing room with a timid knock.

"My dear girl! I've been worrying about you. I haven't seen you anywhere about. Has—anything happened?"

For several minutes she could not bring herself to speak. Then she burst out, her voice trembling with anxious nervousness:

"Mr. Rawlins, I've got to tell you something—to ask your advice. Jack—Jack Golding has disappeared!"

The big artist looked at her searchingly.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Miss Lantry," he said, "if you know anything about Golding's disappearance I think you had better not tell me. I can help you more effectively if I don't know—too much."

"Oh, believe me, Mr. Rawlins!" The girl's voice and eyes were earnest with pleading. "It isn't what you think! I *don't* know anything except that I have not seen Jack for two days. He may be in somebody else's room on this train. Or he may have gotten off at some station. We had a terrible quarrel after I talked with you, and Jack simply walked out and left me. It would be just like him to leave me without money or a job."

"Have you made inquiries on the train?"

"This morning I asked the conductor to find out if Mr. Golding is still on board. He said he would let me know—"

A loud authoritative knock sounded on the door.

"Come in!" called Rawlins. The conductor entered looking very grave. He stared coldly at Lida Lantry.

"I cannot find Mr. Golding," he said. "May I ask when you saw him last?"

"Two days ago," faltered Lida, her face whiter than paper. "Before—before dinner. In my room."

"Didn't you—ah—miss him immediately, Miss Lantry?"

Lida nodded speechlessly.

"Why didn't you report his disappearance to me two days ago, then?"

"Well, I didn't know what Jack—I was embarrassed, I guess."

"H'm, rather strange. There is no doubt that Mr. Golding has disappeared from the train."

"Pardon me, conductor," broke in Rawlins. "I think I saw Golding after he left Miss Lantry. I knew him slightly, and he stopped at my door here two nights ago and asked me to have a drink on the observation platform. Said he wanted some air."

"That checks up, Mr. Rawlins," said the conductor slowly. "Before you saw Golding were you talking with a Mr. Donelly on the observation platform?"

"Yes."

The railroad official stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Donelly evidently remained on the platform after you left him. He saw Mr. Golding come out a few minutes later. Then he says a girl joined Golding. Donelly gave me a very good description of her clothes—says he didn't see her face. What kind of dress and hat were you wearing that evening, Miss Lantry?"

"I—I don't remember." Lida rose uncertainly to her feet. "Oh, do you think—you cannot believe that I— I tell you, I was not with Jack Golding on the platform! I can't stand this any longer!"

The blonde girl fainted. A doctor was found in the next car, and Lida Lantry was carried back to her own drawing room. The conductor turned quietly to Rawlins.

"We'll be in Chicago in forty minutes. I shall have to turn this affair over to the police. The first thing they will want is a description of the missing man and the clothes he was wearing when he disappeared from the train. No doubt they'll also require a description of Miss Lantry's costume that night. Can you supply this information, Mr. Rawlins?"

The artist answered, with an odd smile: "Yes, I think so. But there are two other items quite as important. About the time Golding must have disappeared I was looking out my window, here, into the twilight. I noticed a small railroad station as we passed it, and I believe I can give you a sufficient description of it to identify the place. Then too, when I was back on the observation platform, the train stopped for some unexplained reason, and a trainman climbed aboard close to where I was standing. Somehow I think the police should have a full account of that little incident."

"Just as you say, Mr. Rawlins." The train official looked at the famous artist curiously. "Though I can't imagine why you think it's important. If you will be kind enough to dictate your account of these things to the train stenographer, I will turn your statement over to the police in Chicago."

"Gladly," agreed Rawlins. "Send the girl in here. I'll give the statement to the police myself; I happen to know the deputy superintendent personally."

AUSSAGE TEST

[Aussage is a German word which means to remember and report what you have observed. The psychological test of the accuracy and completeness of a witness's testimony is called the Aussage Test.]

Put yourself in the place of Clyde Rawlins while he dictates his statement for the Chicago police. Suppose you are trying to describe the four things mentioned by the conductor and Rawlins. Don't look at the story again, but take a pencil and paper and note down everything you remember about the following four items:

1 John C. Golding.
2 The clothes Lida Lantry wore while talking to Rawlins on the observation platform of the train.
3 The station Rawlins saw from his window as the train went by.
4 What happened from the time the train stopped unexpectedly to the moment Rawlins turned to leave the observation platform.

Then turn to page 47 and compare your list of remembered details with the complete list given in that part of the story. Score yourself one point for each correctly remembered item. Then give yourself a final rating on observation and memory according to the instructions at the end of the Aussage Key.

Notice in the conclusion of this story that it was necessary for Rawlins to observe and remember a high percentage of the details listed in the Aussage Test in order to solve the mystery of Golding's disappearance. This ability is essential, more often than not, in the solution of actual crime—it is the successful detective's most carefully cultivated accomplishment.

How to Pay the National Debt

Proposing a Way to Better Times—An Open Letter to an American Citizen from

ROBERT L. OWEN

United States Senator from Oklahoma, 1907—1925

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

YOU owe the government $200. This is your share of the national debt, which has now reached the enormous sum of more than twenty-seven thousand million dollars. Every member of your household—your wife, your baby, your mother-in-law, the hired girl—also owes the government $200. Every day of your life you are being taxed to pay the interest on this debt, and your children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren will also be taxed to repay this debt every day of *their* lives, so long as we refuse to realize how simply and easily it can be repaid here and now.

This national debt is part of the national credit of the American people; it is part of your credit. It has never been secured by gold. It has been secured by the government's sovereign right and power to collect taxes on your property and income. The government has used this part of the national credit for your advantage, to protect you in war and to serve you in peace; and you have told the government, through a majority of your representatives in Congress, that it is O. K. by you.

If it *is* O. K. by you for the government to draw on your credit for your benefit, why should you pay the government from generation to generation for what it has taken away from you and given back to you? Why should you be taxed for the public use of your own credit, if there is a simpler and more honest way of doing the same thing?

Suppose the whole twenty-seven billion dollar national debt could be paid off at once, by a simple act of Congress that would also help your business and supply you with a better standard of living.

Suppose such an act—and several bills to effectuate this purpose have already been introduced in Congress—should start an entirely new process of money-making in American history.

© Harris & Ewing

Suppose it should begin the issuance of "credit money" (the money we use for nine tenths of our business) by the government instead of by the private bankers.

What would it mean?

It would mean, if you are a business man, cash credits in the bank as your working capital, quick returns, and solvent customers.

It would mean, if you are an average home-owner, restoring the value of your home and a speedy lifting of your mortgage.

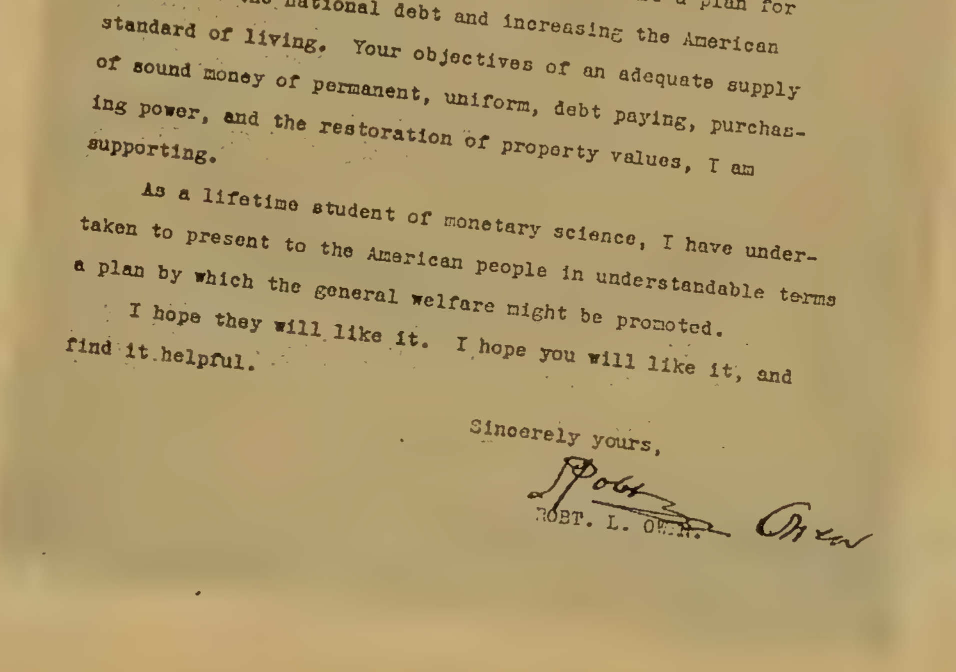
It would mean, if you are a worker or a salaried man, full-time employment, well paid, with industry running two and three shifts daily, in response to volumes of new orders from the new purchasing power let loose by the government without piling more debts on the people.

It would mean, if you are a banker, freedom from fear of a run on your bank, ability to concentrate on the financing of sound business and industry without worrying about the possible loss of your reserves, and the restoration of your old prestige.

It would mean, for the government, an end to the era of "wildcat" credit issues, with a sound money system devoted exclusively to the maintenance of employment, prices, and distribution, and an end to the growing fear of fascism or communism.

It can be done the moment enough people realize that the national debt is based on their own collective credit, administered and controlled through the banks which, under our present wildcat system, enjoy the privilege of issuing credit money or deposit money to private borrowers at interest. This credit money—now largely represented by the national debt—is really the creation of the whole people and rests on the government's willingness to enforce contracts and ability to collect taxes, as

—AND A NOTE TO MR. ROOSEVELT



ROBERT L. OWEN
SOUTHERN BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The President,
The White House.

Dear Mr. President:

I have written for publication in LIBERTY a plan for paying off the national debt and increasing the American standard of living. Your objectives of an adequate supply of sound money of permanent, uniform, debt paying, purchasing power, and the restoration of property values, I am supporting.

As a lifetime student of monetary science, I have undertaken to present to the American people in understandable terms a plan by which the general welfare might be promoted.

I hope they will like it. I hope you will like it, and find it helpful.

Sincerely yours,

Robt L. Owen
ROBT. L. OWEN.

well as on the good faith, wealth, and earning power of the individual borrower.

It consists of nothing but pen-and-ink entries in ledgers and does nine tenths of the work which money is supposed to do. The national debt was contracted in terms of pen-and-ink credit money. Because we have been slow and stupid in these things we have still gone through the old clumsy motions of issuing bonds, selling them, and using the proceeds. The proceeds were pen-and-ink entries in bank ledgers and the bonds themselves are paid by pen and ink; but you and I and all the rest of us have to pay the bankers for manipulating their fountain pens. For do not imagine for a moment that the banks have loaned out some one's deposits. They simply wrote up additional deposits on their ledgers, on the security offered them by your own government.

It is very important to realize that this credit money, this pen-and-ink money, does exactly the same thing that what we can call pocket money (metal and bank notes) is supposed to do. The only difference is that it is issued by the bankers instead of by the government; and just as the wildcat issues of bank notes a century ago caused a huge wave of bank failures, so the wildcat issues of credit money since 1914 caused a huge wave of bank failures since the war, ending in the complete closing of all our banks in March, 1933.

The government finally put an end to wildcat bank notes, and it can put an end to wildcat credit money by placing it on a scientific basis in the interest of the people, instead of leaving it as a dangerous private form of credit creation. Lots of people think that the government is already doing that when it borrows huge sums for relief, for public works, etc., and relends them. It isn't, unless the banks which buy the bonds do so with new credit money, and in any case the fact that the banks regard this money as a debt rather than an issue of permanent new purchasing power tends to convert it into a menace instead of a benefit to you.

THIS means that the government has added little new to the picture and is simply bailing water out of one side of the boat and pouring it into the other side. The load may be a little more evenly distributed, but the craft is still waterlogged, and will remain so until the government reasserts its constitutional duty to issue all forms of money, including credit money.

Our first satisfactory money consisted of gold and silver. No one ever questioned the right or the duty of the government to coin this "hard" money. There wasn't enough of this to keep up with the growth of business, so we began using paper money—bank notes, Treasury notes, gold and silver certificates. In time we found that it was safe to use two and one half dollars of paper money for every dollar of hard money. Obviously it wouldn't work if everybody tried to exchange paper money for hard money. You tried to do it early in 1933, and the result was that it is now illegal to own gold money and that the paper dollar has been devalued to three fifths of its former gold content.

Then we discovered that American business was growing faster than even paper money issued at this 2½-to-1 ratio could keep up with. So the banks began issuing credit money, deposit money, pen-and-ink money, on a huge scale. They wildcatted the issuance of credit money up to about fifty billion dollars in 1929, then lost their nerve, reduced the credit money to about thirty billion dollars in 1933, and then went bust when you tried to exchange your credit money for paper money and gold.

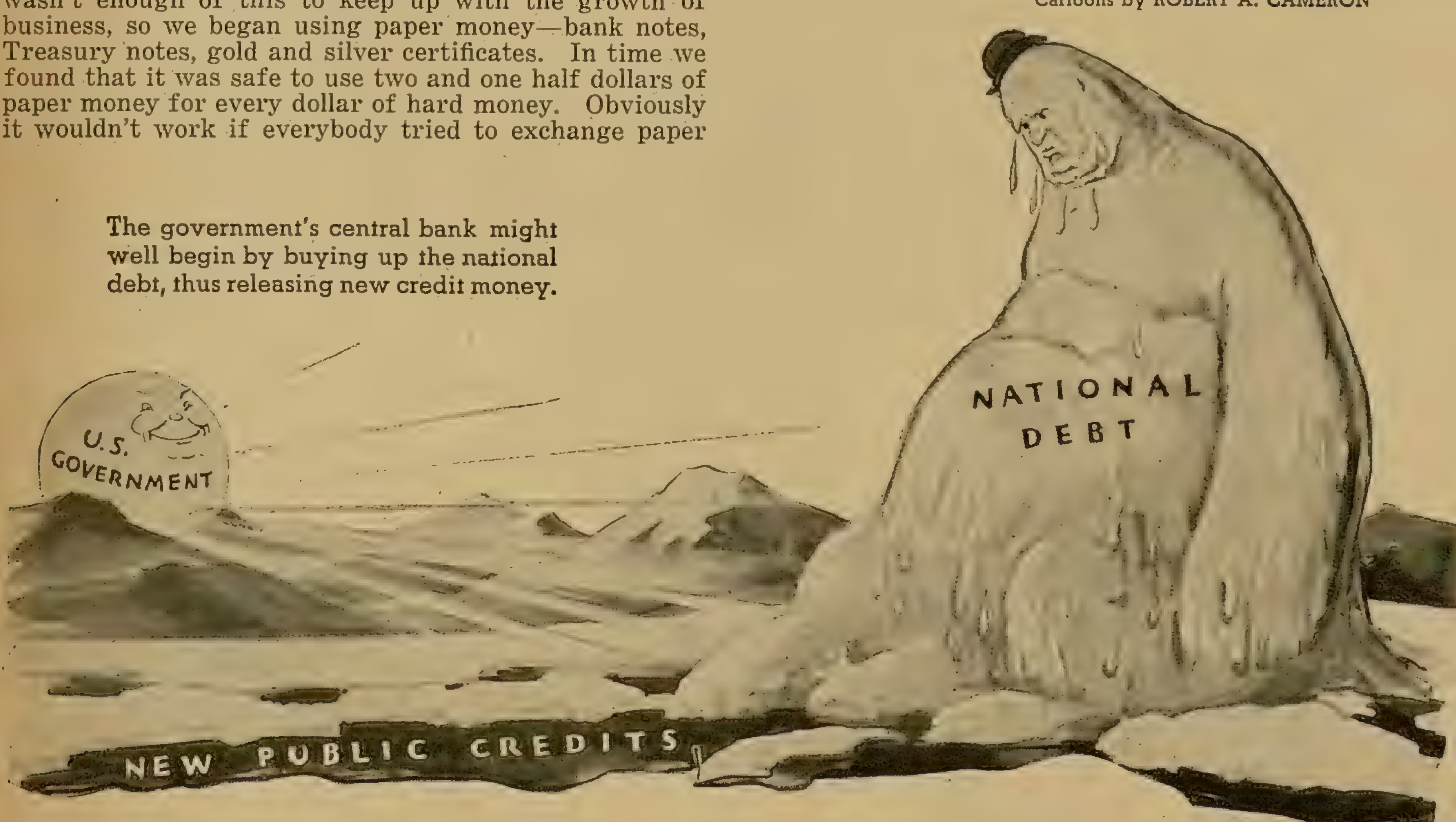
This was because the banks had found it necessary to issue about ten times as much credit money as there was hard money in existence. There was nothing wrong about this. It had to be done if American business and your job were to be kept going.

HERE is how the banks did the trick. You came in and said you wanted to borrow some money. The bank looked your proposition over, O. K.'d it, and gave you a slip of paper saying that you had, say, $1,000 on deposit. That's all the bank did, as the law allowed it to issue loans up to ten times (on the average) its reserves—the reserves being deposits (backed by gold, paper, or their equivalent) with the privately owned Federal Reserve Banks. From time to time you wrote your bank a letter—a check—asking it please to pay some of your deposit over to somebody else's deposit account. These checks made it possible for these deposits to circulate just like any other form of money.

After a time you gave the bank slips of paper—checks from your customers or your pay check—to pay off your debt. Then the bank wiped the credit money off its books (it had collected in advance 6 per cent or more interest as payment for its work and risk). You never realized, and most bankers never realized, that the growing volume of deposits constituted money, or that the bank which issued—coined—credit money on its own risk was doing the job the government should do. It has taken the greatest panic and the worst depression in history to show that the pen-and-ink deposit entries in bank ledgers do the real work of money.

I think that the American bankers are entitled to all praise and public recognition for their immense services

Cartoons by ROBERT A. CAMERON



The government's central bank might well begin by buying up the national debt, thus releasing new credit money.

to the common man in pointing the way to an entirely new and sound form of money. Far from cursing them, you ought to help relieve them from inequitable and so often crushing burdens which they have assumed by undertaking to issue credits to you at their own great risk—and for their own occasional great profit.

Here is how a bank works today. Suppose a group of citizens—the butcher, the grocer, the baker, the iceman, and the owner of a small machine shop—decide that they need a bank to furnish the town with the means of payment, or money, through which to do their normal business. This group collects, for example, $100,000 in United States currency, takes out a charter as a bank, hires an office, and opens its doors for deposits and loans. What is left of the $100,000 after they have furnished the office, hired a cashier and a clerk or two, and put enough in the till to pay out cash on demand, is sent to the Federal Reserve Bank as a reserve, say $50,000. They are then allowed to issue loans up to an average of ten times their reserves, or a possible total of $500,000.

When you come in to borrow $1,000 on your note secured by your property, the bank gives you a checking-deposit credit of $1,000 on its books. *This $1,000 credit, remember, is not part of the bank's $50,000 reserve. It is new deposit money created by the bank out of thin air and blue sky (with some systematic protection behind it). In other words, to help you out, the bank is coining $1,000 by pen-and-ink entries on its books.* For this service you agree to pay it 6 per cent, and it looks as though the bank could get 6 per cent on $500,000 in credit money—or $30,000 a year—on an original investment of $100,000. Thirty per cent return on a sure thing looks like highway robbery.

IT isn't. For, as you draw checks against your account to the favor of people living out of town and using other banks, the reserve of your bank is wiped out, unless your withdrawals are balanced by new deposits from other banks. Suppose you draw only $100 to pay to accounts to other banks. The $100 is removed from the reserve, and the bank thereby loses the power to issue $1,000 in loans. In other words, if you transfer one tenth of your credit money to another bank, you destroy your bank's power to make a loan equal to the one it originally granted to you, unless somebody else transfers another $100 to your bank. It doesn't matter how good your reputation, how sound the banker's judgment, or how valuable your property; once you issue checks to other banks which draw off its reserves, you destroy the power of your bank to help you.

This happened all through the last fifteen years, crushing the small country banks and draining their reserves into the big city banks. And in practice, time and again, you have quite innocently, and in the normal course of business, forced your own banker to call in his loan to you, to foreclose your property, and to "go bust."

You will notice that I have said that this happens when you transfer your deposit money to another bank without similar deposits being transferred from other banks to yours. If you make out your check in favor of another man in your home town who also uses the same bank, you obviously don't hurt the bank at all, you don't drain off its reserves, and you help your neighbor and keep your own bank working for the benefit of the community. *This is the vital point to remember:* So long as the credit money which the bank can issue up to ten times the total of its reserves circulates between depositors in the same bank, and so long as withdrawals to other banks are balanced by deposits from other banks, the whole system works to your advantage without undue risk to the banker.

THIS is not true of banking in America today, and the banker cannot in practice ever count on it happening in a convenient and orderly manner. We have seen the bankers forced to destroy—wipe off the books—twenty billions of the fifty billions of bank deposits which were necessary to do business on the basis of 1929, simply because the banks had to defend their reserves against demand deposits and to call in their loans. We have seen thousands of banks forced to the wall and billions of dollars of your money tied up. We have seen checking transactions shrink from a total of twelve hundred thousand millions in 1929 to the disastrous figure of four hundred thousand millions in 1933. And today we see bankers afraid to lend, even on good security, and the government itself forced to go into the private lending business to finance mortgages, farm crops, industry, railroads, and the banks themselves.

Lots of people howl about the wickedness of the bankers. I say the bankers are the greatest victims of an unsound and unscientific banking system. And the remedy is right under our eyes: to provide for banking as a whole exactly the same protection a single bank gets when one depositor meets his obligations to that bank in credit money drawn on the bank itself and when depositors exchange checks on the same bank.

The important thing to remember about what I have called credit money is that it is only issued against the real wealth and earning power of an individual or a business corporation or the community, secured by the power and authority of the government and its laws. You can easily see how this is so when you consider what happened in many communities during the depression when the local banks—through no fault of their own or of their depositors—had to close their doors.

In order to maintain that swapping of goods and services which is the basis of business and of modern life,

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES
JACQUES SWAAB, WAR ACE

"When shrapnel grazed my jugular vein, I lost my taste for close shaves! But I've found they can be pleasant—when they are the kind you get with Colgate's small bubble lather!"
JACQUES SWAAB

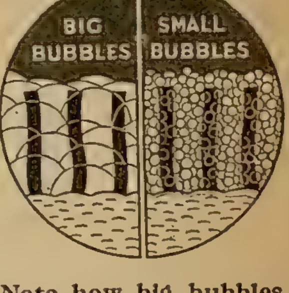
HERE'S A CLOSE SHAVE THAT YOU WILL ENJOY

. . . because Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream soaks beards soft at the base.

THERE is a difference in shaving comfort, because there is a difference in lathers! Ordinary lather is made of big bubbles, full of air. Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream makes a special lather of tiny bubbles, fairly dripping with moisture.

These small bubbles get clear down to the *base* of your beard—strip off the oily coat that makes your whiskers tough—soak every bristle through and through—*right at the skin-line!*

No half wilted whiskers to make your blade pull. No smart—no burn—no irritation! Shaves last hours longer, but the tenderest skin feels no discomfort.



Note how big bubbles hold *air* against the beard. Small bubbles soak each whisker soft, clear down to the base.

The proof? It's in these bubble-pictures—and your first Colgate shave. Study the diagram—see the difference in lathers—then get a tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. It's *guaranteed* to please you!

COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

individuals in such a small town would often issue scrip—paper tokens, based on their own wealth and assets—and this scrip became good for the swapping which took place between the local people. Not merely individuals, but Chambers of Commerce, clearinghouses, and municipalities issued scrip, and even today there are various forms of barter and exchange systems among the unemployed. Properly considered, all of these things are credit money; they are issued without cost to the community for its own use; only the fact that they are limited in their circulation to the community which issues them makes them clumsy and inefficient as compared to their use in the form of bank deposits.

What we need to do is to convert this local scrip idea and the present bank-deposit system of money into a national organization. For just as local scrip is limited in its usefulness, so the issuance of bank credit by 13,896 separate private banks is also limited. The change can be made in the simplest possible forms and with complete justice to everybody.

Imagine that you are living in a town whose bank has failed. You and your friends have lost between you $100,000 in deposits. The bank secured that $100,000 in deposits by issuing $100,000 in loans to yourself and to your friends. Why should you insist on the bank foreclosing on your property in order to get the money with which to pay you your deposits? Instead you should write checks to the favor of the bank on your frozen deposits, thereby enabling it to cancel its frozen loans to you. At the same time you would need money for your daily life, so you and your friends would issue the same amount in scrip, secured by your own property just as before, and use that sort of money to keep on doing business with.

What I propose is that the nation as a whole should behave in exactly the same simple practical way. The only thing which makes it at all difficult is its size. People can see small things easily; a big thing is less easy to realize. Yet there is no reason in the world why the nation should not regard itself as a single community and why it should not approach its money problems in the same pioneering spirit of common sense.

The only change involved would be that the private bankers would have lost the privilege of issuing scrip or credit money at their own risk. That is too dangerous a privilege for any private group to enjoy, and it has in practice destroyed more bankers than it has enriched. It has destroyed nearly 15,000 banks since 1920. From now on the creation and control of credit money must be in the hands of the people, through their government, inasmuch as all credit is issued on the basis of the wealth of the nation and is secured by the power and fair dealing of the government with its citizens. The government must use the power of all the people to protect all the people, including the banks.

UNDER the system which I would propose, the government and not the private banker would be responsible for the creation and issuance of credit money—through the banks and not in competition with them. And since the government would assume this constitutional duty, it would also assume the duty of protecting the bankers' reserves and thereby make harmless a run on any bank by depositors. A banker could fail in his lending operations without endangering a single depositor.

Here is how it would work. The same five men, living in the same town, would raise the same amount of money—$100,000—hire the same office and cashier and clerks, keep the same amount of money in the till, and deposit the same $50,000 with a government-owned Reserve Bank. Under their charter they would have the right to issue loans up to, say, three times the total of their capital, and to borrow credit money from the Reserve Bank, by what is called rediscounting, again up to three times their capital. In short, I'd tighten the brakes at first until we discovered how fast it would be safe to drive the new banking machine.

These reserves and rediscounts would give the government, through the Reserve Banks, the security on which all bank deposits in the country would be operated, and all deposits would be government deposits, accepted by the government from its citizens for their mutual safety and benefit.

Any bank, as agent, would be allowed to handle these deposit accounts in an unlimited amount, crediting all deposits to the account of the central bank and debiting all withdrawals against the account of the central bank. For this service the central bank would allow the private bankers a just compensation, in the form of a credit or service charge, based on the volume of checking transactions or on the average amount of current deposits.

THIS would relieve the small-town banker of the haunting fear of sudden demands from his depositors. It would enable him to concentrate on commercial banking, financing pay rolls and production.

When those five men had loaned out three times their $100,000 of reserves, they could get more credit money for $300,000 more by applying to the government bank for rediscounts on their original loans. In other words, they could hire fresh credit money from the central bank by paying a small charge to cover the cost of bookkeeping, administration, insurance, etc., for that purpose. Rediscounts are simply loans by a central bank to a small bank, secured by the small bank's original loans.

The rediscount policy of the central bank could thus, if the government desired, direct investment into socially desirable channels, such as better housing, and also, by the spread between the cost of central bank credit to the private banker and the interest rate the banker charges the private borrower, make the banker's profit in direct proportion to the soundness of his loans and his usefulness to his neighbors.

If he "stuck" the central bank with bad loans, he would of course be responsible, and the loss would be charged against his capital, and if necessary he could be sent to prison, as now.

By this proposed system the Federal Reserve Banks could increase the volume of credit money up to any socially or economically useful total, but could protect the private banker from the present dangerous ebb and flow of deposits. The banker would thus be subject only to the checks and balances of a government central banking policy designed to safeguard the business life of the country—which today depends on credit—at the source of credit in the interest of the people.

This central-banking policy should, in my opinion, use the power and authority of the federal government to maintain prices, pay rolls, and employment in balance. As fresh credits were needed, instead of selling government bonds, the Treasury would buy them or would give the government-owned Federal Reserve Bank a certificate of issue which would be convertible on demand from the Reserve Bank into "lawful money of the United States"—or would do both.

These certificates of issue might replace government bonds as the basis of all money transactions. Like the bonds, they would be secured by the government's power of taxation over the wealth of the entire nation. Like the bonds when taken over by the government, these certificates would not cost you a cent in current taxes or cause you to worry yourself silly over how the cost of recovery can ever be met.

In fact the creation of such a banking system is the only means of rapid and permanent recovery.

Guided by the money clause in the Constitution, the nation can and should assert its power to create all its own money, based on the wealth of the nation as a whole, and to regulate the value thereof. If it so desires, it can issue this money originally either in the form of coins or Treasury certificates, or as a permanent revolving checking deposit of the government, convertible into legal-tender money on demand.

In accomplishing this the public debt can be paid.

Thus the government can set up a central bank of its own to act as its fiscal agent. It can issue new credit money or currency, based accurately on measures of the national wealth as that expands. It can keep its credit money from expanding too much, as it did under Presidents Harding and Coolidge, and from contracting too much, as it did under President Hoover.

Such a central bank might well begin by buying up the national debt, thus releasing from twenty to twenty-seven billion dollars of new credit money to fill and supplement the gap which was left in the sum of checking deposits under the private bankers' contraction of credit. It could also finance a four-year relief and public-works expansion of five billion dollars a year, or it could do both things at the same time.

The national debt would be paid as it was contracted, in pen and ink, as representing paid-in goods and services of the entire nation. Recovery would be financed, as business is financed, in sound credits based on actual value.

It is the government's duty to do this, and our two great political parties are pledged to fundamental credit reform by their platforms in the campaign of 1932. Several bills have been introduced in Congress to return to the American people the power to issue their own credit money, through their government. Congress having now reconvened, there will be a strong and, in my opinion, irresistible demand for action along this line, reinforced by the needs of ten million unemployed workers and twenty million people on meager relief doles.

The United States can and should immediately buy the stock of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks from the private bankers who now control them.

THE cost of this stock amounts to about $146,000,000, and the bankers should be paid for it, with interest to date, by giving them a credit entry in the Reserve Banks covering the book value of their holdings. This is neither confiscation nor even expropriation. It is fair, open and aboveboard business.

The twelve Reserve Banks would thus become public banks owned exclusively by the government of the United States. They should then be instructed to buy United States bonds, beginning with those which cost the government the most money and you the heaviest taxes, through high interest rates. The bonds would be paid for by sound credits with the Reserve Banks, and could be exchanged with the Treasury for certificates of issue, thus ceasing to be a burden on the people and a threat against your children and grandchildren.

In other words, the national debt would be gradually settled without any cost to you, the taxpayer, or any repudiation to you, the bondholder. More important, the value of all such bonds so bought would then appear as deposits, permanently circulating. They could not be retired by the payment of private loans. They would be based upon actual value.

IT is very important that the deposits, thus issued as new credit money, could not be retired by the willing or forced payment of private debts or by the sale of mortgaged farms and homes pledged to the banks and insurance companies.

Thus Congress can resume the sovereign power of government to regulate the value of money, as required by the Constitution, without confiscation, repudiation, or injustice to a single banker, investor, or depositor.

Subject to such legislation as I have outlined, the government would henceforth control the amount of bank deposits and the safety of this credit money on which we all depend, leaving it to the private bankers to serve themselves and the community by soundness of judgment and integrity of character in getting the credit of the country loaned to the proper people for the right purposes, without fear of the terrible consequences of uncontrollable credit issues and popular panic to distract them from their vitally important and expert job.

Thus the government can bring on an era of prosperity, soundly based on the capacity of industry to double or treble the output of wanted goods and service in trade, to restore employment, and bring the value of property back to normal. Business can rise to far better than any past normal state. Production engineers and commissions tell us that no "normal" in recent years came within gunshot of output at capacity for the things people need and must have. Our underproduction and underconsumption are deplorable, compared to our capacity when properly financed. As new goods come into market in competition for the new public credits, unleashed in settling of the national debt and relieving the victims of an unsound money system, the natural competition of increased volume and variety of goods and the credit regulations of the new government-owned Reserve Banks will guard against skyrocketing prices.

Thus we shall have expansion, but no inflation; recovery and progress, but no growth of fascism or communism; economic freedom and economic security and economic release from the superstition that depressions are an act of God and not man-made.

THE END

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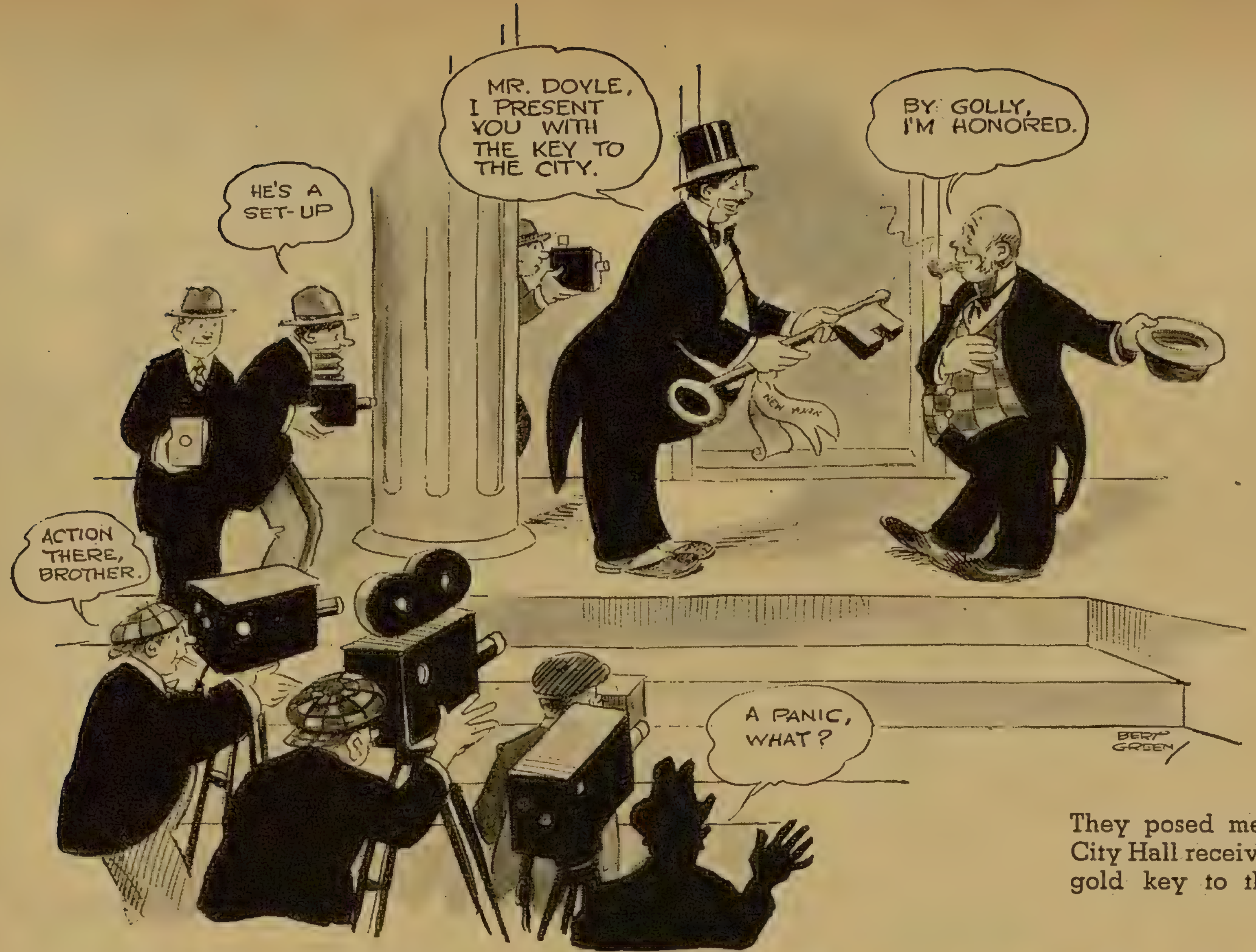

HE'S A SET-UP
MR. DOYLE, I PRESENT YOU WITH THE KEY TO THE CITY.
BY GOLLY, I'M HONORED.
ACTION THERE, BROTHER.
A PANIC, WHAT?
BERT GREEN

They posed me at the City Hall receivin a big gold key to the city.

Mr. Doyle Spends the

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

The Calamitous Chronicle of a Round Trip 'Twixt Rags and Riches

MR. ABRAHAM WISE,
Grand Concourse, New York.

Dear Boss,

The other day I ran into Eddie Burns, the coal man, an he said you were inquirin about me an wondered what I did with the $150,000 I won in the Irish Sweepstakes. Well, Boss, thats a long story. But seein you treated me swell when I was workin for you as janitor in them 3rd Avenoo flats, Im goin to tell you the whole story from the beginnin.

A couple or three months ago when the papers were announcin the winners of the Sweepstakes, I was takin the garbage cans off the dumb waitor when Mrs. Cohen on the sixth floor yells down the shaft:

"Hey, Doyle! Hey, *Mr.* Doyle, you von the Sweepstakes! No foolin, *you von the Sweepstakes!*"

In ten seconds the tinnints came bargin down to the basement like nobody's business. They started shakin my duke an pattin me on the back an tellin me what swell friends they were. Yeah, an before that I couldnt have gotten a dime out of the lot of em with a stomach pump.

Anyway, it wasnt long after the news leaked out that the newspaper guys began runnin me ragged. The newsreel men had me makin phony speeches with a goat in my arms. They posed me at the City Hall receivin a big gold key to the city. They had me shakin hands with the Mayor an a lotta boloney like that. Come to find out, it wasnt the Mayor at all I was posin with. It was a cop dooded up in a clawhammer coat.

Yeah, an another outfit had me goin through the motions of puttin out ash cans in front of a tinniment an then had me climb into a Royls Royce.

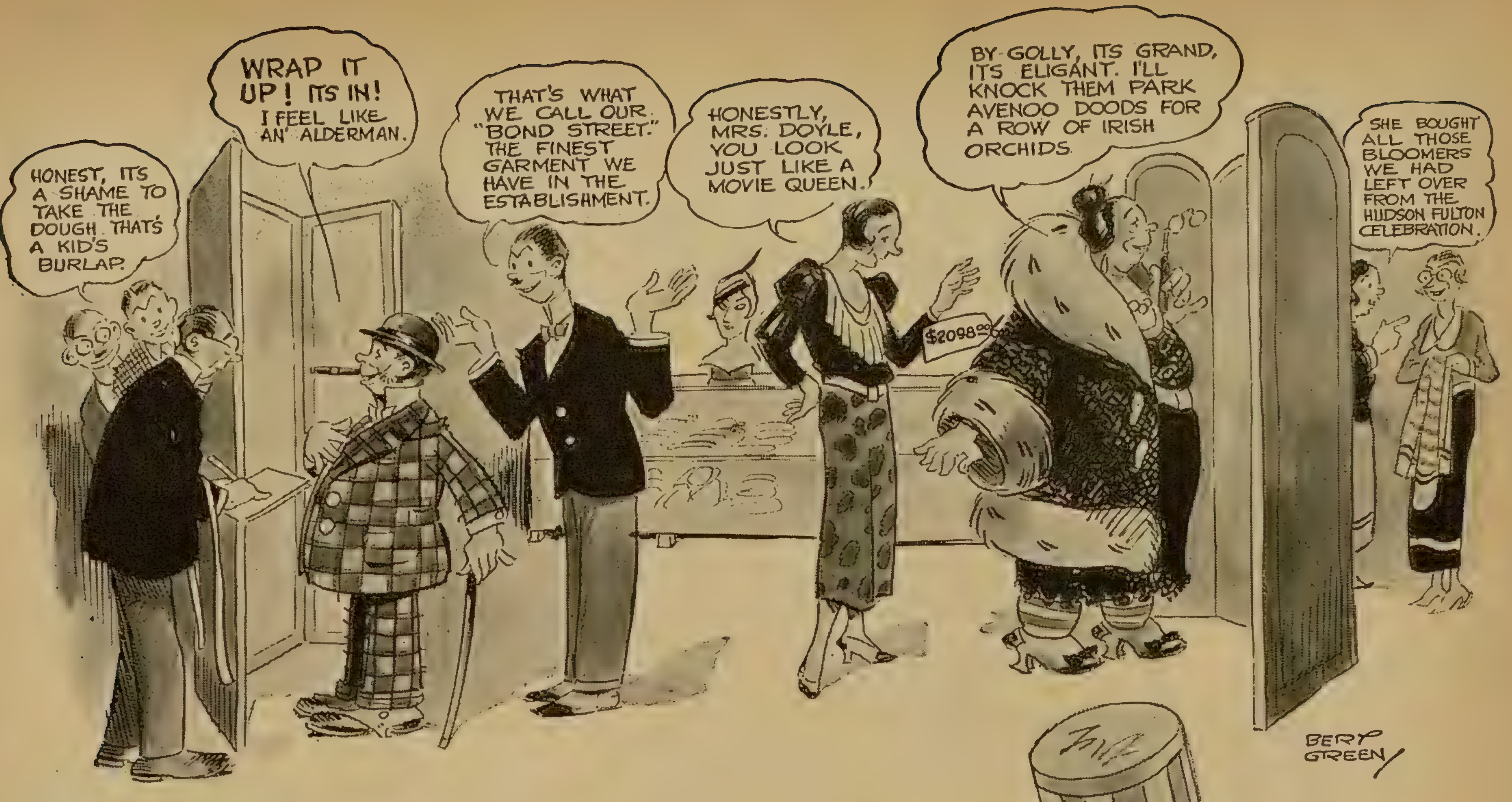
Well, Boss, that was only the kick-off. The fun began when I received the money. First of all, two guys muscled in on me. One was from the State Income Tax office an the other guy came from the Federal Government. When they got through with me I had about a buck eighty left.

Next, three bum lawyers horned in an wanted to stick the harpoon in me for protectin my interest. I no sooner got rid of them than the guy that sold me the winnin ticket barged in an put the finger on me for 50 per cent of the winnins. Can you imagine? I told him to go run up an alley, an the next thing I know I had eight lawyers follerin me around with summonses an before I was through it cost me nearly $2000 to buy em off.

Well, I'm just after gettin out of that mess when somethin else happened. As soon as the tinnints in the flat heard I got the money they all chipped in an threw me a farewell party. An what a party it was! The blow off was held in Mike Callahans flat on the top floor. Mrs. Callahan an some of the neighbors dooded up the joint with flags, buntin, ribbons an stuff like that. On top of the piana was a barl of beer an two more were reclinin in the bath tub. Over in one corner was an orkastra made up of the different tinnints in the buildin.

They had a wash boiler filled with punch an from the taste of it I think it was fuller rattle snakes. Every time I took a peek in the kitchen, one of the Callahans were spikin the punch with stuff called Old Homicide. Yeah, an after I took two jolts, my clutch began slippin. I didnt mind that so much but I had to drink with all the tinnints. The result was that after ten or twenty shots I was fuller knee action an free wheelin.

As everybody was dippin into the laughin soup it didnt take long before the party was kickin the gong around.


HONEST, ITS A SHAME TO TAKE THE DOUGH THATS A KID'S BURLAP.
WRAP IT UP! ITS IN! I FEEL LIKE AN' ALDERMAN.
THAT'S WHAT WE CALL OUR "BOND STREET." THE FINEST GARMENT WE HAVE IN THE ESTABLISHMENT.
HONESTLY, MRS. DOYLE, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A MOVIE QUEEN.
BY GOLLY, ITS GRAND, ITS ELIGANT. I'LL KNOCK THEM PARK AVENOO DOODS FOR A ROW OF IRISH ORCHIDS.
SHE BOUGHT ALL THOSE BLOOMERS WE HAD LEFT OVER FROM THE HUDSON FULTON CELEBRATION.
$\$2098^{00}$
BERT GREEN

The wife has the two of us fitted out like we were goin in pitchers.

Sweepstakes Dough

Words and Pictures

by BERT GREEN

Them that wasnt drinkin were makin speeches an them that wasnt makin speeches were layin on the floor. Part of the gang opened up by leanin on Kathleen Mavorneen an when they had her warmed up, you could hear em singin in Wisconsin.

To add to the eggsitement, two or three of the gentlemen moved the dinin room furniture out in the hall an the gang started to do the Rumba.

Well, to top the fun, there was a Frenchman livin in the flat below who owned a flea theater. At that moment he was busy puttin his trained fleas through a new routine of ackrobatics. Anyhow, when the dancin in the Callahan flat got goin good, the plaster on the ceilin let go an nearly buried the flea manager an his bugs.

MY gosh, he tore up the stairs to the Callahan flat with a big knife ready to commit murder. As soon as he reached the landin he tripped over some feller in the hall an knocked a highball all over Mrs. Murphy's new gown, an there was hell to pay. Well, after that it was every man for hisself. Fists and bottles were flyin hap hazzard. Everybody was yellin an hollerin at onced. Some cluck knocked over the piana with the barl of beer on it an the noise was terrible. Mrs. Callahan—or one of the tinnints—threw open the winder an yelled, " Police! Fire! Murder! " an in two seconds all the radios in the trap were squarkin, " Callin all cars! Callin all cars! "

Not feelin so good myself, I tried to make the street, but I no sooner reached the vestibule than some dumb cop hits me over the head with a shillaly, an when I came to I found myself layin on the floor in the cansky. Along with me was the flea manager an Mike Callahan. Whata night!

Yeah, an to make matters worse, one of the inmates handed me a mornin paper with a big headline on it. It read:

Sweepstakes Winner Causes Riot;
Spends First Night in Hoosegow

Well, when Maggie—thats the wife—saw the papers, she barged down to the cooler an tried to tear the joint apart. Not only that, she wanted to lump me up for gettin pinched. Anyhow, after a lot of explainin an everythin, I had to slip some mug two hundred slugs to get me out on bail.

I no more than got out of the can than a reception committee was there to meet me. Uncles, cousins, aunts, nieces, brother-in-laws, kids, cops, firemen an whatnot—all my relations. People I never heard tell of. They seen where I got a load of dough an they were all there to chisel somethin.

But I fooled em all. I put the Sweepstakes money in the bank an the feller gave me a check book two feet long an showed me how to use it. When I flashed it on the wife, the trouble began. She said:

" Why shouldnt I have half the money? I helped you buy the ticket, didnt I? "

" Yeah," I said, " but the ticket cost two an a half bucks an you only kicked in with thirty cents."

" But youre a millionaire," she says. " You won a hundred an fifty thousand bucks."

" Go on! " I hollers. " The government already pinched seventy-four thousand."

" Whats that got to do with it? " she roars. " I want *half* of the hundred and fifty thousand."

So anyway, in order to prevent the two of us murderin each other she says to me, she says:

" Okay, Tim, if youre too damned stingy to come through with the dough, you gotta take me to *Europe*, an the sooner you grab the boat tickets the better."

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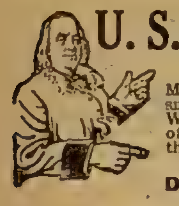

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE FOR THE HAIR AND SCALP

"Where do you want to go?" I says.

"Havana!" she squarks. "The Flynns tell me its a swell place to put on the lug."

The next thing I know, me an the wife has the Bridal Sweet on one of the big boats at a thousand bucks a head. Not only that but the wife drags me down to one of them snooty 5th Avenoo stores an has the two of us fitted out like we were goin in pitchers. She told the salesman we were on our way to Europe on account of her husband winnin the Sweepstakes an after that the mugs unloaded everythin on us includin the show cases.

Oh brother, an when I caught the *bill,* I nearly passed out. The total looked like the serial number on one of Fords trucks.

Well, the boat had just passed the Statue of Liberty when the wife says to me, she says:

"Listen, Tim, now that we are on our way, dont tell anyone on the boat that you won the money in the Sweepstakes. Make em think youre a retired contractor."

"Sure," I says. "We'll make em think we're after livin on Park Avenoo."

The first day everythin went along alright. We just strolled around the boat like a couple of millionaires an minded our own business. Finally the purser or Admiral or whoever he was come down to the room an told me that the Captain had invited us to sit at his table an that we should report to his cabin for cocktails at seven. Not knowin what it was all about, I rang for the monkey who cleans the room an he gave me the low-down. He said that it was a *great honor* to sit at the Captains table an that we should get dooded up.

Well, Boss, I wished you coulda seen the two of us gettin into them swanky clothes. Honest, it was terrible. Foist, I couldnt find the business end of the fried shirt. My gee, it had more pins an cardboard in it than there was cracks in a bureau. At last when I got it over my scull, it all but ruined my Adams apple. That was enough. I pulled the damned thing off an threw it through the port hole.

NOT knowin what to do next, I put on one of the blue polo shirts an the wife told me it went swell with my tux. To add to my troubles, the new patent leather dogs got a strangle hold on my corns, so I took em off an wore a pair of brown ones with fancy strips over the front like bacon. On the square, when I got dressed you couldnt tell whether I was a movie actor or a corroner, I was that elligant.

As soon as I got dressed the wife began hollerin murder because she couldnt get into them new fangled corsets she bought. I think they must have been built for some squab like May West. At last I got her hooked up an she looked—so help me—like a gas tank tied in the middle.

When we reached the Captains cabin there were three couples sittin around on sofas an a laundryman in a short order cooks jacket was passin out cocktails. The Captain said they were Lizzards Breaths. When we stepped inside the room I caught the Captain an the rest of the bunch gunnin my tux an polo shirt. It was easy to see they took me for a banker or somethin. Another thing, its a good thing the wife had on her evenin gown an sport shoes because the other dames were givin her the up-an-down.

THE Captain gave us a knock-down to the swells an the laundryman handed us a Lizzards Breath to start the evenin. Listen, Boss, Ive tasted some trick drinks before but them things had a mules hind leg in em. As soon as we got the first one under our belt the chink filled the glasses again an handed me a plate full of nicknacks called Can-a-peas. I dont know what the hell they were, but the wife told me later it was cavy-air. She ought to know because she used to spend the week ends at the Vanderbilts washin windows. If you ask me, I think the stuff was bird gravel mixed with stove polish.

Anyhow, after four shots of the Lizzards Breath everybody was gettin very clubby. Some old fogy sittin next to me—who said he owned a railroad—began braggin about an excursion he made in his yacht to the Fee-gee Islands. He told how he got shipwrecked on a dessert island that was infestered with kanibals. So the wife says to me she says:

"Tell him Tim about the experience you had crossin to Africa an what happened."

Well, that was the tip-off that the wife was gettin plastered. So, in order not to be outdone, I lit into a sea yarn that was worth the price of admission.

"It all started like this," I says. "We were three days out of New York when we ran into a hurrykane in the middle of the Atlantic. The Mayor O'Brien began standin on her nose an the seas were bustin over her like she was a cork. All of a sudden the mate hollers, 'Theres a boat afire on the port bow!' I looked over the rail an sure enough I sees a ferry boat blazin away an some people in the back wavin an hollerin for help."

"A ferry boat in the middle of the Atlantic?" asks the crowd laffin.

"Sure," I says. "Enveloped in flames. Well, anyway, the mate on the O'Brien hollers, 'Lower a boat an save the people!'" So without thinkin I jumps into the lifeboat with another feller an rowed over. When I got alongside the blazin hulk I took off three Armenians. Two of em were cross-eyed an the other mug had his left leg broken in seven places. You can imagine the picnic I had. The rain was comin down in buckets an the sea an wind was raisin cane. To make a long story short, I was just about to row back to the Mayor O'Brien when I see a lot of smoke an flames comin out of her chimney. People were runnin around the decks frantic like.

"'Our own ship is on fire!' I hollers. So we leaned on the oars, an as we got within 200 feet of the boat I heard a terrific noise inside, an glory be to Heaven the boiler exploded an blew the O'Brien to pieces."

"What did you do?" one of the ladies asked me with a grin on her pan.

"Do?" I said. "We drew lots to see which one would eat the other. The goof with the broken leg got stuck so we had him for lunch. The third day we ate the other two. We figured they was a jinx. Well, the other lug died on me a week later from exposure so I tossed him over the side. I dont remember what happened after that. Somebody told me I got washed up on the Beach at Coney Island two months later."

Well, after I told that story we moved down to the Captains table an knocked over some fancy dishes called snipe, ginney hen an aligator pairs.

To top the fun, the Captain blue us to a round of champayne, an after I got a swig of that stuff I didnt care if the ship sunk. Brother, between the bubble water cuttin up with the Lizzards Breath everybody was on the crest of a wave. To make matters worse, the troup moved up to the Veranda Cafe an began inhalin some dizzy drinks called Side Cars an Rumble Seats. After hoistin four or five of them things I went out like a light. Yeah, an when I woke up I was sleepin with a Sweedish sailor in the crews quarters. Not only that, but I was sportin a lovely black eye.

Oh, an when the wife saw me the next day there was hell to pay.

"A swell gintelman you turned out to be," she says, gunnin my bum lamp.

"Whats bitin you?" I asks.

"What?" she yells. "The likes of you tellin them millionaires that blarney about the boiler explodin an all that bunk about your pent house an yachts. Say, you never owned a row boat."

"Oh, is that so?" I says.

"Yeah, an not only that," she beefs, "you told em you built the subway an owned a castle in Ireland. What stuff! You insulted the passengers. You called them bankers a bunch of stiffs. Not bein satisfied with that, you barged down to the engine room an started puttin out the ash barls like you were back in the flats. No foolin, youre just a mug!"

"AW shut up!" I roars. "How about you poppin off to them society dames about your father comin over in the Mayflower? Why, your old man used to swing a pick in the old country. An as for *you*, you were born under the L."

"Says you!" she yells. "Well, I didnt tell em I was related to Robert Burns the cigar maker, like you did. An I didnt get a black eye an make a fool of myself, did I?"

"Oh no?" I said. "But you got boiled as an owl. Listen. When the stewards found you in the lounge at three in the mornin, you were down on your knees beatin a carpet, an you after tellin the doods you were listed in the Social Register."

Well, Boss, for two days we didnt leave the room for fear the passengers would give us the razz. In fact, we didnt come out until the tub hit Havana. At last, when we did go ashore, we ran into the same gang of doods that were in the Captains cabin the night of the party. They had a good laugh over us an we ended up by them showin us the sights.

Well, when I got back to New York I found the excursion had cost me plenty. With buyin boat tickets, trick clothes, bettin on horses, playin poker an blowin the world to champayne, the outin set me back twelve thousand bucks. But it was worth it, because I didnt have to think of ash barls, garbage cans or nothin. I just lived the life of Riley.

WE were only home a couple of days when the wife insisted we should live in a swanky dump on the West Side. So in order to keep peace in the family I signed a two year lease for a dood apartment on Riverside Drive. It had statues of nakid women out in front, an the inside was cluttered up with marble benches, gold elevators, fountains an stuff like that. As for the attendants, they were dressed like Pershing.

We had hardly moved into it when the wife began goin high hat. She wanted to barge into Society an get her name in the papers. She started beefin that the work around the joint was gettin too tough. The result was, I had to hire a Chinaman from the Philipeans to bathe the dishes an open an close the doors. Can you imagine? Why, when she was livin in them flats down on 3rd Avenoo she would get up at five in the mornin an work like a slave. She used to scrub the vestibule, polish the bells, wash the stairs an sweep the sidewalk. Yeah, an in between jobs she'd take in washin.

Well, I no more than hired the Chinee than the brother-in-law came over with his wife an five kids. The kids had just graduated from the Reform School an the brother-in-law told me he was in a terrible jam because he hadnt been able to get any work for the past eight years. He said that the landlord had just streeted him and that he hadnt had a crust of bread in four days. Well, the wife began bawlin an the next thing I know she invited the mob to come up an *live with us*. My gosh, that was the beginnin of the end. To start with, it took a field kitchen to feed em. Not only that, but the kids raised merry hell. I guess it took me two weeks to get em civilized.

To add to my troubles, the wife took it into her head that she *must* have an ortomobile. So what did she do but stick an *ad* in the paper! Well, Boss, in fifteen minutes we had nine thousand ortomobile peddlers clutterin up the buildin. Not only that, but the front of the joint looked as if the Prince of Whales was payin us a visit.

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There were cars as far as the eye could see.

The salesman had no more than checked out than me an the wife discovered that neither of us knew how to drive. So the wife made a chaufeur out of the brother-in-law. She bought him a swell uniform with rubber boots an everythin. Yes, an what do you think the mug charged me? $100 a month for drivin us around, and him not workin for eight years! Besides that I was boardin an feedin his hoodlums for nothin. Oh, I had plenty of headaches.

Well, everythin went along all right for a while except for the fact that the wife was blowin in money like a drunken sailor. All I did was write checks like I was a real bank president.

The blow off came two months later. It seems I wrote a check for the rent an it bounced back with a lot of literature pinned all over it. It was marked "No Funds." Well, I dont know how such a thing could happen because I had six checks in the book left over. Anyhow, the landlord threatened to throw me out at the end of the week if I didnt come through. Not only that, but I got a law suit hangin over my head for $100,000.

It seems that the brother-in-law was drivin the wife to Brooklyn, an just as they got over the bridge some dumb cluck was crossin the street with a pushcart loaded with pineapples. Well, the brother-in-law, not bein fussy, smacked the pushcart in the middle, sent the pineapples all over Brooklyn an buried the fender in the guys ribs. What fun!

Later, the doctors at the hospital told me that if they succeeded in gettin the spotlight and radiator cap out of the guys chest everythin would be jake. But if they didnt get it out, the poor feller would go to the glue works an I would go to the cooler.

Well, Boss, the finish came last week when the sheriff moved in an kidnapped the ortomobile an all the furniture, so right now I haven't got a nickle. All them "friends" I helped with food, clothes, rent money an everythin dont even know me any more. They cross the street when they see me comin. S'funny life aint it Boss?

Anyhow, thats how I spent the Sweepstakes dough.

So if its alright with you, Boss, I'd like to have my job back as janitor in your 3rd Avenoo flats. Honest, I'll work like hell for you. As for the wife, she told me to tell you that she'll be glad to fix up that little room alongside the boiler. She wants to make it like a love nest.

Thanks much.

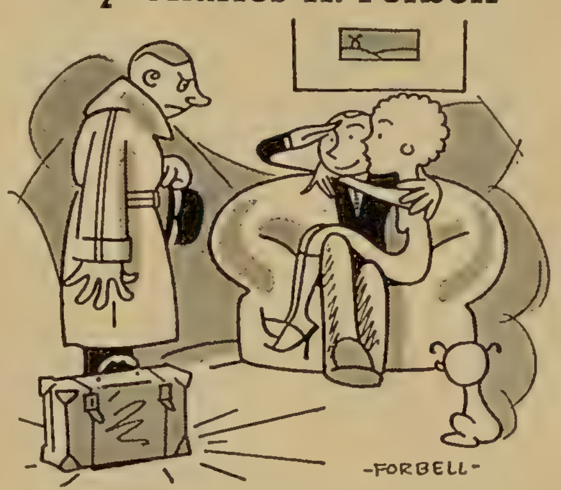
Yours troly, TIM DOYLE.

PS. If you can spare a buck I'll be much obliged.

THE END

What Do You Say?

by Charles H. Forbell



Husband: Well, dear, I don't believe I've met this man before!

Wife: W--, h---- d------, d--'- y-- k--- h--? H-'- Mae West's b------!

Husband: Mae West's b------?

Wife: Y--, h- s--- h-'- c--- u- a-- s-- m- s-------.

The answer will be found on page 48

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a Danism?

2—Ireland's Eye is what and where is it located?

3—When was Albert Einstein, the scientist, born?

4—What Canadian rivers are named after the explorers who discovered them?

5—Who was the last survivor of Washington's army?

6—Are there more married men and women than single ones in the United States?

7—How long did Noah Webster spend in compiling the American Dictionary of the English Language?

8—Who was the first mayor of New York City?

9—What is the highest mountain in Canada?

10—A whatnot is what?

11—Where is the largest known meteorite?

12—When was England ruled by a commoner?

13—Geologically, how may rocks be broadly classified?

14—When did Newfoundland become a British possession?

15—What is the total area of the British Empire?

16—Strictly speaking, who are considered Spanish-American War veterans?

17—Where and when did the Haymarket Square riots occur?

18—What Canadian author became famous through his poems of the arctic?

19—What Biblical character referred in a parable to the time when he "washed his steps with butter"?

20—A holystone is what?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

Hollywood Hate

Here Is the Rest of the Mystery Story Which Began on Page 34, and a Check-List to Test Your Powers of Observation and Memory

AN hour later Thomas Brawley, deputy superintendent of police, scrutinized with careful attention his good friend Rawlins's minute description of the missing Golding.

"If Golding turns up dead," grinned Brawley, "what good will it do us to know that his voice was like soft soap with glue in it?"

"Oh, go to hades!" snapped Rawlins. "You thick-headed cops have no imagination or you wouldn't be pounding pavements. Solution of this case depends upon understanding thoroughly the personalities involved."

"Dear old Rawlins!" murmured the police official, still grinning. "I forgot for the moment that painting personality is your pet racket. Have you got any bright ideas as to where Golding—or his body—is likely to be found?"

"If I were you," said the artist quietly, "I would search in the neighborhood of a small railroad station which I noticed about the time Golding disappeared. You should be able to identify it from these points I observed."

"Huh. Red light, yellow lantern, water tank—not much to go on, Rawlie. But knowing the train schedule and the approximate time you saw this station, we ought to be able to spot it. I'll get the Santa Fe people going on it right away and broadcast your description of Golding." Brawley punched a button and issued sharp orders. Then he turned again to Rawlins.

"Golding was a pretty important man. The Cosmic Pictures people are powerful and they'll insist on a full investigation. Looks to me as though the blonde girl was due for a nice long stretch in some Western penitentiary. Lucky if she misses the hot seat."

"Hell's bananas, Brawley!" exploded the big artist. "You jump to conclusions like a mountain goat leaping over a cliff. You haven't got evidence enough against Lida Lantry to arrest her."

"You're telling me! But I'll get the evidence when we find Golding's body. Meanwhile I'm having her shadowed—she can't leave Chicago without my permission. I'm also keeping Lewton Donelly, the train conductor, and this brakeman you mentioned. By the way, Rawlie, can you stop over for a day or two?"

"If you'll let me sit in when you question Miss Lantry. You can reach me at the Blackstone."

"O. K. Much obliged to you. It'll mean a boost for me if I can clear up the disappearance of John C. Golding."

Rawlins was awakened next morning by a jangling telephone bell. Brawley's voice came over the line, tense with excitement:

"Found Golding! Few miles beyond that station you described . . . Dead? Couldn't be deader. Various arms and legs broken, evidently due to his fall from the train. Cause of death was a fractured skull. . . . No, I doubt it. If he'd landed on his head, why would the rest of him be smashed so badly? See you in my private office in the Loop at ten o'clock."

Lida Lantry sat shivering across the desk from Deputy Superintendent Brawley. Morning sunshine, slanting through an office window thirteen stories above the gloomy street, made a glittering golden halo about the girl's yellow hair and fell full upon her chalk-white face, revealing gaudy, nervously applied rouge spots. Clyde Rawlins lounged unhappily, in a chair much too small for him, at the police official's elbow.

"That's a good one, Miss Lantry!" rasped Brawley, his hard ironical face pushed close to hers. "You weren't on the observation platform when your boy friend got thrown off the train, eh? Don't be stupid, now. Donelly saw a girl with Golding on the platform. She wore green sandals, a rose-colored traveling suit, and a green hat. Mr. Rawlins, here, says you were wearing shoes, suit, and hat of precisely those colors. So I know—and you know—that you are the girl who was alone with Jack Golding when he got murdered!"

"Oh! There's some terrible mistake!" Lida buried her face in her hands and began to sob. "I wasn't there, I tell you. I was in my own room—undressed!"

Brawley took hold of the girl's wrists roughly and pulled her hands away from her face.

"Look at me! Look me in the eye. You told Rawlins you hated Golding. You said you'd get even with him, if it was the last thing you ever did. Well, it's likely to be the last thing you ever do—outside a prison. But if you come clean now, it'll mean a lighter sentence. The judge will sympathize with you if you confess. Listen! You hit Jack Golding over the head with that big heavy silver flask of his—didn't you? He was leaning over the rail on the observation platform. You came up behind him and hit him with the flask. The blow toppled him over the rail and his body rolled into a culvert beside the track. That was it—wasn't it, now? Come clean!"

"No! No! No! I wasn't with Jack at all—honest I wasn't!"

"Wait a minute, Brawley." Rawlins laid one massive hand on the other man's shoulder. "Look at Miss Lantry's right arm."

"What the hell!" Brawley was profoundly irritated. "What's her right arm got to do with it?"

"Her arm is weak as a child's. Frail as a butterfly's. Mean to say she could crack Golding's thick skull with a silver whisky flask?"

"Maybe she just pushed him over. I'm coming to that possibility."

"Pushed him over! The girl doesn't weigh ninety-eight pounds. Golding must have weighed around two hundred. She couldn't possibly have pushed him over the railing."

"Oh, yes, she could! It's all a matter of balance. I'll make Miss Lantry demonstrate it for you herself in a minute."

"And her motive wasn't ripe, either. She was trying to work herself up to it, but she hadn't reached the climax yet. Blondes have psychological inertia. It took Ruth Snyder more than a year to bring herself to the killing point. It took that Winnie Judd woman several months of constant quarreling with the girls she finally killed. Lida Lantry was weeks away from murder—"

"That personality racket may go big with the saps who buy your pictures, Rawlins. But in a murder case it's sheer drivel. Who's running this show, you or me?"

"I am," stated Rawlins calmly, "from now on. Didn't I tell you where to find Golding's body? I'll tell you presently where to find his murderer. First, I want to hear our dramatic friend's testimony firsthand. Will you have Donelly in?"

Brawley shrugged his shoulders.

"When I question Miss Lantry again I'll take her alone. Before I do that, I'll give you a chance to shake Donelly's story if you can."

Lewton Donelly entered the deputy superintendent's office with nonchalant step, and seated himself at the desk. His great dark eyes burned with excitement but his manner was calm and unperturbed.

"I hate like the devil to get this poor girl into trouble," he apologized. "Wish now I hadn't told the conductor about seeing her with Golding."

"Just repeat your description of the girl's clothes, will you, Donelly?"

The playwright repeated his story—green sandals, rose suit, green beret. Rawlins leaned forward impressively.

"You saw this costume on the observation platform *after* we finished our talk? *After* I left you to go inside the train?"

"Yes; I started to follow you, Rawlins, but you hurried away. Then Golding came out, and I thought I'd see if he would speak to me—he knows me as well as he knows his own brother. But he ignored me completely. Before I could force the issue, a girl came out dressed as I've described."

"Donelly"—Rawlins's question was so apparently irrelevant that Brawley snorted with disgust—"do you remember that brakeman who climbed aboard the train while we were talking?"

"Brakeman? You mean the fellow who was testing the train wheels?"

Rawlins nodded. "And do you remember, Donelly, what he laid down at the rear of the observation platform?"

"Why—er—his lantern, wasn't it?"

"What else?"

"Ah—maybe his sledge hammer. I don't know."

The big artist reached suddenly behind him and produced a trainman's hammer. He said, staring hard into the dramatist's widely dilated eyes:

"See the blood on it, Donelly? Blood! Jack Golding's blood! And here on the handle we found some beautiful fingerprints. You have unusual, distinctive fingers, Donelly--long, artistic, *strong*—"

The playwright moved swiftly, gracefully to the window. He jerked open the lower sash. With one foot poised on the sill, he turned with a dramatic gesture.

"I said it would make a great plot, Rawlins! I've written letters to all the papers telling why I killed Golding—telling the world who really wrote the outstanding picture stories of the year, and who stole them!" He glanced down thirteen stories to the street. "There's quite a crowd down there," he said. "My last play will make the front page!"

And Lewton Donelly stepped out the window.

"Rawlins!" gasped Brawley. "Are there really fingerprints on that hammer handle?"

Rawlins shook his head.

"No fingerprints and no blood. The sledge had been used again several times before I got hold of it. But I understood Donelly's dramatic personality. I knew he had the right motive for murder: a year's accumulated hate against the man who had robbed him of his dearest possessions—reputation and publicity."

"Rotten raspberries!" snapped the incensed Brawley. "Don't try to kid me, Rawlins. How did you actually find out that Donelly murdered Golding?"

"Just a little bit of simple psychology, Brawley," said Rawlins gently. "Nobody can distinguish colors in the twilight—all colored objects appear gray. So when Lewton Donelly said he saw green shoes, rose-colored suit, and green hat on the unlighted observation platform after sunset, I knew he was lying. Why should he go out of his way to lie, throwing suspicion on a pretty girl he had no grudge against, except to cover his own guilt? It just goes to show murderers should be better educated."

KEY TO THE AUSSAGE TEST

Description of John C. Golding

1 He was thickset,
2 paunchy,
3 of medium height,
4 with muddy brown eyes,
5 black hair,
6 partially bald.
7 He had a large head,
8 a beaklike nose,
9 a heavy face,
10 a would-be social smile,
11 a suave voice,
12 an oily voice.
13 He wore plus fours.
14 A homespun jacket:
15 jacket was greenish color;
16 jacket was pleated;
17 jacket was baggy.
18 A green-striped tie.
19 Sport shoes;
20 shoes were black and white.
21 Golf stockings;
22 stockings matched shoes.
23 He had a traveling cap:
24 cap was big;
25 cap was flat;
26 cap was yellow;
27 cap was carried in Golding's hand.

Description of Lida Lantry's costume

28 She wore a traveling suit:
29 the suit was smart;
30 the suit was old-rose color.
31 A beret:
32 the beret was green;
33 the beret was daring.
34 Sandals:
35 the sandals were green;
36 the sandals had high heels.

Description of the station Rawlins saw

37 The station was small.
38 The station had a red lantern:
39 the lantern was hung low;
40 the lantern was hung on the western end of the station.
41 The station had a yellow light:
42 the light was high up;
43 the light was on a post;
44 the light was at the other end of the station from the red lantern.
45 The station had no light inside.
46 There was a water tank:
47 the tank was a split second beyond the yellow light;
48 the tank was high;
49 the tank was set on a stiltlike framework;
50 the tank appeared as a cylindrical mass.

Description of what happened when the train stopped

51 Rawlins spoke to Donelly:
52 he said (in essence) that the train was stopping;
53 that there was no station in sight;
54 he wondered what had happened.
55 Donelly answered Rawlins:
56 he said (in essence) that it was probably a hotbox;
57 that there was a brakeman;
58 that the brakeman had a lantern;
59 that the brakeman had a sledge hammer;
60 that the sledge hammer was a little one;
61 that the brakeman was testing the wheels.

(NOTE: If you remember the facts in this conversation without remembering who stated them, count each fact remembered as half a point.)

62 The trainman (brakeman) scuttled (ran) back toward Rawlins and Donelly;
63 he did this as the train began to move again.
64 The trainman climbed over the observation platform rail;
65 he climbed the rail at the side of the platform.
66 The trainman extinguished his light.
67 He set his lantern down at the rear of the platform.
68 He set his hammer down at the rear of the platform.
69 The trainman spoke to Rawlins and Donelly:
70 He said (in essence) that everything was all right;
71 that they couldn't take chances with the train;
72 that the train went sixty miles an hour on the downgrades.
73 The trainman pulled the signal cord.
74 The train began to pick up speed again.
75 The trainman went inside the train.

HOW TO SCORE YOURSELF

If you remembered correctly 15 of the items listed above, call your score 40. This is the passing mark. For each additional item remembered above 15, add one point to your score. Thus, 16 items gives a score of 41, 17 items a score of 42, 25 items a score of 50, and so on up to 75 remembered items, which gives you a perfect score of 100. If you remember correctly 45 items or more, giving you a score of 70 or above, you possess remarkably good powers of observation and memory.

Your accuracy score is obtained by dividing the number of items correctly remembered by the total number of items you set down in your list. Suppose you listed 20 items, 15 of which are correct: 15 divided by 20 gives you an accuracy score of 75 per cent. This is about average. An accuracy score of 60 passes the test.

A score of 90 or above is extraordinarily good—it shows you are very reliable in giving an account of anything.

Answer to What Do You Say? Puzzle on Page 46

Husband: Well, dear, I don't believe I've met this man before!

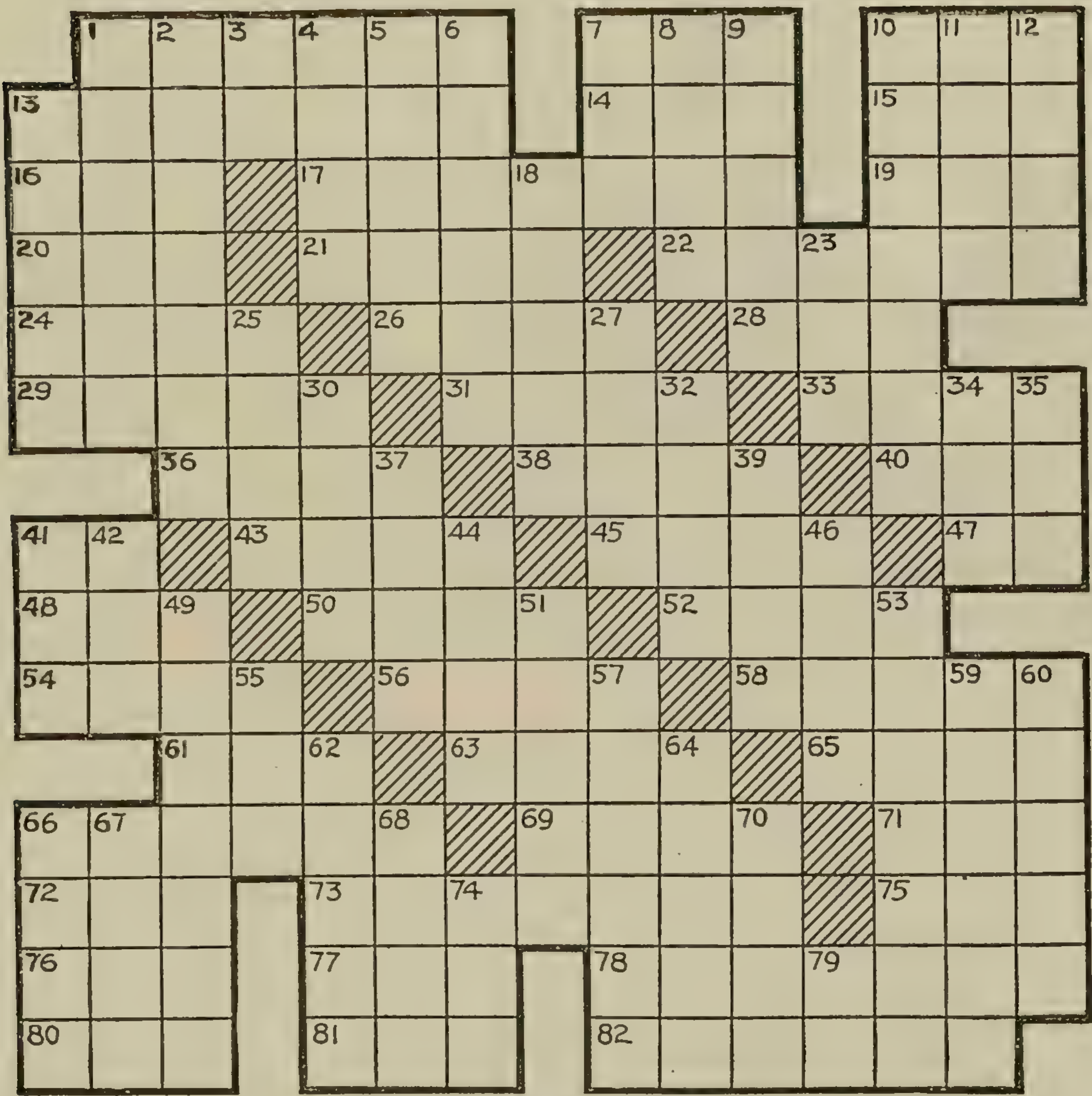
Wife: Why, hubby darling, don't you know him? He's Mae West's brother.

Husband: Mae West's brother?

Wife: Yes, he said he'd come up and see me sometime.

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane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41 42 43 44 45 46 47
48 49 50 51 52 53
54 55 56 57 58 59 60
61 62 63 64 65
66 67 68 69 70 71
72 73 74 75
76 77 78 79
80 81 82

HORIZONTAL

1 This gets around the girls and gives them an edge
7 Whale
10 Gum architect (abbr.)
13 The only thing he could pass at college
14 — Beta Pi
15 A good looker
16 Past
17 100-per-cent talkie
19 Where to go for a little gamboling on the green
20 He leads a helluva life
21 Dole
22 Grandmaw's type
24 Old Southern conveyance
26 Northern flapper
28 The roadway of habit
29 How does this darned thing manage to keep up the pace?
31 Made the tabloids
33 Here're some twisters
36 Bird food
38 Undrinkable port of the East
40 What Gracie Allen went for in her bathing suit on a roller coaster
41 S'pose
43 A honey (slang)
45 Elks in nightgowns
47 You can ty this
48 An order for Rover
50 What a relief this turned out to be!
52 Lodge amounts
54 The white-collar class couldn't exist but for this place
56 Good-timish
58 Devilish good mixtures
61 What he used to forge a good name in history
63 Here's a record that's often broken
65 Talky
66 After-dinner pick-me-up
69 This leads a base life in the Far North

S	L	A	V		P	A	T	E	N		A	M	I	D
L	O	D	E		A	W	A	R	E		C	O	D	E
A	B	A	S		T	A	C	I	T		R	O	L	E
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C	R		L	A	R	G	E	■	D	O	R	C	A	S
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S	E	E	M		S	P	A	D	E		R	E	N	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

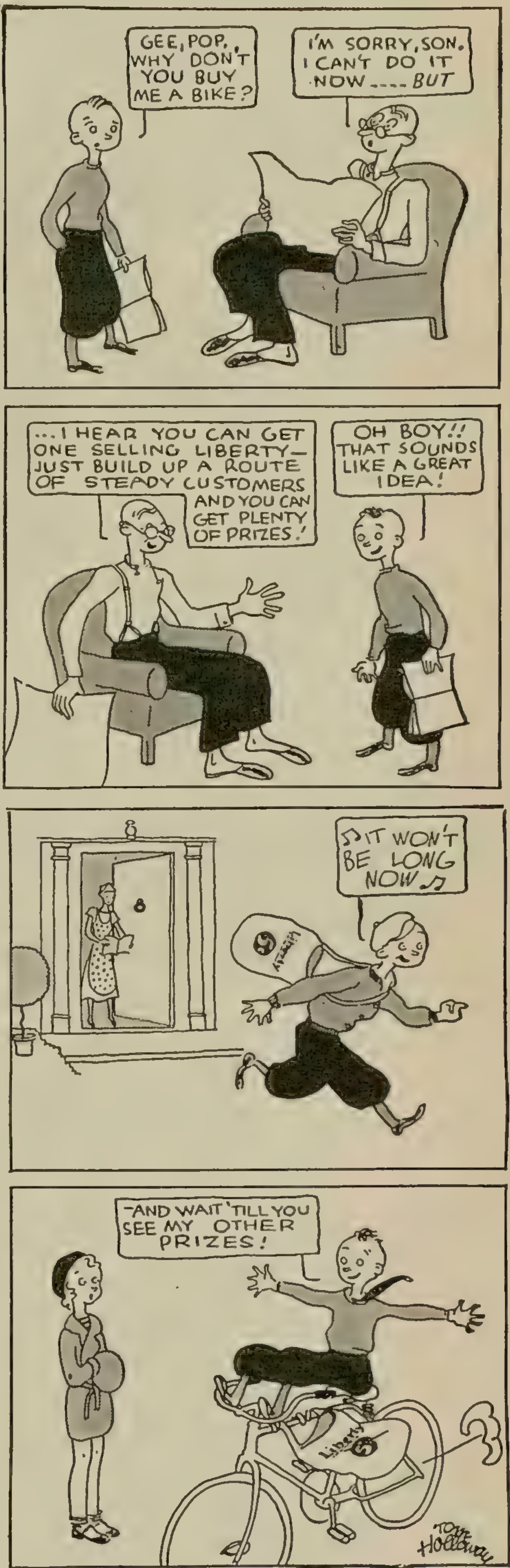
71 This was always being dug up in ancient Rome
72 This makes him change choler
73 A big flop (he couldn't grin and Baer it)
75 Professorial football
76 "Kindly remember that I'm a lady!"
77 Uncle Tomgirl
78 De-husbanded wives and vice versa
80 A short answer
81 Material for a sewer
82 I've heard of things getting burned up over these

VERTICAL

1 His business is tearable but it's always picking up
2 Dream worlds
3 ½ feet
4 Preposition
5 Pals of Penates
6 What an acceptance does to an author; a bottle does to a baby; and a dollar does to a banker
7 Old Hawaiian hanging
8 Winchell says this was split up recently
9 People used to be slaves to this
10 Cut it out
11 Changes color easily
12 A place to warm little Johnny
13 Beastly places
18 What a ducky existence they lead!
23 This falls on the first of the month
25 Whopped it up
27 Plumber's favorite vegetable
30 This fell down on the country last fall
32 The kind of women who inhabit hot spots
34 Fried
35 He's on the inside looking around
37 Lee but not Robert
39 Smear word
41 Hitler's is
42 I never understood why they didn't make coats from this tree
44 Nail this one immediately
46 He loved to play There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight on his fiddle
49 Chief exports of Ireland
51 This fellow acts awfully strange about this country
53 The father of Dan McGrew
55 The kind of man Hollywood wants
57 Fancy fall bloomers
59 What the Gibson girls pinned to their shirts
60 Fancy bridge work (plural)
62 Acuter
64 This'll help you read between the lines
66 This has always known lean years
67 Great copper country
68 You'll always find this in a church
70 A heavenly hat
74 This is a knock that leads to an opening
79 Here's how one and five add to four

The solution of this puzzle will appear next week

"All things come to him who hustles while he waits"


GEE, POP, WHY DON'T YOU BUY ME A BIKE?
I'M SORRY, SON. I CAN'T DO IT NOW ---- BUT
...I HEAR YOU CAN GET ONE SELLING LIBERTY— JUST BUILD UP A ROUTE OF STEADY CUSTOMERS AND YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF PRIZES!
OH BOY!! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA!
♪IT WON'T BE LONG NOW♫
—AND WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE MY OTHER PRIZES!

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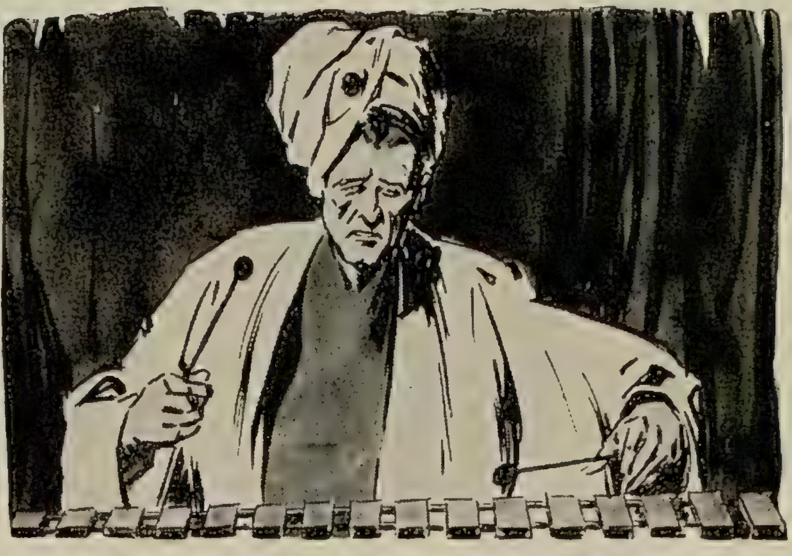
Clown Night

A Short Short Story

by GEORGE A. PECK



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

BEADS of perspiration oozed through the make-up on the tired, patient face of Sahmi, the Hindu mystic; and his thin arms were waving like a butterfly dancer's in their loose yellow robe as he thumped out the closing notes of his xylophone solo, the interlude between his magician and mind-reading numbers.

"Introducing Sara the psychic, who sees all and knows all!" His plump little partner knew this routine by heart. "Sara the mystic, who reads all minds and tells the past, present, and future!"

The last syllable was a choking sob, and as he tied the handkerchief about her eyes Sara noticed that it was something more than perspiration that left those telltale tracks down Sahmi's cheeks, and Sara felt a tightening in her own throat.

Sara the psychic—Sal Sanford to the profession—knew only too well what was wrong with Sahmi—Sammy Sanford off stage—on this particular night. After four depression years of occasional bookings in small provincial houses, topped by three solid months with no bookings at all, Jake Uhlmann, their agent, finally had slipped Sahmi and Sara the sour news that afternoon.

"Can I help it, Sammy," Jake had said, "if the little houses is going all-talkie and tossing the vaudeville in the ash can? I know it's tough, Sammy, but with an act like yours you might as well wrap up."

Washed up after almost twenty years of hard work and scrimping and saving against a rainy day, which didn't make sense when that rainy day lasted four years and was one continuous deluge. That was pretty hard to take. And the big laugh was that earlier that afternoon Sahmi had agreed to fill in as one of the opening acts at the vaudeville club's Clown Night, that weekly entertainment at which all good vaudevillians perform for each other.

"It means a feed on the cuff anyway, kid," Sahmi had told her bravely. "And Jake Uhlmann'll be out there in front—big-hearted Jake, the rat, with some of his bookers, looking for new meal tickets. But you never can tell; we may get a break. And anyhow we'll get a lot of laughs." . . .

"Sara the psychic; sees all—knows all!"

From that murky cavern beyond the footlights his key words told her that he was holding a cardcase and revealing the initials embossed thereon. Next it was the name of a current celebrity scribbled on the back of an envelope.

It was just the well known hokum to this sophisticated audience of fellow professionals, who sat there as quiet as stuffed owls and twice as gloomy—a gloom reflecting their knowledge that the Sahmi and Sara act was about through.

"Concentrate, Sara. *Watch* out this *time*. Tell me, Sara, what do I hold in my hand? *Watch* out this *time!*"

"A watch." Sahmi must be clear daffy, calling 'em as simple as all that; and the muffled giggle from the audience hurt Sara like a slap in the face.

"Wrong, Sara! A cuckoo clock with a cute little booking agent in it!"

The muffled giggle swelled into laughter.

"Sara the side-kick! Sees all—knows nothing!" Sahmi was shrieking wildly now. "Concentrate, Sara! You must use your *head* for this one. The psychic wave must be *felt;* otherwise you will be in the *dark!* Sara, what is it?"

"A hat—a dark felt hat!" This wasn't in the act, and they were laughing at Sahmi, and she couldn't let him take it on the chin alone.

"Wrong again, Sara. A fireman's helmet, you psychic wonder! Wow! Sara the side-kick! Sara the mystake! Now, Sara, concentrate again! Everything is black—black as *ink.* Penetrate the *fountain. Pen*-etrate the *fountain* of mystic consciousness, and tell me, Sara, what—"

"A bag of laundry, you dope!"

Sara didn't know what the game was, but she'd play it Sahmi's way anyhow.

Sahmi returned the fountain pen to its owner.

"Right once more. Sara the side-kick, Sara the mystake! Marvelous!"

The laughter grew to a howl.

"Now, Sara, concentrate again. I have here a gent's pocketbook. Everything is *jake,* Sara; everything is *jake,* and *you'll man*-age this one. Whose pock—"

"It's Jake Uhlmann's pocketbook. Better watch out, Sahmi, he don't get *your* pocketbook."

"And what else has the gentleman in his pocket, Sara?"

"Fishhooks, Sahmi, and the first dollar he ever made—or stole." Sara was laughing wildly herself through her tears.

"Marvelous! Stupendous! Sara the side-kick—hears all questions, knows all the answers!"

AND then Sahmi was off, and she was with him every step of the way, and ahead of him most of the time. And this audience of hard-boiled professionals was in an uproar of wild unrestrained laughter as Sahmi bent with reckless abandon, kidding his act, his audience, and his profession; ad-libbing with every trick of the trade and bantering friend and foe alike.

And by the time Sahmi was back in the wings with her and they had taken six curtain calls, those tiny streaks down his cheeks were great wide gullies, and Sara, although a woman and made of sterner stuff, was a trifle streaky about the face, too, as she stood there with her arm about Sahmi's shoulder. . . .

It was big-hearted Jake, the rat, with a few tears on his own cheeks, who was first backstage to greet them; accompanied by a portly gentleman occupying the first mortgage of a prosperous-looking fur coat and hiding behind an important diamond.

"Sammy, your new burlesque number's a knockout," Jake said. "Look! Even you got Sal laughing till she's crying. I'd like you should meet Mr. Berg, of Hocken and Berg, the producers. He wants your act for a spot in his new show. And Joe Van Raalte's out front, and wants you should make for him a couple movie shorts. But tell me, Sammy"—Jake's voice had more tears in it than a mammy song—"why you and Sal ain't told me before now that you got this great comedy act, the same what I can place in a good spot on any bill?"

Sal had the answer to that one too.

"Say, Jake Uhlmann," she snapped, "what you think we are, a couple of mind readers?"

THE END

WHAT'S BEING SAID?

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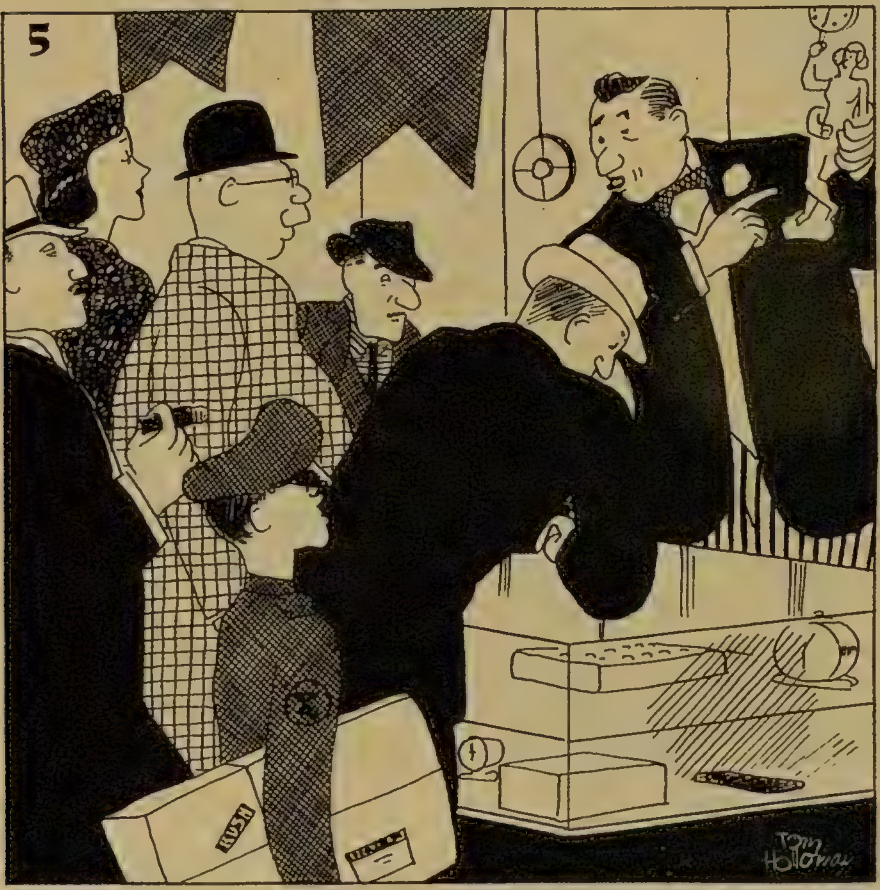
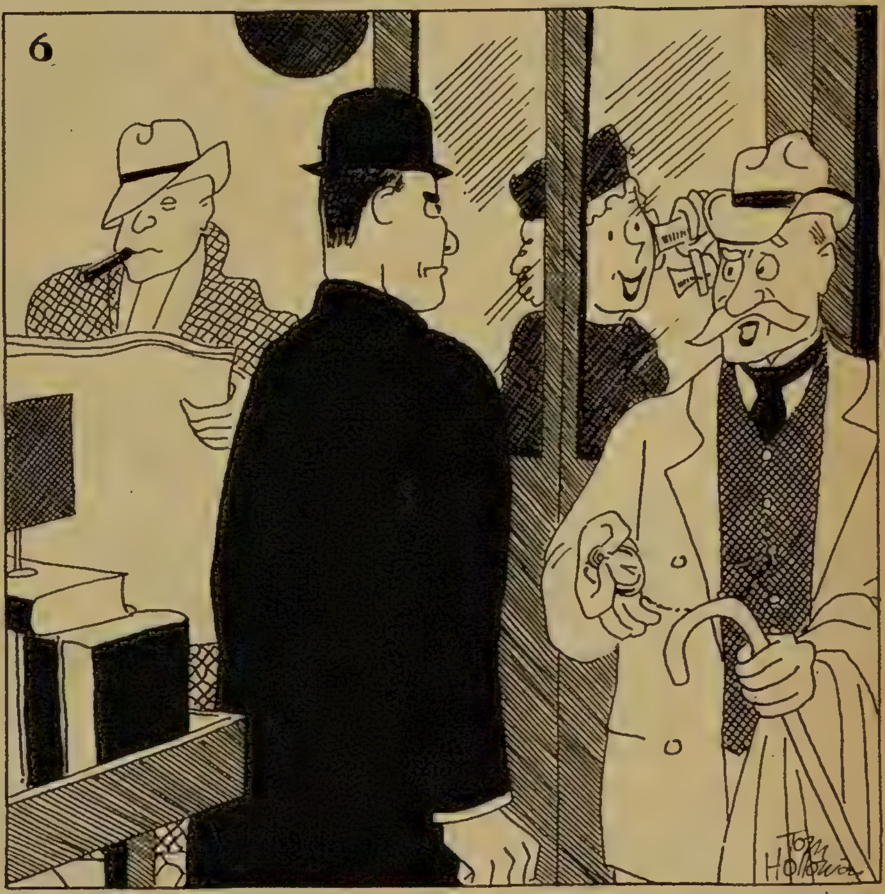




ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE, OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. Sold to the man in the brown derby!
2. And now I want to tell you everything about my vacation.
3. Some men are terribly impatient, I think.
4. I've so much to tell you.
5. Oh, why don't you hire a hall?
6. Take your time, folks, I have all evening.
7. I hope I'm not keeping you people awake.
8. Now you talk a while and let me listen.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

YOUR chance to win one of these prizes is excellent even though you may not have started from scratch two weeks ago. If you wish, you can get started toward the prize money by selecting sentences of conversation appropriate for the above drawings. Begin now! You may even win the $500 First Prize. Read the rules carefully so that you understand the conditions. Then study the drawings. What is being said in the auction room? Write it down. What sentence best fits the annoying situation at the phone booth? That should be easy for most of us. When you are satisfied with your captions for these drawings file them in an accessible place pending completion of your set.

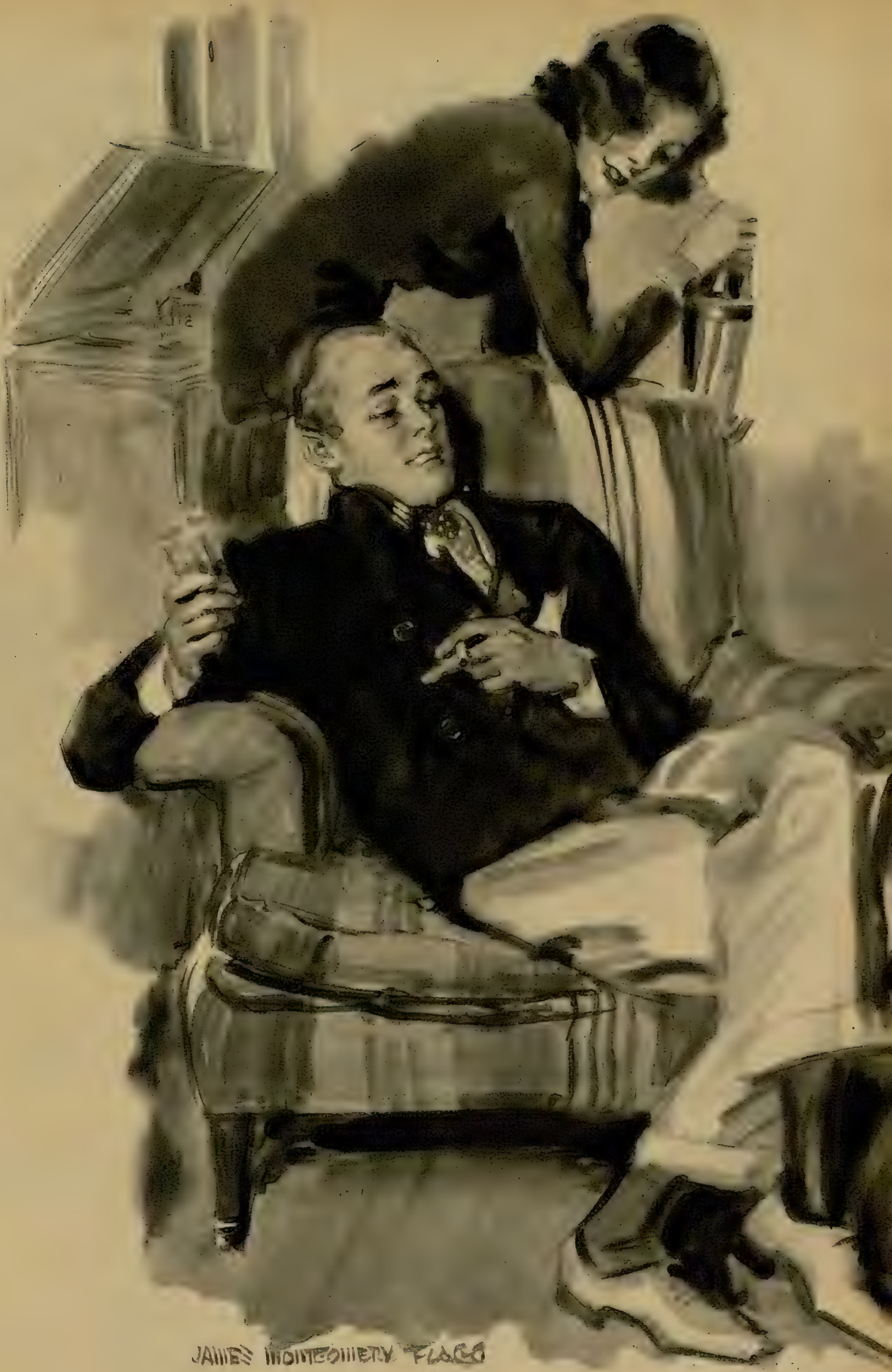
LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Now, if you are competing for the first time and your copies of Liberty for the two immediately preceding weeks have been given away or mislaid, send for free reprints of Drawings 1 to 4. Mail your request to the address in Rule 4. When you receive the reprints, select appropriate sentences and your entry will be up to date.

BEGIN NOW! YOU CAN'T WIN UNLESS YOU ENTER!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 32 SECONDS



PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

Your studio just called and informed me that the casting director wishes to see me regarding a small part in a picture. I am not going to see him and I said so. I know you are worried about my financial condition. Don't be, please. My financial condition is very favorable.

I am moving in with Gladys Haligan. I don't particularly crave to live with her but she insisted and I don't seem to have much resistance.

In time I shall go home. By home I mean where my mother is. I don't know why I intend sometime to go there. Either she or I missed up somewhere. I should be able to go to her when I feel lost and beaten. I should be able to tell her everything that has happened to me and find strength in her understanding sympathy. But that is greeting-card stuff and food for poets.

I shudder to think of the millions of girls who would say the same thing about their mothers. Has it always been so? Is the "your best friend is your mother" line a gag like Santa Claus? Or did the World War put an insurmountable barrier between those who grew up before it and those who grew up after it?

Keep well, Ray, and don't think I didn't appreciate your studio's call; but there is no sense in my going to work. I don't need the money and I don't feel like working.

Yours,
C.

Gladys serves as an antidote for memories that are too poignant:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

I am quite aware of Gladys Haligan's reputation. Isn't everybody? I don't seem to care, however, what she has done, what she will do, nor what she is doing.

What Price Reputation When You Lose the One You Love? ....

WILD as a HAWK

This Billy Madrigal is strictly a phony. He drinks a lot but he always manages to get me home except that one night.

You don't seem to know that things like reputations don't matter to me. Bruce MacDougal was killed and all conventional standards went over the cliff with him and Cara Breslin. I look at people now and I only wonder how amusing they could be, how long they can make me forget. You think you understand. But you don't. You never lost anybody whom you loved. I hope you never do.

You send me a note in which you tell me not to brood, and you also tell me not to move in with Gladys Haligan. Very simple rules. Both of them. I am better off with Gladys. She knows nothing of yesterday or tomorrow. She eats, drinks, laughs, and loves, and never thinks. Perhaps I will catch some of her joyous spirit. I don't know what you mean by brooding. Surely I can't forget there once was Bruce. I can't forget his smile, his voice, and, worst of all, I can't forget his violent death. You know I never expected to have him for my own. I could be comfortably content if he were only alive and happy anywhere on earth with any woman. But he is gone and I am shocked and grieved, and I can't snap out of it all in a twinkling as my friends seem to think I should.

I am at Gladys Haligan's and I will stay there for a time. Believe me, it is the best thing for me. I know. I have tried living alone with the vision of a car that fell a thousand feet. You would be glad I was with Gladys if you knew what that vision was like.

Yours, C.

Cynthia sums up her life for her dearest friend:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

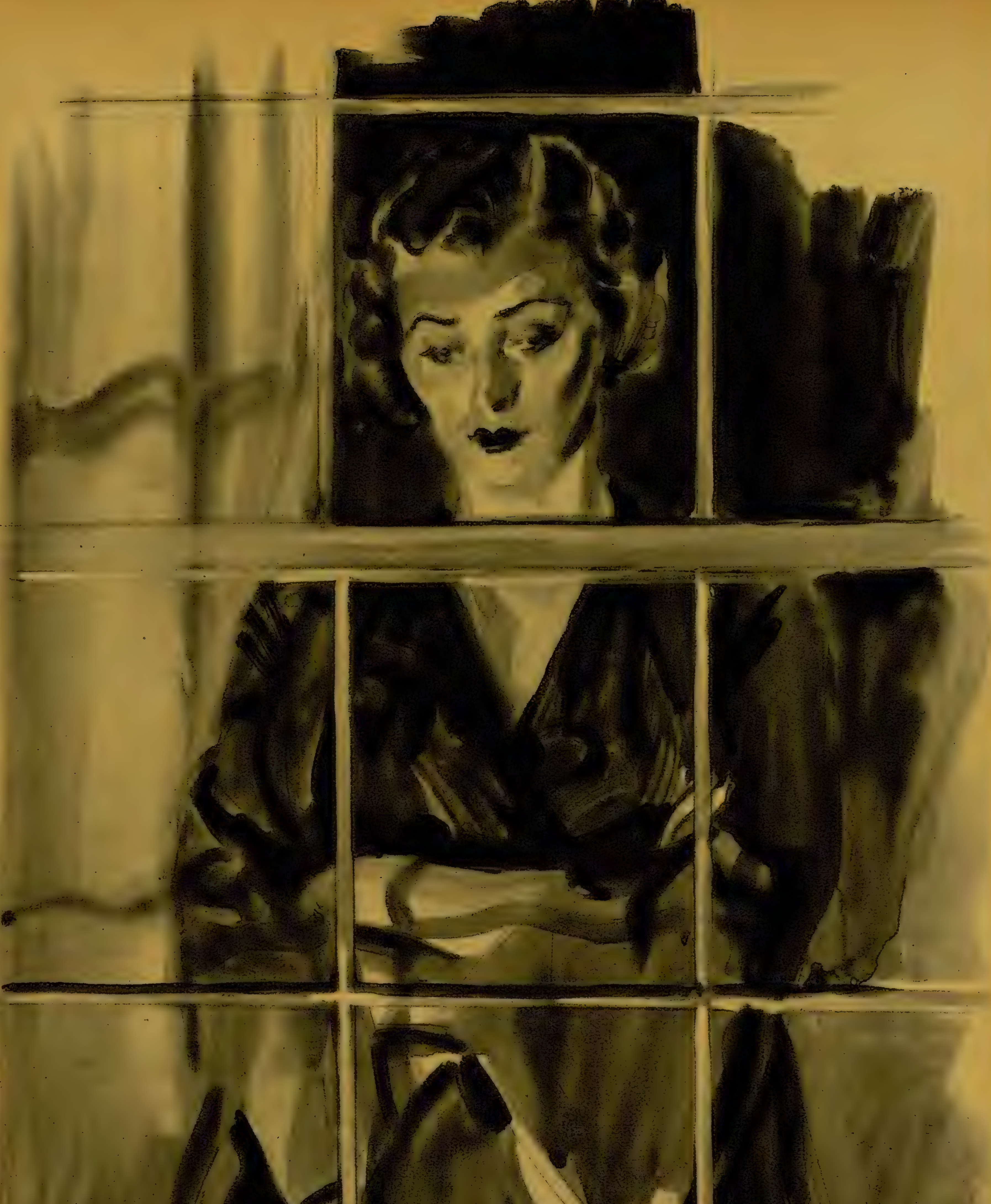
DEAR ZELLAH:

I have moved in with Gladys Haligan. I don't know whether I ever told you about her or not. She is a girl here in town who used to do a little work in pictures now and then. She doesn't any more. She's quite pretty and not too dumb, and I think it's better for me to live with somebody. She has a little house and a cheap maid and we get along fine together.

She has a boy friend named Pat Dayton and he has a boat and loads of friends, so things are pretty gay around here. Frankly I'm not crazy about Gladys's crowd, but they're a good-natured bunch and very sweet to me, and if I'm not crazy about them the fault is probably with me and not with them.

I am trying very hard to be what is known as a good mixer. I used to be, but recently my only idea is to get by myself as soon as possible, and when I do I am sorry, for I do not find myself very good company. It's difficult here to get by myself, as Gladys regards all rooms as hers and she comes through a closed door as easily and with as little self-consciousness as a ghost. I guess it's just as

Now Cynthia's Tortured Questionings Find an Answer


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I stand alone now, watching the passing show and thinking many things.

well that I'm forced to mingle with the crowd that fills this little house on every evening that Gladys is at home.

I do not see Ray Garden but I hear of him and from him. I saw in a chatter column that his wife returned this week to Los Angeles. I wonder how she liked the Orient. I guess she didn't treat the Japanese the way she has always treated Ray or we'd have been in a war with them by now. The item I saw said that she was returning, and added that the Gardens, upon the lady's return, would have an interesting announcement to make. I suppose her police pup has cut a tooth.

Well, that's all there is. There isn't any more.

Yours, CYNTHIA.

She relents toward a once-despised admirer:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

MY DEAR MR. MADRIGAL:

Thank you very kindly for the roses. They are beautiful. I don't know when I've seen lovelier ones. Gladys says that you were under the impression that I stayed in my room last night because I didn't want to meet you. You are quite wrong. I didn't know until this morning that you had been here. I had some letters to write, so I didn't come out.

I don't in the least object to meeting you in the usual way, but I'm just as snooty as ever about having my telephone number handed to whosoever asks for it.

I suppose that sooner or later Gladys will introduce us. Thank you again for the flowers.

Cordially yours,
CYNTHIA CARSON.

Lies are cloaked in truth to reassure her mother:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR MOTHER:

Your letter received and I'm glad to know that you are well. I wish you wouldn't worry about me. I am perfectly all right but I don't feel like coming East just yet. There isn't anything for me to do in the East. As I've told you, I would like to see you and brother and Zellah and of course Cookie; but then what? I think brother is an out-and-out rat to tell you things that will worry you. He hasn't any facts, you know; he is only guessing and he's guessing wrong. I like the part of the letter where you quoted brother as saying that I was as wild as a hawk. He makes me sick.

Just for your comfort I will tell you what I've been doing recently. I'm living with Gladys Haligan, who is a very lovely girl. We have a cute little house and we're very happy in it. She is engaged to marry a man named Pat Dayton, who is a lawyer. Through them I met a very charming chap named Billy Madrigal, who is taking me out now and then. We go to the movies, get something to eat, and then he brings me home. Does that sound too disgraceful?

Please quit stewing over me. I can take care of myself and nothing's going to happen to me. Tell brother to mind his own business. If he thought about Cookie as much as he thinks about me, he'd work harder and make a decent living for her. You can tell him that, too.

Well, dear, I guess I got mad. I'm sorry. Forgive me. Love and kisses.

DAUGHTER.

Shame, penitence, and thanks a faithful friend's reward:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

I am sorry about last night. That doesn't happen often and you know it. I've never been a drinker and I'm not now, but I hadn't eaten anything all day, what with one thing and another, and a little drinkie made my head go round. I didn't know until this morning that it was you who had walked through the wall of cigarette smoke and bundled me into my coat and set me down in Gladys's living room.

I had come to that place (wasn't it the Gifford Club?) with an escort, but I don't know what became of him. Maybe he passed out.

I am very ashamed of myself, for I passed out too. Didn't I? I am sorry for the trouble I caused you and the embarrassment it must have been to lug me out of there. Forgive me, and thank you.

Yours, C.

Zellah's fears will not be allayed by this news:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

There isn't anything new around here, but I feel I ought to write to you anyhow. I have a very bad headache today, if that is any news. Don't tell me to have my teeth and eyes checked, however, as something else caused this. I have a hang-over. Can you imagine?

You know it's really good for the soul to go out once in a while and get really gutter drunk. It's better than having a good sleep, for you dream while you're sleeping. Anyhow I managed to get a good shanty-town load aboard, and I have to admit that it made me feel swell—at the time; not this morning. Only my escort, a young heel about town named Billy Madrigal, deserted me. I'll have to find out sooner or later where he went. I was left stranded at the table, and some one who seemed a handsome and romantic stranger came to my rescue and drove me home. This morning I realized that it was Ray Garden. Incidentally the announcement the Gardens were about to burst forth with appeared in the papers two or three days ago. It's a divorce. They've at last realized what everybody in Hollywood always knew—that they're incompatible.

In other words, Ray is swell and she's something else.

I suppose I ought to go out and get some air, but I'm awfully sick of air.

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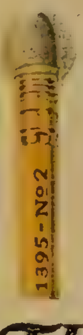

This wandering around town is very tiresome. The sun is shining all the time and Sunset Boulevard glitters so golden that it hurts your eyes. I think I'll take cod-liver oil and get my sunshine that way.

I've found substitutes for everything now, I think.

Darling, if you don't hear from me for a while don't get worried. Pat Dayton's boat is going on a little cruise with ten or twelve people aboard and I think I'll go along. Gladys is going, of course, and I don't think I can stay here alone. The house is in the darkest, most desolate corner of the world and I think I'll go nuts if I'm left alone in it. I'd be hemmed in with palm trees and mountains and I'd sooner be on the boat.

So away I'll go to dare the Pacific and be deathly sick and probably come back not speaking to either Gladys or Pat. I was only fooling when I said that. Gladys and I get along fine together.

Love to you and Harry.

Always, CYNTH.

An invitation to dinner is refused:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

Thanks for the note and the invitation, but I don't really think there's any sense in me having dinner with you tonight or any other night. You represent all the things in life that are depressing—good sense, hard work, and quiet evenings. You will lecture me and we will get nowhere unless we quarrel, and that I don't want to do.

I assure you that the boat trip wasn't as bad as that mealy-mouthed little dame is giving out all over Hollywood. She was a nuisance on the boat, and now she's evidently spreading a lot of lies. In the first place, there was no free-for-all battle. It was a very quiet and exclusive affair. Just Pat Dayton and a gentleman who shall be nameless. The nameless one got a little fresh with Gladys Haligan and Pat clipped him a couple of times. That's all. Yes, they had been drinking. So what? After all, it wasn't a boatload of missionaries.

The other things she told you are great exaggerations. I was seasick and that is why Gladys had to put me to bed. But enough of explanations—the girl is a liar. That's all there is to that.

But I see no sense in our dining together, Ray. You will talk sensibly and disorganize the whole neat structure of my life with Gladys. And what will I have then? I have her now, and I have Billy Madrigal and a whole raft of people with whom you wouldn't be found dead. They fill my life. They overrun it. They don't give me time to remember anything that I want to forget. You would be different. You don't have to be watched so that you won't drink too much. You don't have to be begged not to make a fool of yourself on the dance floor. You would talk about me, and I am deathly tired of me. I am tired of everything except loud music, loud voices, and heavy sleep.

You are very kind, as you have always been, but I am not going to be trapped into a sane and quiet evening. They are too hard on the nerves.

Thanks just the same.

Yours, C.

Courage is all but dragged in the dust:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

Yours to hand. Thanks for all the news about you and Harry and blessings on you for looking up my mother again. She is evidently having kittens about me. Brother stirs her up beautifully, telling her everything he imagines I am doing. He started that when he was about eight years old and it gets worse every year. If she wasn't so crazy about him I'd tell him to quit going to see her. He writes to me but I don't answer his letters. I don't find anything in them that needs answering. When he writes for money, though, I'll tell him everything I've thought about him in the last twenty years.

News of me? Well, I'm fine. Everything is just the same. Gladys and I are still fighting it out on the same old line. That is to say we have our little run-ins but nothing serious. She's not a bad sort but we have different ideas about everything under the sun and so of course we have disagreements.

I hear from Ray. He asked me out to dinner the other night but I didn't go. He'd only talk me away from Gladys and then I'd be sunk. I wouldn't know how to live through an hour any more without her. She's always on her way to do something and it's better to go with her than to sit alone.

This Billy Madrigal I go around with is strictly a phony, but men are all more or less alike. He takes me places and he doesn't expect me to listen to what he says. That's something. He drinks a lot but he always manages to get me home, except that one night that he abandoned me and Ray did the honors.

I guess that's all there is to say. It seems to me that I used to write longer letters to you. I guess news is wearing thin out here or else I'm skipping an awful lot of it.

Well, Zellah, that's all for now. Love to you and Harry.

Always, CYNTHIA.

There's pathos and pain in this letter:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

All day long I have thought about the talk we had last night. I know I shouldn't have gone out with you. I knew you would be serious. I'll admit, however, that I didn't know you'd be *that* serious. I give you my word of honor, Ray, I never knew you really

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cared about me. I knew of course that you liked me, but I was speechless when you spoke of marriage. I never guessed that it had caused you any pain to step aside and let me have my sad little fun with Bruce MacDougal. You did it so beautifully that I was completely unaware that you had made a sacrifice.

I was deeply touched when you said that, after all, you had no right to try to hold me when Bruce was free and you weren't. I guess I've never thoroughly known you. I am sorry that my taking up with Gladys's crowd was such a blow to you. But the mere fact that I did take up with them should show you that you are wrong in wanting to marry me.

I cannot marry you. That's a simple fact. I would make you a very unsatisfactory wife. I could not run a big house with a dozen servants as I understand Mrs. Garden did. I could not entertain well nor say the right thing at the right time to people. But that is the least of it now. In later years the fact that I could not run a home would become the most important and annoying thing in your life. Now it will be something that you'll just laugh aside.

But to move along to things that will not make you laugh. You are a man of money and power. People talk of every move you make, and you would not like the things they would say about your wife if you were married to me. Perhaps you know, Ray, that I've been drinking a lot recently. I've been running with that Billy Madrigal who is some kind of a minor racketeer. I have been out on Pat Dayton's boat and have been Gladys Haligan's companion all over town. People would talk, and you wouldn't like that. Your position calls for a better wife than I would make, and you certainly deserve a better one.

I told you last night that it was impossible for me to marry you, and today I am more firmly convinced than ever that you wouldn't be happy with me. But thanks for the compliment.

Yours, C.

P.S. I have just realized that you are practically a free man and that I can sign my full name now if I want to, or call the studio, or even drop in your office. Will wonders never cease?

Here we find the essential gallantry of a square shooter:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

For news I have this: Ray Garden asked me to marry him. Isn't he a lamb? He doesn't care about any of these awful people I've been going around with. He just wants me and doesn't mind anything I've done. He loves me, and isn't it a crime that I don't love him? I don't mean because he is rich and important. You know I've never given a hoot in hell for the cash prize. I'm the kind of person who's always worked on puzzles for pastime and never even bothered to send in the answers. But I mean isn't it a shame that I can't get some good out of all his kindness and sweet nature? Some other girl will get him, but I can't help it. I do love him in a way. You know what I mean. But he doesn't make my heart pitter-patter and he never did. It's too bad.

It would be a dirty trick to marry him. I'm a washout. I've got nothing to bring him. He's a swell guy and he ought to have somebody nearly as nice as you. So that is that. I don't know anything else.

Love to you and Harry. CYNTHIA.

Does this wild hawk understand her own storm-tossed soul?

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

Your secretary says you're in conference and can't be disturbed, and anyway I'm more at ease in writing to you as it has been my custom for lo, these many moons. I got your pretty flowers and the note that accompanied them.

I found out this morning, just after the flowers arrived, that you had Gladys up in your office for questioning, and that she turned state's evidence on me. She

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THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
Executive Offices:
Oil City, Pa.
Los Angeles, Calif.
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FLORIDA FLYER

TOUGH-FILM
New PENNZOIL
THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER..FASTER..SAFER
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admits that she told you I eat nothing, drink much, and have generally gone to hell with that Madrigal guy.

I want you to know that I am a fool, but not as big a fool as I appear to be. There are some things that a person can't help—provided the person is a weak and senseless woman without a goal or an ambition. I did not purposely set out to ruin my life. I haven't the determination that such a project requires. I merely followed the same old line of least resistance. Bruce was killed, and that led me to needing some one who would stay near me. That meant Gladys. My alimony check was cut, and that led me to moving. That meant Gladys's house. Gladys, her house, her friends filled my life and meant parties which couldn't be faced night after night by a cold-sober person.

You see? It's very simple. I am not throwing myself away because of brooding over Bruce. I will never forget him, but that is past now. I've found a substitute for everything. Billy Madrigal is the substitute for Bruce. He's louder and funnier.

I wanted you to understand a little about this situation so that you wouldn't think Bruce caused it all. He didn't. Like everything in life, tragedy and farce walk hand in hand. He goes over a cliff and Roger decides that an ex-wife is an extravagance that can be reduced. And the other picture is that you stay away from me, waiting for the moment when you can come with what is known in the drama as an honorable proposal. And while you are waiting I am going berserk with some of the town's best berserk-goers. Well, there you are.

But I am no longer brooding. Forget me and find yourself a nice girl. Marry her and be happy.

Yours, CYNTHIA.

Gladys is treated to a few home truths about herself:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR GLADYS:

I am down here at the hotel, as I told you I would be. Please forward any mail that comes for me. I went up to the house this morning but evidently every one, including Jessie, was out. Or did you tell her not to open the door for me? I would put nothing past you. Let me tell you again that I don't want Pat and wouldn't take him if he were served up on a silver platter. But you wouldn't believe that last night, so probably you won't believe it today. He is my idea of nothing at all, and when I think of the scene you staged over him I become quite ill with disgust.

However, be that as it may, you and I are washed up. I was grateful to you for sticking with me when I was so depressed, until I found out that Madrigal had taunted you about me being out of your class, and you couldn't rest until you had shown him that we were the world's greatest friends. Well, live and learn.

I went to the house this morning because this is the day for my check to arrive. I'm absolutely broke and must have it. Will you send it down or mail it or call me when I can come get it?

Yours, CYNTHIA.

Cynthia accepts—with thanks:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

I would have sooner taken a beating than call your office and ask for money, but it couldn't be helped. The boy just arrived with the check, and thanks a million for it. Gladys didn't answer the note I wrote her, and she won't speak to me on the telephone. She will send the mail down in time, but she's just being petty and seeing how greatly she can inconvenience me. I wired Roger to send out another check, but I'd hate to hold my breath until he gets around to it. He wouldn't think of telegraphing the money, and of course I wouldn't want to explain everything to him. Anyhow, here I was penniless in the hotel, and they didn't want me anyhow on account of Mary, and I didn't even have a tip to hand a bellhop. You got me out of a tight spot.

It's very funny to be living here on Hollywood Boulevard. When I walk to the window I see a mile of lights and the town really looks to me like the fabled city of fiction where anything might happen. Somewhere some one is celebrating an event which is so important to him that he has hired great floodlights to whiten the sky. Perhaps it is only the opening of a new shoe-shining parlor, but it is a great night for the little man who owns it.

The automobiles roll along in an endless stream beneath my window. The people in them cannot all be happy, but I picture them so. I fancy them all well dressed and laughing lightly as they hurry to their night's adventures. I have sailed down the boulevard in satin and sequins with an orchid on my shoulder, but I stand alone now, watching the passing show and thinking many things.

I think of Cara and Bruce, and I think of them as thrilling characters in a great book. I have read the book and cried over it. I shan't forget it but I must cry no more, for from the start I knew them to be characters who could never people my world. I think of Gladys Haligan who is crooked and small and who would sell her grandmother for the price of a new hat. I think of Madrigal, who is a sort of comedy relief, for he pictures himself as big and tough, and always he is pathetically helpless with drink. I think of him with pity because he cared more for me than Bruce MacDougal ever dreamed of caring, and yet I could find nothing in my heart but contempt for his love.

I think of me, Ray, and I feel that I have been living in a delirium in which I did strange improbable things. I think of last night when Gladys put me out of her house. It must be a very wild dream in which I find myself dispossessed by Gladys Haligan. I am shocked to think of having placed myself where she could so insult me.

And I go to the window, Ray, and I think about you who are neither picturesque nor gay. You are no inspiring hero of romance, nor are you a clown who can laugh the clock around. You are only that dependable man of whom every woman dreams and few recognize.

I am a washout, Ray, with nothing to give you, but I think the madness is gone now and I am sane and very lonely.

I think that if you should come here tonight you would find me at the window waiting for you and trembling lest I've called too late.

My love,
CYNTHIA.

P.S. But if you are not at your office and it is morning when you read this, then things will be different. The floodlights will have gone from the sky, the stream of automobiles will be thinner, and no hint of romance will hang over the ones that pass. Everything will be changed, Ray, everything except me. I shall still be waiting here for you, and I have a very definite feeling that you will come and get me.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 46

1—A Danish idiom or expression.

2—A small island off the coast of County Dublin, Ireland.

3—March 14, 1879.

4—The Mackenzie, Thompson, and Fraser rivers.

5—According to a tombstone in a graveyard near Caldwell, Ohio, John Gray, who died March 29, 1868, aged 104, was "the last of Washington's command."

6—The 1930 census gives 26,327,109 married and 14,953,712 single males; 26,170,756 married and 11,306,653 single females of fifteen years and over. Widowed and divorced persons are not included.

7—About twenty years.

8—Thomas Willett; 1665.

9—Mount Logan, 19,539 feet, the second highest peak in North America.

10—A light open set of shelves used for bric-à-brac, etc.

11—At Bacubirito, Mexico; estimated to weigh fifty-one tons.

12—Between 1653 and 1658, when Oliver Cromwell was Lord Protector of England.

13—Into three groups: igneous, sedimentary, and metamorphic.

14—In 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert formally seized it in the name of the king.

15—13,172,060 square miles.

16—Those who served in the United States forces between April 21, 1898, and August 12, 1898.

17—In Chicago, May 4, 1886.

18—Robert W. Service.

19—Job; see Job 29:6.

20—A soft sandstone used to scrub wooden decks.

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE,
AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

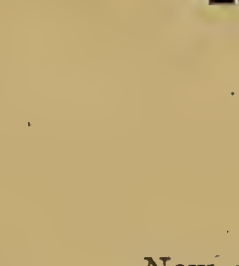
RITA WEIMAN—one of the most popular lady fictionists—specializes in stories about theater folk. George M. Cohan is her favorite actor, Katharine Cornell her favorite actress. Her husband is Maurice Marks, play doctor, publicist, and adorer of the old Gilbert and Sullivan operas. He and Rita ride around in a New York taxicab, the driver of which is also a Gilbert and Sullivan fan. So if you ever hear the merry songs of Pinafore or The Mikado wafting out of a New York taxi, you can say to yourself, " There go Rita and Maurice with their singing cabman."

Rita Weiman dresses invariably in green, white, or black. She always wears a three-cornered hat which, with her lovely white hair, makes her look like a French marquise of the Du Barry period.

Ask Rita Weiman what she had for lunch, and she can't tell you. " It was a nice lunch," she'll declare. " My maid brought it in on a tray, and I enjoyed it—but for the life of me I can't remember what I ate."

Such is the pressure of her writing that she works, you see, while she lunches. That is the answer.

Her only superstition is the one to which all theater people adhere. They believe it is unlucky to put a hat on a bed. They scream with fright if you do it. I don't know why. Neither do they.



RITA WEIMAN

AN unexpected sprout of wings has changed the line-up of a very wealthy and well known family. Family of three—mother, father, son. For a long time Mama's influence on Sonny didn't please Papa. Mama encouraged Sonny to be an etching fancier, a collector of first editions, a hound for the higher refinements. Papa thought that was awful! Papa is a self-made man. Having worked his way up in this hard-boiled world from office boy to millionaire, he looked with secret scorn upon the tender activities of his son. But he kept his scorn secret because he didn't want to hurt any one's feelings.

The boy had money of his own—inherited from his mother's family. Recently he took this money and invested it in an airplane factory. He has learned to fly—now spends most of his time in the air. His father is carried away with admiration. Scared of airplanes himself, he is even too tickled to wish that Sonny's job were not so dangerous.

Culture used to be the talk in that home. Mama and Sonny did the talking—with Papa in the background. Now *aviation* is the talk—a man's subject. Sonny and Papa do the talking, with Mama tagging along.

It is a happier and more reasonably balanced household than it was before.

A NUMBER of women readers have asked me to take up the cocktail question. They say, " We would like to mix our own cocktails sometimes, without depending on our husbands for the what's what and the how-to-do."

That's easy. The first thing you need is a little book of standard cocktail recipes. Dozens of them have been published since repeal. The next step is choosing your cocktail. For this it is well to understand that the stronger cocktails, such as dry Martinis, Manhattans, sidecars, etc., were intended to be served just a few minutes before sitting down to dinner—and *not too many* of them. One as a rule. Two at most.

In the afternoon, serve a comparatively mild cocktail. As a change from the rather overworked fruit-juice mixtures, I suggest the Alexander. Make it with equal parts of canned milk (unsweetened), crème de cacao, and gin. Put the milk in first, then the crème de cacao, then the gin. Add ice enough to chill, and shake thoroughly.

I'M still shuddering after a week end spent with a family of optimists who never lock their doors. Front doors, back doors, windows —they *never* lock 'em! In summer they go to bed with all their doors *wide open*. They don't even think of burglars. I am not abnormally nervous, but that house was too much for me. I couldn't sleep a wink.

THAT persistent bean-spiller, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has tipped over the social pot again in his new book, Farewell to Fifth Avenue (published by Simon & Schuster). He exposes the two *society* lists used by uppercrust hostesses—75 names on top, 150 in the second stratum. He places fourteen Vanderbilts (not including himself) on the top layer. Imagine how some lofty folk who find their names on the second list are going to boil!

I PREDICT a flirtation epidemic. Why? Look at our new spring hats! This year we have loony little sailor hats with childish bows tied crazily on the pillbox crown . . . and we have coarse straw Breton hats trimmed with bunches of dandelion fluff . . . and we wear perky veils cocked slantwise over one eye . . . and we feel ready for our share of admiring glances. We'll get them too.

Vox

HEADACHES FOR MR. SPER

Denver, Colo.—We have any number of sixth-grade boys in Denver who know more about the Rocky Mountain Conference than Norman L. Sper. Out of fifteen players mentioned in his All-Players All-America Football Team (February 2 Liberty) he had three of them listed from schools they did not attend. But that's not a bad average for an Easterner.—*H. A. Stewart, D.D.S.*

Chicago, Ill.—Norman Sper erred in his description of Ellmore Patterson, University of Chicago center selected for his All-America team. Patterson was born and raised in Illinois and not Long Beach, California; he misses being six feet four inches tall by almost four inches; and he does not have one more year of competition—he graduates this June.—*C. J. Mayer.*

Decatur, Tex.—The Southwestern Conference failed to place a man on your All-America team, but I'll wager that there are four teams in our state that could make Liberty's eleven fold up.—*Rocky Ford.*

STUFFED SHIRTS DOOMED

Rochester, N. Y.—Liberty is certainly to be complimented for carrying such an article as Jay Franklin's Are We Headed for a General Strike? in its January 12 issue.

It is a pity some people cannot see the handwriting on the wall. Let them talk with the man on the street, then use their efforts, as they should, for a greater measure of social justice. The reign of the " stuffed shirts " is doomed. —*Frederick D. Ferris, Advertising.*

COMMUNISM AND DARWINISM

Los Angeles, Calif.—Bernarr Macfadden's interesting editorial in February 2 Liberty, Communistic Agitators in Our Schools—Hang the Traitors, recalled my early school days when Darwin first advanced his theory of evolution. Because so many people shouted down his ideas a great body of students readily took up the subject merely to show their individualism.

Now comes the great shouting of Communism, and I must say I am no more interested in it than I was in Darwinism. In time the intelligent people will come to consider it in the same light with the theory of evolution and its followers will fade and die in their own dissension.—*Russel O. Tire.*

Roxton, Tex.—Millions of readers will thank you for your marvelous editorial on Communistic Agitators. It was a powerful, timely, and important subject that should be reprinted on the front page of every journal in the land as a solemn reminder of the perils with which our nation is threatened.—*Gibbons Poteet.*

New York, N. Y.—The National Student League and its three thousand members throughout the country protest vigorously against your editorial wherein you decry kowtowing to legislative detail and demand the death penalty for agitators.

If you mean by " agitators and traitors " those students in the colleges and high schools who agitate against every manifestation of Fascism, against war and war reparations, against all forms of discrimination—then we are proud of this distinction and pledge ourselves to carry on an unyielding struggle.—*Joseph Cohen, Executive Secretary.*

TEARDROPS AND DOLLARS

Laredo, Tex.—For a while you seemed to be playing Russia's and England's game when you socked Japan. Then you turn around and give Russia a kick in the pants which is right down the Nipponese alley.

So you play no favorites and no one can accuse Liberty of being un-American. But why not cut loose with a series of strictly pro-American articles showing exactly where we stand internationally and what's good for us and what isn't?

I believe that " the great bleeding heart " of America has bled enough for selfish, thieving foreign nations. I believe it is the duty of a powerful, responsible publication like yours to debunk our masses; to show them the realities of international intercourse; to call for an end to foreign sympathies and a beginning of sympathy for our own country. We've just about expended our store of generosity, pity, tears, and gold on the rest of the world; and you know and I know that when we have no more to give there won't be a country in the world willing to return a teardrop or a gold dollar.—*John H. Yeaman.*

HEIL VS. HURRAH

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Princess Radziwill's series, Hitler's Coming Doom, only furthers my belief that Liberty will always give us informative and educational articles.—*R. H.*

Hartford, Conn.—Your series on Hitler is just so much bunk to me. Anybody who knows the attitude of the German people will readily agree that petticoat politics could never create a national movement in that country, and will view Princess Radziwill's statements as sheer nonsense.—*Count of Seba.*

" SENATOR BRANDYWINE " IN NUTMEGIA

Washington, D. C.—Some time ago I wrote you about conditions in the textile belt of Tarheelia. Since then I've had reports of equally verminous conditions in Nutmegia.

The good old Connecticut manufacturers, it seems, have cherished the NRA in their bosoms and are milking it daily. Stretch-out, open shop, wage-cutting (covered by a few magnificent two-dollar weekly salary jumps for elevator boys and scrub ladies), and—in the case of strikers—the full support of police clubbers and state militia in a policy of " Starve 'em out! " And all the time they utter low, plaintive moans about the terrible curse of regimentation as they salt away the fattest profits in years.

The HOLC has been God's sweetest gift to the Yankee bankers, who have dumped their worst mortgages on to the government while proudly demanding that the government keep out of business. New Englanders need fear no comparison with the chiselers of any other section.

The North whopped us in order to prove that slavery was unprofitable when we could hire and fire our wage slaves for their work alone and shuffle off any sense of responsibility for their welfare. The North was right, from a business standpoint. Just because you drink milk is no reason for keeping a cow. The South was behind the times in the art of human exploitation and needed a war to bring it up to date.

Probably we won't get out of this depression until we re-establish legal slavery—call it by any pretty name you please—in the interest, not of the slave owners, God pity 'em, who won their emancipation from social responsibility in the war between the states, but of the slaves.—*Senator Brandywine.*

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE AGAIN

Valley Falls, R. I.—Please accept my heartiest congratulations for William Moulton Marston's Kidnaper's Contact, in January 19 Liberty. The test accompanying the story furnished a new form of diversion. Can't we have more from him?—*Josephine D. Barney.*

Chicago, Ill.—A detective story from a real expert like Marston was a very clever idea. Every one wants to play detective occasionally, and Marston's idea furnished the proper material.—*Alice F. James.*

SAFETY VALVE

Benzonia, Mich.—After suffering for six years from an upset system and headaches caused by stories, crossword puzzles, and contests, my druggist told me about Vox Pop and it's been my safety valve ever since.—*August Anderson.*

Shelby, N. C.—I think Liberty gets better and better with each *preceding* issue.—*John McBrayer.*

BACK TO THE HORSE AND BUGGY?

Columbus, Ohio—I wish Liberty would do something about people flying here and there for no reason at all. You can't pick up a paper without reading where somebody is making a transcontinental or transoceanic record-breaking flight. And why? What happens after they make these crazy trips?

They pose for newsreels, make a few speeches at banquets, and the incident is forgotten. The next day somebody else does the same stunt in some other part of the world or over some other ocean.

Pop

We'd all be better off if we'd go back to the horse and buggy and forget the airplane and the automobile.

Darned fools are always in a hurry. Wise folks take their time. We are all going to hell anyway, so there's no use in trying to get there first. There'll be plenty of room for all.—*Osmund Oakley.*

SERIALS INTO MOVIES

WEYERS CAVE, VA.—I can't say I'm in favor of your short serials lately—I mean four and five parts, like Getaway Money, which lasted only four weeks. That would have made a swell twelve-week novel.

And why don't you compile a list of all Liberty serials which have been made into movies, giving the star of each? It would make an interesting list.—*Fulton A. King.*

FISHING AND GAME HOGS

PASSAIC, N. J.—Hunting and fishing throughout the United States is gradually becoming worthless, due to unbridled fishing and game hogs. It is becoming popular for farmer groups to rent tracts of land to clubs, which means that in a few years there will be hardly any place where the average man can hunt.

To avoid this possibility, I favor a national association, captained in each state by some person—the head of the state police, for instance. The patrolling would be done by association members, and a license issued to hunt or fish on certain properties at a nominal fee. By thus deputizing the hunters and fishermen themselves, they would feel honor bound not to hog more than their share, and would see to it that others didn't.—*Emil W. Steffens.*

SOREHEAD

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—Trying to scratch out answers for your Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles is gradually causing me to become a big sorehead.—*Bus Jenkins.*

CALLING ALL TARS

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — I don't know where Faye Morgan found those sawed-off hammered-down sailors she wrote about in February 2 Vox Pop, but I am sure she's mistaken when she says that the navy has no real men in it.

My fiancé, aboard the Tuscaloosa, is six feet four inches tall. Now, I ask you, Vox Pop, is there anything peewee about men like that?—*Barbara.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I'll bet Faye Morgan is one of those lanky bean-pole girls who like light-headed marines.—*Bluejacket, U.S.S. Saratoga.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—If Faye Morgan had scrubbed as many decks as I have she'd be a hammered-down peewee too. —*Sailor, U.S.S. Tuscaloosa.*

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—We honestly believe Faye Morgan mistook the Coast Guard for sailors.—*Three Gobs, U.S.S. Maryland.*

ONE VOTE FOR PAT

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—

If Patrick Henry lived today
He'd save a lot of breath.
Instead of saying what he did
He'd just say: " Give me death.
Not Liberty! Oh, spare me that! "
He'd cry in tones theatric.
And as for me, I must admit
That I agree with Patrick.—*J. V. D. S.*

PET PEEVE

ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.—Let's have a law making it a prison offense for any one to talk or make noise during a movie or stage show.

Our theaters are for recreation and are not a place for gossip.—*Lloyd Resweber.*

HEARTS RULE ON JURY?

LAKEWOOD, OHIO—Very recently I served as a member of the jury in the Criminal Court of this state. The experience and education acquired in that two weeks served to strengthen my conviction that justice in this nation of ours is constantly being jeopardized when it rests in the hands of a jury, no matter how competent that jury may be.

I believe that most citizens answer their summons with the idea of fulfilling, to the utmost of their ability, that duty asked of them by the state. The question is asked of us in this state, " Do you believe in capital punishment if the evidence warrants it? " If your answer is " No," you fail to serve on the jury. Yet I heard one lady say, while actually serving on a jury, that she would never send any one to the death house. Evidently the lady lied to serve on the jury. Why? I can never tell you.

Surely the few dollars earned does not compensate one for that two weeks of constant strain one endures. It is a serious matter, no doubt.

Capital punishment seems the only solution to some of these horrible crimes committed. " Death seems too easy," we say of some of them; yet, called upon to render a verdict, most of us will let our hearts rule our heads. Is it fair to impose this duty on citizens? No one, in court for only two weeks, wants the responsibility. What shall we do about this antiquated jury system?—*Della Mathias.*

HOME BY NINE FOR WOMEN—OR JAIL?

TORONTO, ONT.—For the honor of our women and the future of this great civilization, won't some one please try to persuade our legislative bodies to do something about the increasing number of unescorted women found in public places, beer parlors, and dance halls at night?

I suggest a law making it punishable by fine or imprisonment for any girl or woman without proper escort found out of her home after nine o'clock at night.

With this law properly enforced, I'm sure our race would show considerable improvement, both physically and morally, in a very short time.—*Mrs. Annie Smith.*

WHOLE NEW OUTFIT FOR JAWBONE

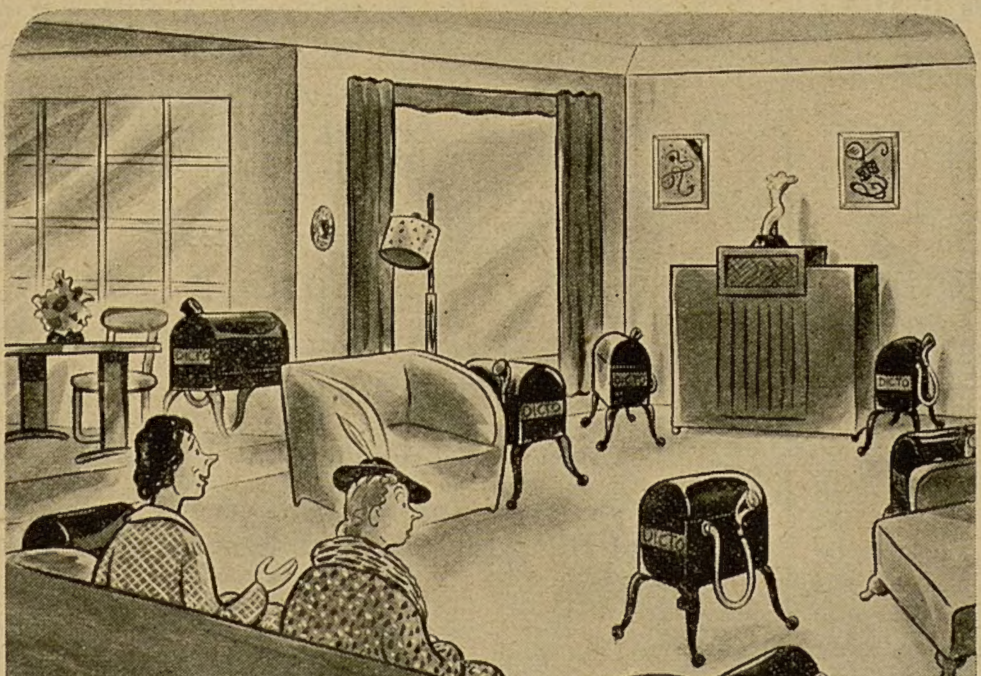
DETROIT, MICH.—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in January 19 Liberty told about the woman who realized enough from the sale of an old gold tooth to buy a new dress. That's nothing! I know a woman (at least I thought I did when I married her) who can go downtown, hand out a little jawbone, and come back with a whole new outfit.—*James McRoy.*

KNIT OR NIT?

NUNDA, N. Y.—Beverly Hills gave her sex secret away in her January 19 Liberty movie review when she commented that Mary Carlisle's hobby was knitting — " as whose isn't it? " Now please, Vox Poppers, don't start a string of letters telling that you know of men who knit!—*Lyell B. Woolworth.*

HOUNDING FOR DOG YARNS

VALENCIA, PA. — I'm looking forward to more of those interesting dog yarns by either Albert Payson Terhune or Sewell Peaslee Wright. Don't disappoint me!—*James Francis Wurtz.*



"He likes them handy in case he thinks of anything!"

"Please HELP ME"

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IF AMERICA SHOULD GO COMMUNIST

A famous world revolutionist, looking into the future, paints for Liberty a graphic word picture of a "Soviet Yankee" Paradise

By
Leon Trotsky

Beginning

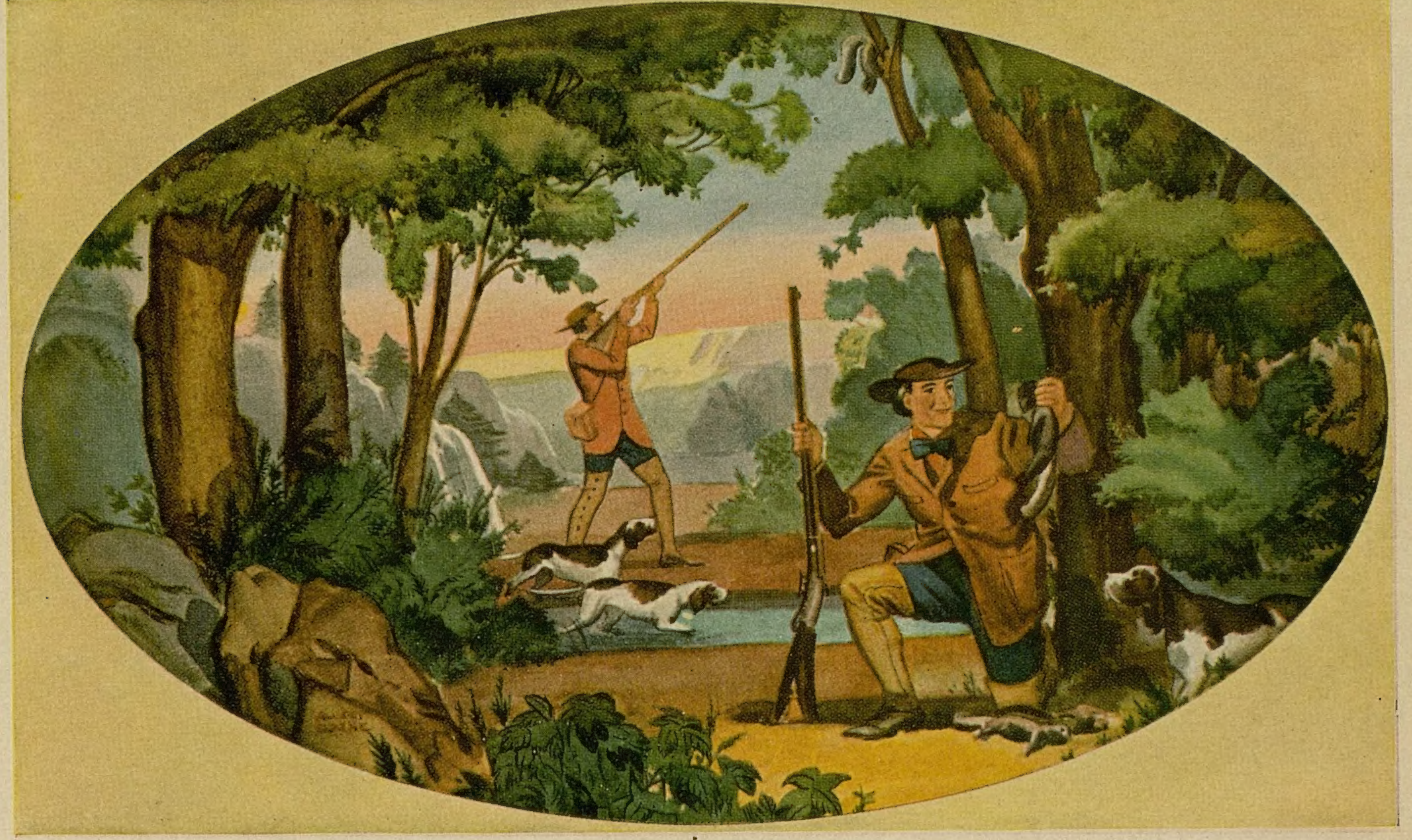
HELL IN BOOTS

A stirring fact story of the Texas Rangers—The Saga of Bill McDonald, the greatest man-hunter of them all

By
Tyler Mason

Other stories and articles by Lucy Stone Terrill, Frank Leon Smith, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Rube Goldberg, "Mickey" Cochrane, and others

Squirrel rifles cracked in the Kentucky forests to spread Crab Orchard's reputation for good living



Over at the hotel in Crab Orchard, young marksmen from the surrounding country used to find a ready market for squirrels, if they were plump and tender.

For "quality folk" from Louisville, down through the Cumberland valley, and up beyond Cincinnati journeyed to that quiet little town, to "take the waters" of its famous limestone spring, and enjoy the old-fashioned southern eatables and drinkables of its picturesque hotel.

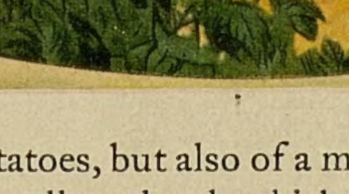
Among the gentry who gathered there were naturally some excellent judges of Bourbon. And those critical gentlemen went away not only with pleasant memories of luscious squirrel pie, or 'possum roasted with sweet potatoes, but also of a marvelously mellow local whiskey, named for the town where it was made.

Gradually the reputation of Crab Orchard Whiskey spread throughout the Blue Grass country — as tales of its goodness, or perhaps a jug for juleps, were carried home. But for almost sixty years, Crab Orchard remained a local favorite.

Then came the confused days after prohibition. People wanted something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way — smooth and pleasing to taste — and they wanted a low price.

And because that was exactly what Crab Orchard offered, it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.* Anywhere from Broadway to the Golden Gate, you'll find it the popular favorite today.

Made in old Kentucky
Straight as a string
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a popular price



NATIONAL DISTILLERS

This Emblem Protects You

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

FATIGUED?. GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

● Above: Harry Miller, radio engineer, testing equipment of WOR's 50,000-watt radio transmitter. Then you see him smoking a Camel! "A Camel," says Mr. Miller, "helps to relieve fatigue and smooth away irritability. I notice that many other radio engineers have also found out how enjoyable it is to 'get a *lift* with a Camel'! I never grow tired of Camels." (Signed) HARRY MILLER

"**TRANSPORT FLYING** takes stamina—vitality. When I get tired, I smoke a Camel. Camels help in easing the strain and renewing my 'pep'!" (Signed) **E. H. PARKER, Chief Pilot, Eastern Air Lines**

"**CAMELS HAVE** a flavor that I like. They never upset my nerves. And a Camel gives me renewed energy. I don't tire of their flavor."
(Signed) **BOBBY WALTHOUR, JR.**
Six-day bicycle racer

"**A CROWDED STORE** is tiring. Smoking a Camel makes me livelier. Tiredness leaves me." (Signed) **MRS. VAN BRUNT TIMPSON**

LISTEN IN ♫

To Entertain You!

The Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, and Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra

Broadcast over WABC-Columbia coast-to-coast network.

TUESDAY	THURSDAY
10:00 p.m. E.S.T.	9:00 p.m. E.S.T.
9:00 p.m. C.S.T.	8:00 p.m. C.S.T.
8:00 p.m. M.S.T.	9:30 p.m. M.S.T.
7:00 p.m. P.S.T.	8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS IN CAMELS..

CAMEL
TURKISH
QUALITY

"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."
(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco
Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.